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THE
BOOKMAN

IN DEFENSE OF VIRTUE

By Margaret Widdemer

I READ a book review yesterday. It seemed to be quite in earnest. And this is what it said:

> This book abounds in beautiful sentiments, beautifully expressed. Its moral tone is undeniably good. We take pleasure in commending it to the public.

It was a big authoritative paper which said this, and of quite a well known author: Whyte-Melville, to be exact. . . . But you have never heard of Whyte-Melville? Naturally. He wrote about forty years ago; for those days he was a best seller. And forty years ago (for this book review was that old) the way to push a book was apparently to extol unashamedly its capacity for making people better. Moral tone! One can scarcely use the phrase seriously today. The mid-Victorians, armored, it may be, by their sheltering hoops and whiskers—for costume has much to do with the soul—were unashamed, however, in their approval of morality. Their bravery seems terrifying from the viewpoint of today. Who would dare, reviewing a book this year, to suggest as a point in its favor that it might make people better to read it? Not thus are books reviewed now by the intelligentsia!

I was interested, on behalf of the Whyte-Melville book's reviewer, to see if I could find in any conservative comment of today an approach to the same point of view. Presently I thought I had run my quarry to earth. There was such a tone of injured morality in a page review I came across.

It was one of the season's serious books. The reviewer liked it, he said. But he couldn't conceal that he was hurt, terribly, terribly hurt, by the wrongness of its ending, and — I believe — the bad influence it would have on the young who read it. It was about a man who married a woman whom he discovered to be not so congenial as a lady later met. He thought about it for a great many chapters; then he fell — for instead of eloping with the lady, he went back to live with his wife as decently and dutifully as he could.

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He didn't want to, but he thought he ought. And the reviewer nearly cried.

"Paul", the reviewer said bitterly, "should have gone with Marian to California." And he went on to explain why. "These yearnings", said he, "of a Main Street man" (by which he conveyed, I suppose, that Paul wasn't really much good, merely a representative decent American citizen), "such as they are, represent the stress and drive toward freedom, toward leisure, toward light."

In other words, we were taught that if Paul had thrown away his reputation, his right mindedness, and his sense of responsibility, and, abandoning his wife because she wasn't exciting, departed for freedom, leisure, and light in a Hollywood bungalow, he would have made a fine trade. That he would have had to break his word to his wife, to society, to life as a whole — that he would have dropped into complete dishonor — apparently didn't count alongside the commodities he missed. You felt like writing an agonized letter to Paul and begging him to be his better self and elope with the lady. You were, along with the earnest reviewer, really shocked at decency.

It seems to me that the liberals are too hard on us. Decency may be a deplorable taste, but why not be broad about it? Why not give the poor addict of right mindedness a chance? He was probably steeped in a sense of duty when he was too young to know any better, and can't shake off the curse of early training. It never occurs to the exponents of self expression that it might be considered just as narrowing to be shocked at decency as it was for those mid-Victorians whose names they curse to be shocked at *in*decency. And this short sightedness, one is constrained to say, is far from fair to the decent of today: gentle, unobtrusive, even cowed souls as they generally are.

My own viewpoint, I suppose it might be said, is one of undue prejudice against the Immoral. But it was not always thus. In youth I had the proper attitude, acquired in the proper way from the tone of all my reading matter. I held the conventional belief in the general impossibleness of the decent. The hypocritical deacons, the dissembling pietists, the catty, backbiting small town Aid Societies — I lived in the midst of them all and saw them at their nefarious worst. And I looked forward to the day when I should meet Real People; the royal, the generous, the honorable Immoral. Those high hearted thieves out of Bret Harte! Those strong and pure Unfortunate Sisters whom everybody from Hawthorne down to Service acclaimed as superior in all ways to wretched keepers of the strait path! Those sad, magnanimous forgers; those O. Henry confidence men, so called, one felt, for scarcely any other reason but that you could put more confidence in them than in Mr. Gladstone or Benjamin Franklin! To mingle with a few of these would, I knew, be widening, uplifting; I should be ennobled from a mere day or so of association with them; if they would stoop to associate, that is, with so unvile a worm as I.

I shall never forget my first disillusionment. It came through meeting a drunkard. Not that I minded his particular vice — that, indeed, was his recommendation. But I had naturally supposed that it was a practical certificate of generosities; that a nobler — if more alcoholically enlarged — heart never beat beneath a pocket flask. And he borrowed six dollars of me — I was a girl of fifteen — and never paid it back.

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Still I hoped on. There were other crimes; any amount of Thou Shalt Nots that I might see hurdled. Thieves, for instance, driven to their profession by an injurious world which should have been standing in the dock, as I had frequently read and heard, in their place. Alas, the first thief who came my way put undue pressure on my principles, because it was *my* silk stockings — my first pair — that she took. To my credit be it said, I tried hard to believe that she did it for a dying mother. Only a long struggle with the facts convinced me that no dying mother, but a plain fondness for stockings, had nerved her; and that furthermore she had as slanderous a tongue about all the people who *might* have stolen, and quite as petty and catty a viewpoint about everybody but her beau of the moment, as the oldest member of the Ladies' Aid!

In a small town an anxious inquirer usually has a chance of hearing and seeing something of most kinds of wrongdoing. Soon a forger came my way; my father, the pastor of the parish, was trying to reform him. He never succeeded, because that forger enjoyed his work. What was more, he forged, not because he was a too loving husband with a too extravagant wife or daughter, but because it was easier than working. Every time he was got off, or let out, as the case might be, he would forge some more. It ruined his father and killed his mother; but he didn't much care.

I have a hopeful heart. It took more than he to convince me, but eventually cold facts made me give up my early idealism. People who break the laws of civilization and decency — our present childlike faith to the contrary — are *not* kinder, broader, fairer, nor better sports than those who keep them. They just earnestly think they are, and tell us so till we are convinced. And we, trusting souls, are convinced to the point of being cowed! We would rather be broad than president. We also fear that if we are narrow they will make fun of us.

My personal pride of devilishness was blighted, I suppose, in early childhood by just the opposite course. I was laughed at if I tried to be bad. I lay all my incapacity to be one with the present age to a fatal ballad of childhood known as "The Robber Kitten", which began:

A Kitten once to his Mother said,
  I'll never more be good—
I'll go and be a Robber fierce
  And live in a dreary Wood, Wood, Wood,
And live in a dreary Wood!

Whenever we were show off naughty, in those irrevocably impressionable years, somebody was sure to chant those words. And ever since then, when I have longed to be really shocking, that song, with its accompanying picture of a small and fluffy pussy cat attempting to impress the world as a Robber fierce, has floated up before my memory (or if it hasn't floated somebody has floated it) and all has been over. By the time I found Freud (one finds Freud, you know, as one used to find God), it was too late. Even his backing as to the necessity of an occasional crime by way of self expression could not erase the futility of trying to be devilish, and succeeding in being no more than a Robber Kitten, from my consciousness.

It makes life hard sometimes; for I stray about a world where Robber Kittens in people's early training seem to have been few. There is a far too large crowd of youthful radicals who don't in the least know that it is possible for their privileged class to make fools of themselves. Only a little while ago one ruined an evening for a

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whole dinner party of us. He was one of those young artists who do Aubrey Beardsley and water; only they are hurt if you call it water. They hope it is prussic acid. The boy appeared with a portfolio under his arm which he informed us contained a full set of the Deadly Sins. He had just drawn them all, himself, from personal experience. He did not look as if he had had time; but one must be charitable. There were the Borgias, who used to start sinning, according to the history books, at ten or eleven.

They were not what I should have called really satisfying sins. Gluttony, perhaps, was most like a picture, for it is hard to be properly Futurist about such an honest thing as overeating; and his glutton looked so like Capital in the cartoons that you missed his mate, Labor, in his paper cap and manly purity. The rest were just wiggly things, not even good from a Futurist viewpoint. Or so one, who was present, said afterward. But the pale youth stood above them, half weeping, half furious, until the good hearted hostess ran about whispering imploringly, "We *must* praise poor Jimmy! He was *so* hurt the other night because somebody suggested that he sell his 'Dream of Nero' to 'The Christian Herald' for a cover. He'd meant it to be so pagan."

So, cowed, we praised Jimmy till he produced a masterpiece; his Soul, the way he thought it looked. He seemed to me, for the first time, hard on himself; for the Soul was an elongated lady clad in a pair of wristlets and a fur boa which, however, were states of mind, not attempts at protection from the weather.

"My doctor", boasted the child, stimulated by our false admiration, "says I have the rottenest mind he ever saw!"

"Oh, Jimmy", purred the tactful hostess. "You *are* so cynical!"

Nobody even seemed to dare think it was funny. For my part I yearned, preferably, for Mr. Pecksniff. He was at least imitating being good. This poor little lad was imitating being bad — which is by so much the worse. Imitation decency is better than imitation indecency. But I could not even say so, because curiously few people seem to know about the immortal Pecksniff any more; he was created before Shaw, which is nowadays very much like B. C.

But it is not alone the Robber Kittens of today who feel that it is shocking not to be shocking — or broad, to use the word which most devastatingly cows the conscientious. I remember three sweet spinsters whom I met on a summer vacation. Sweet, but, alas, earnestly and uncomfortably "free". I went in bathing with them on the lake; they were clad in one piece bathing suits with decorous skirts above. They went into the water — it was a sheltered and semi private cove — till they were up to their necks. Then they briskly pulled off the one piece bathing suits and swam around and around, splashing each other like the Rhine Maidens, and pantingly explaining to me that they felt "so free!" Whenever a motor boat was heard they grabbed the bathing suits off the gunwale of our canoe, and crawled painfully into them.

Meanwhile, the dear souls labored with me, reversed missionaries, because I was too narrow — as they gently but clearly said — to leap in and out of a wet suit. My explanation that it was not I, but the suit, which seemed to me too narrow for the task, they simply considered flippant. One so often is accused of flippancy when one is merely stating a fact.

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This particular point — costume in the water — is, apparently, one of the high points of narrowness or broadness. For I can also recall a set of still more earnest parents, looking troubled even to grief, as they watched a six year old daughter in the bay.

"Marjorie is showing self consciousness!" they wailed. "She wants to wear her suit in the water!"

And I know that if I had tried to tell these broad souls that bathing suits are not a touchstone of standards one way or the other, they would simply have told me once more that I was flippant. Or they might have thought me uttering a New Gospel. And that would have been worse.

Just before the war, a thousand years ago or so as it seems now, I can remember an attitude on the part of many people to the effect that there was nothing wrong *but* intolerance. It was a part of the wave of reform which died when the war broke out; an attitude very like that of the old lady who was so charitable that she never mentioned the devil except to admire him for his persistence. Intolerance is of course very wrong still. But at least there always were and always will be certain things which should not be tolerated, and to believe this now is to be considered — stop to think a moment — narrow, if not ridiculous. For the all-tolerance, the feeling of 1913 which W. S. Gilbert expressed once and for all in "The Pirates of Penzance" —

When a felon's not engaged in his employment
Or maturing his felonious little plans,
His capacity for innocent enjoyment
Is just as great as any honest man's . . .
When the coster's finished jumping on his mother
He loves to lie a-basking in the sun . . .

— this tearfully romantic attitude toward the wrongdoer, has been followed by a very natural intolerance of right doing. The coster, allowed in consideration of his fondness for the beauties of nature metaphorically to jump on his mother unrebuked — nay, commiserated — has risen up and, taking the upper hand with a strength rising from long exercise on his mother's frame, decreed that nothing shall be tolerated but this form of exercise. And all manner of good and kind and right minded people, cowed by the bogy of Narrowness, bow their heads.

There are, to be sure, certain chartered libertines of decency still. Toward a Jew's Judaism, a Christian Scientist's practice of his faith, a Catholic's observance of his creed, one may maintain a courtesy even to the point of weary admiration. They are allowed, in the names of their several faiths, any eccentricity in the way of virtue they desire. But if one is outside of these folds one is helpless. . . . And this suggests a thought.

Can it be that if those of us who are not Jews, Scientists, or Catholics were to stiffen a little, as these do, when our code is assailed; if we were even to rise up and hit the bullying coster of Unmorality over his head, hard and intolerantly and inexcusably; can it be that our cause would be won, and we freed to be, unblamed, as frankly right minded as in other days?

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WALT

A One Act Portrait

By Christopher Morley*

With a Sketch by Jo Mielziner

CHARACTERS

MRS. DAVIS — LOGAN PEARSALL SMITH
DR. OSLER — AN OYSTER MAN
HORACE TRAUBEL — RICHARD HARDING DAVIS
WALT

THE scene is the sitting room of a little two story frame cottage on Mickle Street, Camden, New Jersey. It is a November afternoon; and though there is no intention of being chronologically exact, the year may be imagined as 1888.

The room is small. The stage is set skew, the back wall running at an angle so that the Left corner of the room is quite far downstage. In the back wall are two windows, each divided by strips into twelve rectangular panes. Against the windows are cheap lace curtains; one on the Left is tucked up over a picture, to afford a sitter in the nearby armchair an unimpeded view of the street outside. Beneath the Left window sill is a plain wooden shelf on which are a bottle of ink, some pens, a shabby spectacle case, a paste pot, large shears, and scraps of paper and letters. Between the two windows a small table is thickly piled with books, magazines, letters, a basket of grapes, newspapers, bits of string, photographs, etc. Close to the Left window is a great, heavily built, cane seated chair, "timbered as by some stout ship's spars", Walt described it, over its back "a great wide wolf-skin of hairy black and silver, spread to guard against cold and draught". Under the table is a large peach basket crammed with papers and books, surmounted by stout old fashioned volumes of Shakespeare, Walter Scott's poems, and a Bible.

Near the Right window is an ugly old velvet rocking chair containing a cushion, a much used Worcester's Dictionary, a broad brimmed, well worn Stetson hat, a grey woolen sock, a shoe blacking brush, and the little volume of Epictetus that Walt was so fond of.

Left, below the armchair, is a wood burning stove with a pipe that goes into the wall below a mantelpiece. On top of the stove is a pan of water, to moisten the air of the room. The mantel, hung with a scalloped festoon of velvet or felt, is crowded with large sea shells, candlesticks, a stuffed parrot, a jar of autumn leaves, a pot of

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chrysanthemums, photographs of Bryant, Emerson, Tennyson, John Burroughs, and several of Walt himself. There is a small china vase of folded paper "spills", to save matches.

On the R wall is a large picture of Lincoln, a ship model on a bracket, and an old Civil War haversack hanging from a nail.

Upstage in the R wall is the only door. Below it, a sagging sofa, also piled with books, packages of old letters tied up with string, scrapbooks, and a blue knitted afghan. The whole room is in extreme disorder: the floor (covered with a much worn old carpet) is strewn with books, papers, fragments of manuscript, printer's proofs, maps, photographs, etc. Behind the stove is a large laundry basket also full of papers and books, and just below the stove, near the footlights, an old trunk with the lid open, and a plain chair that has lost its back.

Near the sofa, R, is a large table with a red check cloth, on which is a kerosene lamp. There are one or two plain chairs by the table. On these also are books and papers.

But when the curtain rises, all these details cannot at first be observed, for the room is in twilight with a blue dusk glimmering through the windows. MRS. DAVIS *enters with some pieces of wood in her apron, and puts them into the stove, which is burning brightly. She lights the lamp with a paper spill kindled at the stove; the stage lights come on at the same time, so that the room is brightly lit. She hastily makes an ineffectual attempt to straighten the muddle — arranges the window curtain, shifts the armchair, puts the cork in the ink bottle, folds the afghan on the sofa, dusts furniture with her apron, takes the hat, sock, and shoe brush from the rocker. She looks wistfully at the litter of papers on the floor, and begins to pick them up; then timidly hesitates and puts them carefully back just as they were. She is a comely woman of fifty, distinctly of the busy housewife type; naturally cheerful in temper but with a faintly harassed and anxious air. She is neatly dressed in black with a large print apron.*

Enter DR. OSLER — *a small, dark, slender man of 39, with a black mustache. I imagine him as wearing a frock coat. He is a man of unusual personal charm, serene, sensible, and encouraging; a man still very young in spirit but already risen to great reputation, which lends a gravity and certainty to his manner. Behind this, however, is a very delightful twinkle of irreverent humor. He carries his little bag, and puts on his gloves as he talks.*

OSLER: Well, Mrs. Davis, I think the old man's better.

MRS. DAVIS: He seems awfully feeble, doctor —

OSLER: Naturally. About half his machinery isn't working at all. But I think he's good for several months — maybe years.

MRS. DAVIS: He frightens me, the things he says. I was turning him over in bed, you know it's not easy, he's so heavy. I said, "You seem to kind of slip away from me", and he says, "Yes, Mary, some day I'll slip away from you altogether."

OSLER: Now you mustn't worry. He's the kind that never does anything in a hurry. — Try to keep him easy in his mind. Not too much excitement.

MRS. DAVIS: He *would* come down this morning, digging in that trunk for some old papers, then he had a sort of a spasm.

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OSLER: He'd better stay in bed this evening.

MRS. DAVIS: It's hard to keep him quiet, doctor, so many callers. That Mr. Traubel's here every night, they talk till all hours — goodness knows what it's all about —

OSLER: It won't hurt him if he doesn't stay up too late. Does him good to talk. Traubel won't overstrain his mind —

MRS. DAVIS: And reporters, literary folks, people for autographs —

OSLER: Well, he mustn't overdo it. (*Looks at her keenly*) Don't *you* overdo it, either. I guess he's not easy to look after —

MRS. DAVIS (*who sees in* OSLER *a comprehending spirit to whom she can unburden*): Oh doctor, I wouldn't mind *anything* if I could just clean up a bit! But he gets in such a state if I touch his papers — (*She breaks off, fearing she has been disloyal*) How about his food?

OSLER: Light diet. A glass of port wine if he feels like it.

MRS. DAVIS: He seems to hanker for oysters, is that all right?

OSLER: Perfectly. Stewed, not fried. (*As he turns to go, he sees a pile of dark red books on the sofa*) Is this the new book?

MRS. DAVIS: Yes, doctor — just in from McKay.

OSLER (*taking up a copy*): "November Boughs" . . . (*He says this title in a way that shows he finds it significant.*) I'd like to have a copy. Do you think I might buy one?

MRS. DAVIS: Goodness, he'd ought to give you one, all you've done for him. He'll put his name in it for you —

OSLER: Yes, I'd like to have it signed —

MRS. DAVIS: I'll run right up and ask him —

OSLER: No, not by him, he's pestered too much already. By you.

MRS. DAVIS: *Me!*

OSLER: Yes. Just a notion of mine —

MRS. DAVIS: But doctor, I couldn't —

OSLER: Yes you could. Just take the pen and write your name. (*He picks his way gracefully across the paper strewn floor, and gets pen and ink from the shelf by the window.*)

MRS. DAVIS (*appalled*): But doctor, his pen, his book, he's a great man, I'm only —

OSLER: Yes, he *is* a great man; perhaps greater than we guess. But who's kept him alive, slaved for him, cooked his meals, paid his bills, with no reason for doing it but her own kind heart? — I'm not blind, Mrs. Davis. Great men are rare, but so are great women. (*She gazes agitated at the pen he has placed in her hand; but* OSLER *has a way of getting what he wants, and she obeys him. While she signs her name he quietly lays a five dollar bill on the mantel, unobserved.*)

MRS. DAVIS: I'm so nervous I can't hardly write —

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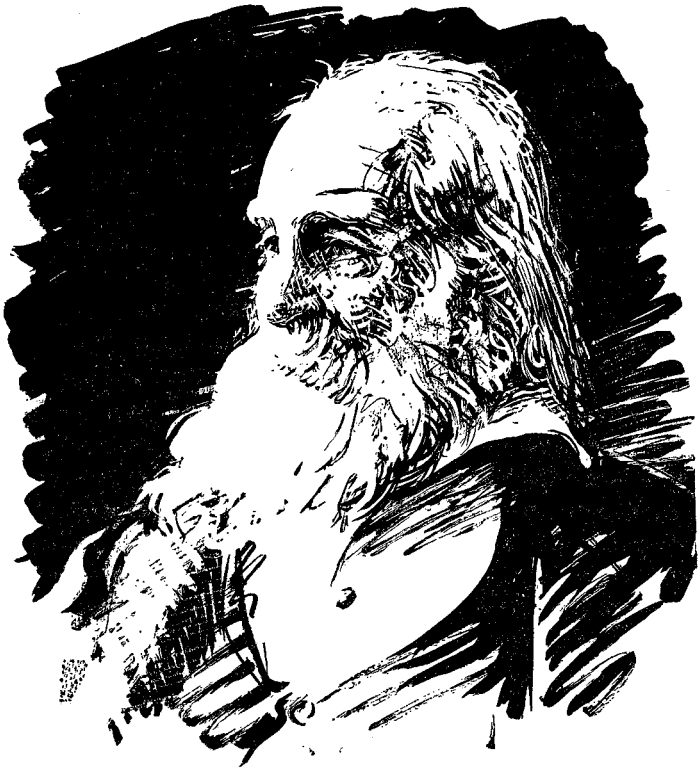

Walt Whitman

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OSLER (*taking the book*): Thank you. I'll call again in a day or so. Don't let him catch cold.

MRS. DAVIS: About his supper, I thought some beef broth and a cup custard —

OSLER: Excellent. (*As he opens the door to leave there is the jangle of an old fashioned wire pull doorbell, offstage.*)

MRS. DAVIS: I expect that's Mr. Traubel now —

OSLER: I'll let him in. (*Exit.*)

(MRS. DAVIS *picks up the things she had laid down while signing the book, looks again at the stove, the lamp, etc. The door opens and* HORACE TRAUBEL *and* LOGAN PEARSALL SMITH *enter.* TRAUBEL *is a man of 30 with a rather engaging enthusiasm and suppressed excitement. We see him here at the interesting period when his eager, affectionate, simple minded soul was wholeheartedly devoting itself to Whitman discipleship. I believe that at that time he worked in a Philadelphia bank during the day, and worshiped Walt in the evenings. A delightful paradox! He probably shows a trace of Walt's influence in his rumpled blond hair, soft hat — like Walt's but on a smaller scale — bright red bow tie with long trailing ends, and soft collar.*

Young SMITH, *aged about 23, is more conventional: he is of a well known family of Quaker intellectuals and has studied at Haverford and Harvard: a tall thin youth with high color and a beaky nose, very shy and sensitive but sharply alert. He wears the abbreviated side whiskers of the period and carries a round bowler hat.*

TRAUBEL, *with an impressive gesture, indicates that this is the shrine of the prophet. Young* SMITH, *a little troubled because* TRAUBEL — *absorbed in the happiness of bringing in a new devotee — does not seem to notice* MRS. DAVIS, *makes an embarrassed bob in her direction, then lets his eyes follow* TRAUBEL'S *pointing hand.*)

TRAUBEL: That's the chair. — Be careful where you walk, all these are precious. — That's the old knapsack he used to take things to the soldiers, in the war. — Mrs. Davis, this is Logan Smith, son of Walt's old friend Mr. Smith in Germantown. (SMITH *makes a shy obeisance.*) Doctor Osler says he's a little better?

MRS. DAVIS: He says he'd ought to keep as quiet as possible. He was down this morning, cleaning his papers, but while he was burning some of 'em —

TRAUBEL (*dismayed*): Burned some of his papers?

MRS. DAVIS: He had a kind of a swound, and I got him to bed. (*A loud wailing yell is heard distantly, off: "O-o-oy! Nice fresh o-o-o-oy!"*) — Oh, there's the oyster man. I think he'd like some to his supper. (*She hurries to window, L, opens it, and calls outside*) Oyster man! Oyster man!

TRAUBEL (*to Smith*): Walt loves oysters. He's rather like one himself, if you try to get him to talk about what he don't want to. (*Another cry, louder, offstage: "O-o-oy! Fresh Absecon o-o-o-oy!" This is followed by a loud rapping overhead, such as might be made by a stout cane on the floor of the room above.*)

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MRS. DAVIS (*anxiously*): That's Mr. Whitman. He wants something. (*Irresolutely, looking out of the window*) I wish the oyster man would hurry! (*Another rapping overhead.*) I'll have to go. — Mr. Traubel, ask the man to leave a dozen nice ones when he goes by. (*She exits hastily.*)

TRAUBEL (*still exhibiting the sights*): Walt must have had what he calls a housecleaning day. Gosh, I hope he didn't burn anything important. (*Pointing to photos on the mantel*) That's the picture of him I like best, the one with the butterfly on his finger. It seems symbolic, somehow. — There they all are — Tennyson, Burroughs, Longfellow, Emerson, Bryant, Whittier —

SMITH: They run rather to beards.

TRAUBEL: Yes. Some newspaper man in New York said, "If hair is poetry, Walt Whitman must be a genius." — Shows you how flip folks are about a great man in his own time.

SMITH: I remember once when Walt was staying at our house, my father was jollying him about his beard. Asked him if he grew it to look like a prophet. "No", says Walt; "I was just too plumb lazy to shave."

TRAUBEL (*a little nettled at what he regards as irreverence*): It was a great privilege to have Walt in your home.

SMITH: Embarrassing kind of guest, though. He used to lock himself in the bathroom, after breakfast, and sing hymns. Rather awkward, everyone wanting to get in — (*The* OYSTER MAN *utters his incantation, very loudly, just outside.* TRAUBEL *hastens to the window, which* MRS. DAVIS *has left open.*)

TRAUBEL: Hi! A dozen nice oysters for Mr. Whitman, please. (*Coming away from window*) We'll go upstairs and see him in a moment. If he says anything really important tonight, you keep him going while I slip into the hallway and make a note of it. (*Shows a notebook*) I keep pretty careful memoranda of — (*The* OYSTER MAN'S *head appears at the window.*)

OYSTER MAN: Did you holler?

TRAUBEL: Yes, a dozen nice fat ones for Mr. Whitman.

OYSTER MAN (*loudly*): A dozen nice fat nothing! You tell the old boy not another oyster till I get some money. My God, I been leaving oysters here since Labor Day and ain't seen a penny. Same thing *last* winter, too.

TRAUBEL (*scandalized*): But Mrs. Davis usually —

OYSTER MAN: Nix, nix! Mis' Davis pays everything she can. Tell old Santa Claus to reach down in his pants and shoot me some tin.

TRAUBEL (*indignant*): You ought to — why, you ought to be *proud* of having him eat your oysters. You ought to put it on your cart as an advertisement: "Walt Whitman, the Great Poet, Eats My Oysters."

OYSTER MAN: Yes, and don't pay for 'em. Come off your perch. I ain't a poet, but I gotta live, see?

TRAUBEL (*to* SMITH, *in despair*): This is what they call civilization. The greatest poet of his age, allowed to perish for the lack of an oyster. (*To the* MAN)

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He's ill, maybe dying, don't be a fool, you'll get your money . . . how much is it?

OYSTER MAN: Twenty dollars. You can pay me something on account —

(TRAUBEL *and* SMITH *look at each other in perplexity, and dig into their pockets.*)

TRAUBEL: Twenty dollars! — I've got sixty three cents. I wonder if Mrs. Davis —

SMITH (*counting his assets*): Two forty — (*A jangle of the doorbell, offstage.*)

TRAUBEL: Hullo, I guess that's Dick Davis, he said he was coming to-night. Maybe he can help — (*Exits hastily.*)

OYSTER MAN (*aggrieved*): I didn't go to make a fuss about it, mister, but when they sing out for oysters like that, seems though they ought to pay. (SMITH, *a youth of few words, remains silent, embarrassed.*) Why don't the old man shell out? He's bought himself a big buryin' lot out at Harleigh, he used to drive round with a hoss and buggy, he must have coin — (*Reenter* TRAUBEL *with* RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, *a handsome, well set up youngster of 24, a reporter for the Philadelphia "Press".*)

TRAUBEL: Dick Davis, this is Logan Pearsall Smith. Dick, have you got any money?

DAVIS (*already, even in youth, he has something of his Olympian manner*): Sure. How much do you want?

TRAUBEL: About seventeen dollars.

DAVIS: Ye gods. That isn't money, that's a fortune. (*Takes money from his pocket, goes toward lamp to count it*) I can let you have two and a quarter — No, two fifteen. I've got to go back on the ferry.

OYSTER MAN: That'll do fine. Make it four fifty altogether. (DAVIS *looks round in surprise.*)

DAVIS: What is this, blackmail?

TRAUBEL: It's the oyster man. He's got to be paid. Give me two dollars. (*Turns to* SMITH) And two from you. That's four sixty three —

DAVIS (*whose observant eye has seen the bill on the mantel*): Here's a five spot, how about that?

TRAUBEL: What, five dollars? Where did it come from?

DAVIS: It's on the shelf here —

TRAUBEL (*takes it, goes to window, and gives money to the* MAN): There, that's nine sixty three on account. I'll see you get the rest. — Hand over the oysters. (*The* MAN *disappears from window.*)

DAVIS (*studying objects on the mantel*): Here's an autographed photo from Bob Ingersoll, maybe he'd take that in payment of the balance —

TRAUBEL (*horrified*): Don't touch those things! They're awfully precious —

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DAVIS (*in a cheerful, hearty way*): Say, is this where he does his work? Gee, it's kinda pathetic, ain't it? I'd like to get a picture of this room for the paper. — What's all this stuff, manuscript? (*He refers to the papers on the floor, and bends down to pick up a sheet of paper he finds almost under his foot*) "Farringford, Freshwater, Isle of Wight" . . . Holy Mackerel, it's a letter from Lord Tennyson . . . (*Holds it out reverently for the others to see*) Well, what do you think of that? (*Puts letter carefully on mantel.*)

TRAUBEL (*proudly*): He gets letters from all over the world. There was some lady of the nobility in England, knitted him a vest. I had to get it out of the Custom House for him, it wasn't big enough —

OYSTER MAN (*reappearing*): Here's the oysters. (*Hands in a cardboard box which* TRAUBEL *takes.*) And your receipt. Sorry I made a fuss, gents, but you know how it is —

TRAUBEL: Sure. That's all right. Thanks. (MAN *exits.*) I'll see you fellows get your money back. Tom Harned and Dr. Bucke and I have a fund —

DAVIS: Nonsense. It's worth it. Gee, I could make a bully story out of this. "Oyster Man's Opinion of Good Grey Poet." It'd go fine in the Sunday supplement —

TRAUBEL (*angrily*): Don't you dare! Can't you understand these things are sacred? (*Listens*) Sssh! — By giminy, I believe he's coming down. (*He shuts the window quickly and goes to open the door. The three stand waiting attentively. There is the sound of a heavy tread coming laboriously down creaking stairs, a step at a time.* MRS. DAVIS'S *voice is heard, anxiously protesting.*)

MRS. DAVIS (*off*): You know, Doctor said you'd better stay upstairs this evening.

WALT (*off*): Now Mary, you leave me alone. I'll manage.

TRAUBEL (*to the others*): He hates to be helped. (*He takes the box of oysters and stands in the doorway*) Oysters, Walt! (MRS. DAVIS *appears in doorway, takes box from* TRAUBEL.)

MRS. DAVIS: I'll fix you a nice little stew —

(*She crosses to the armchair, L, turns it a little away from window and toward stove, puts a cushion in it, and stands beside it. There is a very brief pause.* TRAUBEL *is at the door, looking off, the other two young men by the sofa, R.*

WALT *enters, leaning heavily on a stout cane, moving slowly and with difficulty, dragging his left leg — his left arm and leg are both semi paralyzed. He is nearly seventy, a big man, heavily built, and seeming even stouter than he is because his clothes are so loose. The fine head is still nobly impressive with its mane of white hair, shaggy brows, torrent of beard and mustache; but his color is no longer the clear ruddy of earlier days. He has the dull pallor of an invalid who has been at least six months shut indoors. He wears a very roomy suit of thick grey cloth and a white soft shirt with a very wide attached collar which is spread outside the collar of his coat. The shirt has big cuffs which are turned back over his coat sleeves; the hems of both collar and cuffs are trimmed with a fringe of lace — this is the special gala shirt in which he used to go lecturing. Coarse blue woolen socks are loosely rolling down*

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about his ankles, above very heavy low black shoes, whose leather laces are draggling untied. Across his vast waistcoat is a thick silver watchchain. He is wearing the wide sombrero hat that MRS. DAVIS *removed from the room a few minutes earlier: he often wears a hat indoors, it seems to bring him closer to the open air.*

He shuffles through the doorway, his head bent, and halts just inside the room to draw breath. His eyes intently traverse the floor, toward the old trunk, as though looking for something. TRAUBEL *immediately kneels before him. For an instant the audience probably imagines that* HORACE *is doing reverence to his divinity, but then sees that he is tying the shoelaces.*)

TRAUBEL (*tying*): Well, this is fine! I didn't know you were coming down.

WALT: I took a notion to. — Maybe I wouldn't trust you alone with all these letters kicking about.

TRAUBEL: How d'you feel?

WALT: Why, right peart this evening, Horace. Had a bum spell this morning, head, belly, kidneys, everything. Always feel better in the evening, though. It's looking at the sunshine that makes me gag. (*He begins to shuffle painfully toward the chair, but his eyes are sharply scrutinizing a spot on the floor near the trunk.* TRAUBEL *diligently removes any papers that lie in his path, and then replaces them exactly.*) Mrs. Davis keeps me going. She's very good and cute.

MRS. DAVIS (*troubled*): Oh, I don't think you'd ought to come down, you know what Doctor said —

WALT (*reaching chair, straightens up and looks at her steadily*): I had to come down. (*Then, a little irritably, he pushes off the cushion with his cane, and with* MRS. DAVIS'S *help lowers himself into the chair, accidentally dropping the cane, which* TRAUBEL *picks up and puts in his hand. He sits a moment as though resting or thinking, his eyes on the ceiling.*)

MRS. DAVIS: I'm going to bring you some broth, and by and by you can have the oysters. (*She exits.*)

TRAUBEL: Walt, we've got callers this evening. You know Logan Pearsall Smith — (SMITH *comes forward bashfully.*)

WALT (*coming back from a reverie; takes off his hat and drops it beside the chair*): Why howdy, Logan, howdy. Haven't seen you since you were a youngster. Been away, haven't you?

SMITH: Yes, Walt; at Harvard.

WALT (*with a touch of irony*): Ah. That's a *long* way away.

TRAUBEL: And this is Richard Harding Davis, son of Rebecca Davis. He works on the "Press".

WALT: Glad to see you, Dick. Don't see many callers nowadays, except Horace vouches for 'em. He's my watchdog.

DAVIS: It's kind of you to let us see you.

WALT: Not much to see. An old hulk, rotting in the sand. — Horace, what's the news? Did you bring the mail?

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TRAUBEL: Yes, Walt. (*Takes half a dozen letters from his pocket.*)

WALT: Ah, that's good. I can't get along without letters. (*Glances at the envelopes*) Looks mostly like an autograph mail. — Never mind, they're always useful. (*Explaining, to the others*) I use the backs for writing on.

DAVIS (*like the alert newspaper man he is, immediately beginning to lead toward some topic that may provide interesting "copy"*): I suppose you get all kinds?

WALT (*with a quiet chuckle*): Yes. The other day a fellow wrote me he'd heard I was going to die soon, would I please send him an autograph first. — He was so damned impudent, I sent it. Autograph collecting is the Great American Passion. (*Slyly*) I think even Horace here is touched with it.

DAVIS: But don't you keep the letters you get from famous people?

WALT: I reckon I keep most everything, or did till lately. But letters from *célèbres, cultivés, philosophes*, don't do me as much good as a hello from plain folks who once in awhile get a notion you might be some shucks. The *célèbres, savants*, have always taken me with an *if*.

DAVIS: I've been reading Robert Louis Stevenson's essay about you —

WALT: Stevenson, the Scotchman, yes, he's a fine fellow I guess. They tell me he's a coming man. Well, there you are. He had a "Leaves of Grass" spasm, but he got over it. He rolled me round in his mouth, and then decided to spit out. Said I was lacking in taste, humor, was a bull in a china shop. — Maybe he was right.

TRAUBEL: Aren't there some things too important to be humorous about?

WALT: Horace, you're right cute. Maybe that don't quite hit the nail on the head, but it shows where the nail can be found.

DAVIS: But gee, don't you think that fellow Stevenson can tell a story like a house afire?

WALT: I tried to read some of his things. I don't know, I couldn't seem to get my teeth in. Too nice, too whimsical, too much fiddling with words, pretty palaver. You know his wife came here to see me last year, a fine woman, she was Philadelphia Dutch. She told me Stevenson felt a lot more enthused about the "Leaves" than he let on in his piece. Well, there you are. He didn't trust his instinct, been too much educated maybe, too much college. — Horace, you ought to give me a nudge, I reckon Logan and Dick is both college boys —

TRAUBEL: Yes, Walt, you put your foot in it. Logan has been to Haverford and Harvard, and Dick to Lehigh and Johns Hopkins —

SMITH: Worse still, I'm planning to go to Oxford next year —

WALT: Gosh, Horace, you and I would better polish up our culture. Well, I got nothing against Oxford, against colleges. Once I was invited to Dartmouth by the students; when I got there I found it was some kind of a joke the boys was fixing to put up on the professors. They thought Walt Whitman was a sort of a wild man, a gorilla, and the faculty would be scared to fits when they saw

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him. Well, I read them a piece, I reckon it didn't tally with what they were looking for.

TRAUBEL: I guess the joke was on them.

WALT: But Oxford; I've got reasons to be grateful to Oxford, I allow there must have been Oxford men in that little bunch of Englishmen that came to my rescue. Staunch, loving, open handed fellows, Rossetti, Symonds, Dowden, Edward Carpenter, Ruskin, Saintsbury, Moncure Conway. . . . I was down, down at the bottom, the appearance of that group was like a flash out of heaven. — No, I've got nothing against colleges, Horace, if you take 'em for what they're worth, don't let 'em dry up the sap in you.

DAVIS: You never got to Europe, did you, to visit those people?

WALT: No. On the whole, I don't regret it. "Leaves of Grass" got itself out over here, somehow or other. It's a This-Side book. You youngsters, you're going to be the American writers of the next thirty years — that's what we need, more This-Side books. Logan, don't let those Oxford *savants* knock that out of you, don't forget we promulge something here that Matthew Arnold and the Oxford gang never quite tumbled to. (*He meditates a moment, then chuckles*) But hell: I'm not literary, I oughtn't even talk about these things.

(*Enter* MRS. DAVIS *with a cup of broth and some toast.*)

MRS. DAVIS: Now take that while it's nice and hot —

WALT (*impatiently*): No, no, Mary, I don't feel for it just now.

MRS. DAVIS: Oh do, beef broth, it's so good and hot —

WALT (*waves her away*): Not now, Mary, it's too hot in here already. (*With a touch of secret humor*) Must have been those old papers I was burning this morning, I might have known they'd steam up that damn stove. — Horace, don't you feel it hot in here? Is it cold outside?

TRAUBEL: Why yes, Walt, it's pretty cold; clear, though.

WALT: Stars shining? *Are* there still stars? — Logan, you get about a lot, be sure to let me know if anything ever happens to the stars. (*He pauses rather wistfully, tries to peer toward the window, lifting the curtain with his cane*) I suppose it's one of God's perfect nights. — Mary, bring back the soup some night when it's raining.

(*Exit* MRS. DAVIS.)

TRAUBEL: If you think it's hot, Walt, I'll open the front door a moment. (*He follows* MRS. DAVIS *to the door, and stands behind it — hidden from* WALT, *but in view of the audience, jotting down some memoranda in his notebook. Meanwhile* —)

DAVIS: Mr. Whitman, you're an old newspaper man, maybe you'll advise me. I've had an invitation to go to New York, work on the "Sun".

WALT: Yes, that's all right, if you don't get fooled by the New York crowd of scrawlers. Nice fellows all, but too much impressed with the importance of parlors, literature, singing. Look what happened to Poe, there was tragedy for you, making a living writing that puffball stuff about the Literati. I saw him

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once, poor devil, he looked pale, tired, jaded. There was death in his face, death of the body, death of the spirit. Plague take the Literati! My stuff's not literature at all, more like a kind of fertilizer for future literature. Yes, I guess that's what I am, boys, a kind of manure. (DAVIS *starts to say something, but* WALT, *absorbed in his own thought, goes on*) I know what I'm talking about. I used to write little pieces for the papers, book reviews, tattle, editorials on politics, the usual run of shad, come-day go-day palaver. Then something happened. I remember one day I got a kind of a desperation, I put down some lines in a notebook, "I am the poet of slaves and of the masters of slaves. I am the poet of the body and I am the poet of the soul." That was the beginning of the "Leaves". I guess maybe it don't amount to much.

SMITH (*hesitatingly, but with signs of sincere thought*): It amounts to a great deal, Walt. You made it easier for others to say what they really think.

WALT: Well, maybe so. "Leaves of Grass" is more of a person than a book.

TRAUBEL (*who has been listening attentively, finishes his notes and returns, closing the door*): You said once it was like the flukes of a whale — not graceful, but effective.

WALT: Did I? Well, it'll take fifty years to tell. I can say this, though, no one will get at my verses who insists on thinking of 'em as a literary performance.

DAVIS (*seeing here an opportunity to work toward his assignment*): The newspaper wanted me to find out what you think about the election of Harrison.

WALT: Just this — fifty years hence people will be saying, "Harrison? Harrison? Who was Harrison?" Oh, I used to be a kind of a sort of a Republican but those things don't mean much to me any more. You can't make rules about anything — diet, drink, God, even the tariff. No, Dick, you tell 'em that Walt Whitman is an ignorant old man and don't have anything to say. I never did *know* things anyhow; I just *feel*. I distrust politicians, they're like the ministers, poor devils: think of the forty and odd corns they've got to avoid treading on.

DAVIS: What are you working on now, do you mind my saying something about that?

WALT: Horace, get a couple of the "November Boughs". Maybe these boys would like to buy copies — (SMITH *and* DAVIS *look at each other in embarrassment.*)

TRAUBEL (*gets two copies from the sofa*): No, Walt, I think we can afford to *give* them these. The printer's all paid now.

WALT (*takes his spectacles from case on the shelf and puts them on, dips pen in ink, and very slowly and carefully signs his name in each book, holding it on his knee to do so. As he signs, he continues talking, slowly*): It won't be long now, I'll kick the bucket. You boys will be asked what kind of a fellow was that old scalawag Walt Whitman. Tell the truth. Don't prettify him. Say you saw him, an old shabby man, bumming a living from good hearted folks, alone with his memories.

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TRAUBEL (*greatly moved*): Walt . . . dear Walt . . . you aren't alone —

WALT: Bless you, Horace. I know. But everyone is alone, mostly. (*Handing the books to* SMITH *and* DAVIS, *who murmur their thanks but find no words appropriate*) Here you are. My love to you both. . . . Logan, boy, I like your looks, I believe you think. After I'm gone it may be harder to save me from my friends than from the others. Great poets need great audiences, too.

SMITH: I think perhaps we ought —

WALT: No, boys, don't go yet. Sit down. We're having a good visit. They're some grapes there, from John Burroughs, help yourselves. . . . Don't mind the mess. The disorder is more apparent than real. I had a housecleaning today, was burning some old things — No, Horace, none of your meat! Things that were only for me. A woman, a very noble woman, said once, "I had not dreamed that words could cease to be words and become electric streams." . . . Yes, my book was meant for lonely people, hungry people —

TRAUBEL (*hoping to lead the talk into a lighter vein*): Well, Walt, I suppose a little loneliness is the natural penalty of being a bachelor.

WALT (*a flash of the lion*): Not too much of a bachelor, if you knew it all. It's a queer thing, the one question I'm asked, more than any other, is why I never married. Marriage is the most difficult of all relations, needs so much tact, unselfishness, patience, all the delicacies. I should think folks would ask why a man *did* marry, not why he didn't —

DAVIS (*with the anxious pertinacity of a reporter who hasn't yet got hold of anything he can "use"*): Do you feel like making any statement about marriage as an institution? (DAVIS *is sublimely unconscious that he is on dangerous ground;* SMITH, *and even* TRAUBEL, *both more sensitive than the young reporter, hold their breaths for fear* WALT *will be angry; and for a moment* WALT'S *gaze is rather steely; but eventually he smiles to himself, and merely says* —)

WALT: Not by a jugful. — But I know what you're after. You want something cut and dried, something in black and white that you can put in the paper —

DAVIS: That's it, that's the ticket!

WALT (*poking round with his cane, among the litter on the floor*): There's an old scrap round here, I saw it this morning — There, Horace, right under your heel — (*Traubel picks up a dingy bit of paper.*) That's it. Read it aloud.

TRAUBEL (*reads*): "Go on, my dear Americans, whip your horses to the utmost — Excitement! Money! Politics! — open all your valves and let her go, whirl with the rest, you will soon get under such momentum you can't stop if you would. Only make provision betimes for several thousand insane asylums. You are in a fair way to create a nation of lunatics."

DAVIS: Great! Can I use it?

WALT: If you want to. It's never been printed.

DAVIS: When was it written?

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WALT: Oh, I don't know — a few months ago, maybe. — Horace, you have a hungry look. I believe you want that scrap yourself. (TRAUBEL'S *face shows that he does.*) — Dick, you copy it and then let Horace have it. He collects these curios. (*Again rummaging with his stick*) Lots of odds and ends.

DAVIS: Do you care to say anything about the American poetry of the future?

WALT (*as he pokes*): Better leave that to the future poets themselves. They'll have plenty to say. (*Digs out with his cane some letters tied up with twine, which* SMITH *picks up and hands to him*) Letters from editors, turning down some of my things. Here's one from an editor you may have heard of. (*He reads one of the letters*) "I fear that the Passage to India is a poem too long and too abstract for the hasty and material-minded readers of the Overland Monthly. Your obedient servant, F. Bret Harte."

TRAUBEL (*loyally indignant*): "Passage to India"! One of your finest things —

WALT: I guess Bret was quite right. That sort of thing don't go down, don't digest, in the magazines.

SMITH: There's a line in that poem that always seemed to me very characteristic of you. I can't quote it, but it was something about "larkspur and wild onions".

WALT: Why that's real cute of you, Logan. (*He chuckles thoughtfully*) Yes, likely it is. Well, the wild onion is just as pretty as the larkspur, and a blame sight more tasty in soup. — Horace, I'm beginning to think about that oyster stew.

TRAUBEL: I'll tell Mrs. Davis. (*Exit.*) (SMITH *and* DAVIS *rise to leave.*)

WALT: Will you boys stay and have supper?

SMITH: Oh no, thanks, Walt; we'd better be going.

DAVIS: I must get to the office.

WALT: All right. I'm glad you came. My love to your families. (*They shake his hand, with engagingly youthful deference.*) Logan, your folks have been specially good to me. Tell 'em I said so.

SMITH, DAVIS: Good night!

(*They leave, and* WALT *is alone. His whole manner changes: he looks sharply about with quick craftiness, his eyes return to a spot between the stove and the trunk, where there lies a little packet of soiled letters tied with a faded tape. Slowly, painfully, he raises himself from the chair, trembling on the stout cane. With twitching face and quivering limbs he shuffles clumsily past the stove, toward the packet. He is now quite close to the footlights: it is evident that he is pitiably eager to do what his strength can hardly accomplish. He makes a gallant attempt to reach the letters. Leaning heavily on the cane in his right hand, he bends down, slowly, slowly, groping with his half paralyzed left arm, which shakes and wavers stiffly. His legs tremble,*

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his breath comes pantingly, his lips move constantly as though speaking to himself, but no sound issues. To reach the letters he has to fall on hands and knees, and the cane clatters to the floor. At last his right hand is on the packet. He takes it, shakingly, with an air of triumph. As he turns it over, sprawling grotesquely on all fours, the audience sees that an old tintype photo is tied under the tape at the bottom of the packet. This slips out, he retrieves it with difficult fingers, looks at it.

Then a strange thing happens. It is as though he had forgotten his old age, his weakness. Without seeming aware of it himself, he rises to his feet, as easily, surely, as a young man. He stands, holding the letters and the picture, a noble and Jove-like figure. Slowly, radiantly, he raises his arms (holding letters and photo in his right hand) as an athlete will stretch his muscles with the sheer thrill of strength. His chest expands, his head lifts, he seems taller. For a miraculous moment he is once more the Walt of the "Song of Myself", of "Children of Adam". His arms are outstretched above his head, trembling a little — with a quivering which might be either strength or weakness; a gesture which might be one of superb triumph, or of supplication to some unknown source of joy. Then, dropping his arms, with an easy careless gesture — you remember how fond he was of the word "nonchalant" — he tosses the letters and photo through the open door of the stove, and swings the door shut with a click.)

WALT (*in a voice surprisingly deep and resonant*): Goodby. . . . My Fancy. . . .

(*And then suddenly he seems to remember that he is an old crippled man. He slumps, shrivels, totters, puts out his hand awkwardly as though to reach for the cane, and collapses weakly and heavily against the backless chair by the stove, drooped over it with his knees on the floor. At that moment* TRAUBEL *enters, carrying a glass of port wine.*)

TRAUBEL (*as he enters*): Mary says . . . (*sharply, fearfully*) Walt! What's the matter? (*Puts down glass hastily and runs forward*) What's wrong? — Walt! (*Lifts the old man to his feet, helps him tenderly to the chair, where he sinks back with closed eyes.*) — What is it Walt? — I'll get the Doctor — Walt!

WALT (*slowly, feebly*): All right, Horace. . . . Doctors can't do anything . . . the clock's running down.

TRAUBEL (*getting the glass of wine*): Here's your port wine, take that, it'll help. (*Walt drinks it, weakly.*) — Wait a minute, I'll call Mary —

WALT: No, I'm all right —

TRAUBEL (*sees cane downstage, gets it*): Why, what were you doing, Walt?

WALT: It won't last much longer, Horace . . . "This long disease, my life" . . . who said that? — I don't mind, now —

TRAUBEL (*anxiously*): Don't you think I'd better get Osler —

WALT (*stronger*): No, no . . . (*Rouses himself a little*) We didn't look at the mail, that's the best tonic. The mail is always full of life. (*He reaches for the letters on the table, spills them.* TRAUBEL *picks them up.*)

WALT: Read them to me, Horace.

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TRAUBEL: Here's one from Australia. We'll take that first. (*Reads*)

"Girl's Grammar School,
Maryborough, Queensland, Australia.

"Sir: You have had, I do not doubt, many a letter of warm appreciation from people of eminent talent, but I am only what I think in America you call a 'school marm' and of no 'eminence', but I expect it's the average intellect you most want to touch as they form the bulk of the living beings. I have only had the pleasure so far of reading two of your books, 'Leaves of Grass' and 'Specimen Days'. They are both moral tonics in their joyous healthiness and seem to me just the antidote that is needed to the sickly sentimentality of the present age. I never read them without feeling more strongly what a beautiful sane thing human life is. I wish, as I am a woman, you had told us more of your views about us. I wonder what your ideal of woman is. . . ." (*At this point,* TRAUBEL *pauses to turn over the page and to make out a word.* WALT'S *eyes turn to the stove.*)

WALT: Horace, open the stove door, will you?

(TRAUBEL *does so, and reads the rest of the letter aloud from where he stands.*)

TRAUBEL (*reading*): "I should not have ventured to write only I see you are alone, and that is a word which always touches me, specially now, when as an English teacher in a new land I am without one friend near me. A thousand thanks dear Walt Whitman for all you have written.

Jessie Taylor."

WALT (*after a brief pause: speaking rather drowsily, his eyes on the brightness of the stove*): Well, now, that's nice, that's a real nice howdy. . . . A fire smokes when it's first lit, but when it's dying it burns clear, rosy, tender — (*Enter* MRS. DAVIS.)

MRS. DAVIS: If you'll be getting upstairs, I'll have the stew all ready for you soon's you're in bed.

WALT: Mary's right, Horace. She's always right. We'll leave the rest of those letters till tomorrow.

TRAUBEL: Shall I help you upstairs?

WALT: Bed, bed's the place. Oh the dear bed, when a fellow's in the dumps the bed gives him a sort of freedom. . . . No, Horace, Mary and I'll manage. Good night, dear boy. (TRAUBEL *comes to him and kisses his forehead.*)

TRAUBEL: Good night, Walt.

WALT (*his mind is rambling a little*): You might write to Jessie Taylor, tell her we've got a title for the last section of the new book . . .

TRAUBEL: A title? Oh that's fine, Walt, you didn't tell me —

WALT: Didn't I? Yes. "Goodby, My Fancy." (*A pause*) Tell her I wrote my book for lonely people.

TRAUBEL: See you tomorrow. Now you get a good sleep.

WALT: You bet. Good night, Horace, bless you.

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(TRAUBEL *goes out.*)

(WALT *sits alone a moment, then as he is awkwardly rising from the chair* MRS. DAVIS *comes in and helps him. He shuffles across the room with her support. As he nears the door he pauses, turns, and looks at the stove, which is shining rosily. He says gently, as if to himself, "Goodby, My Fancy." And the curtain falls.*)

LIFE IN LIFE

By Pascal D'Angelo

I WANDER by the living field
Seeking you, O unrevealed!
The tall oats bending in the sun
Like a golden glacier run
Toward the lane and stealthily
Are filled with earth's vast mystery
Of life in life.

Beyond the farmer's power too,
The harvest ripens. In the blue
The soul of wind, wild lyrical,
Is pouring forth. The miracle
Of Earth is massed along this lane.
The crows survey the heavy grain
And from the fringing bushes drop,
The boldest first, into the crop
Of life in life.

And out upon the fields of love
A breeze that I am dreaming of
Is passing in soft swaths and bends
The laden hearts to its own ends.

I feel that you are near to me;
My quickened steps are springing free.
Perhaps you linger there, to smile,
Confounding dogmas with the wile
Of one long kiss, beyond that turn
Where the golden fringes burn,
O unrevealed!

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POETRY AND POLITICS

By Elmer Murphy

FOR poetry, politics was ever a fallow soil. Only in Shakespeare do the Brutuses address their countrymen in blank verse. But for politics poetry can be made to serve a useful purpose. There was the "hell bent" Governor of Maine and "Tippecanoe and Tyler, too". There were the "Biglow Papers" and other political documents clad in the habiliments of verse.

Of late our politicians and our statesmen have taken to graphs and statistics. In this highly organized age figures, tables, and percentages have become the ammunition with which political battles are fought. It is true that poetry has always been dragged in by the ears to serve the purposes of rather stilted eulogy, but there is no rhythmic echo of high moral precept in the debates in the Senate and House of Representatives. Politicians who found Shakespeare and the Bible very helpful in driving home an argument have discovered that they can get on very well without either.

It is no longer effective to hurl across the aisle a well chosen line or two from "Hamlet" or a verse from the Psalms or Proverbs. In the modern congressional setting there is even a hint of the platitudinous in the sonorous periods of Webster or the mellifluous prose of Bob Ingersoll. But a well selected array of figures has a devastating effect and Senator Smoot, Senator La Follette, and others will occasionally rise to impassioned heights of oratory over a difference in percentages.

There appears, however, to be a new spirit stirring. Politics is breaking into metre. The literary Senator from Massachusetts, who in his sterner speeches rarely scatters poetical flowers, though he has raised quotation to the level of an art, has stooped to doggerel to reply — most effectively, too — to an implication made in another bit of doggerel by the Senator from Alabama. Progressivism, which once selected "Onward Christian Soldiers" as its battle hymn, is again resorting to verse. The poets are drawn upon to give color to such drab subjects as tax reduction, the plights of the farmers, and the evils of prohibition. Is an awakening at hand?

The House, which is supposed to reflect the popular state of mind, has become noticeably modern in its ideas of poetry. It has ceased to regard it as a commodity, as it did when the bill to charter the American Academy was before it. That debate was, of its kind, a classic. Western members were stirred to voluble resentment at the assumption by the founders of that institution that the production of poetry and literature was confined to the region east of the Alleghenies. A Kansas member insisted that the favorite bard of his state, Walt Mason, who produced more poetry than all the other poets of the country at that time, should not go unrecognized. A southern politician objected to including Theodore Roosevelt among the charter members merely because he had written a book on "bewhiskered birds".

The House has gone far beyond that.

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It has not caught up with the latest formlessness of vers libre; it still hovers about the "Gunga Din" period; but it is progressing. At least, it has left behind the dictionary of poetical quotations. Twenty years ago it was a fixed habit to tap these reservoirs whenever it became necessary to sound the praises of a departed colleague, and the habit has not been entirely abandoned. The practice sometimes led to disaster. I have in mind a Texas member who, in this fashion, once prepared a eulogy for which he had selected six quotations. He was seventh on the list of speakers. One by one the Texas member heard the choice bits he had chosen fall from other lips. By the time he was called upon his speech was completely shorn of its poetical flowers and, as he afterward explained with chagrin, he had nothing left but plain prose.

This use of poetical quotations for purely ornamental effect went out with the scroll worked walnut bedstead and the marble topped centre table. The Senators and Representatives who now drape about their speeches festoons of verse only for decorative purposes are few. Most of them have at least made it a part of the warp and woof of their utterance, weaving it into the oratorical design.

There is, for example, Senator Ladd of North Dakota — of the nonpartizan school of Republicanism, it is to be observed — who, with fine fervor, declares that the group of financiers "who through secret influences put into operation the Federal Reserve System, by which enormous wealth was piled up by some banking institutions, could never have heard of Goldsmith's words —

"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay;
Princes and lords may flourish or may fade,
A breath can make them as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry, a country's pride,
When once destroyed can never be supplied."

If the wretched bankers never heard of them, it is obvious that they do not read the Congressional Record, for the same words have appeared four times in as many speeches during the course of the past session, and numberless times before that. After all these years of neglect the claim might justly be made for Oliver that he has become the laureate of Congress. If he has not supplied the inspiration he has sounded the fundamental chord of the pæan of Progressivism in which are mingled the voices of Senator Ladd, Senator Brookhart, and Senator Magnus Johnson.

The Senator from North Dakota goes on to touch a more sympathetic note. After a brief allusion to the economic difficulties of the spring wheat section, he adds, meditating upon the faithful service of the farmer —

Oft have we seen him in the peep of dawn,
Brushing with hasty steps the dew away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

Then, after invoking the spirit of Omar Khayyam, who seems to serve equally well all schools of political thought, he concludes with this defiant outburst —

As long as there is motion in my body,
And life to give me words, I'll cry for justice.

The Senator from North Dakota is not of heroic stature, but who shall say there is not something refreshing in this courageous cry, after a deluge of statistics, wholesale and retail prices, and transportation and tariff rates?

The mind of Representative McSweeney of Ohio apparently runs in the same channel, for he too quotes Goldsmith, and quotes him first. But he adds this, referring to the time when

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the farmers were exhorted to raise wheat and win the war —

They belong to a legion not listed,
They bear no banner or cross,
And, broke in a thousand detachments,
They were making the way for the rest.

This poetic agrarianism is, after all, a minor strain of Progressivism. The dominant note is that everything is wrong, greed is rampant and corruption flourishes. As a corollary, courage, bravery, the defiance of evil forces which enslave society, all are sounded in heroic pitch. Senator Wheeler declares:

But I honor the man who is willing to sink
Half his present repute for the freedom to think,
And when he has thought, be the cause strong or weak,
Will risk t'other half for the freedom to speak,
Caring naught for the vengeance the mob has in store,
Be that mob the upper ten thousand or lower.

This determination to sacrifice oneself on the altar of the public good, whether the public demands it or not, is characteristically Progressive but it is not confined to Progressives. There is Representative Little of Kansas, one of the few literary members of Congress, a friend of Richard Harding Davis and an author, who quotes:

Under which king Bezonian? Speak or die.
What's wealth to them whose faith and truth
On war's red touchstone rang true metal,
Who ventured life and love and youth
For the great prize of death in battle?

Representative Taylor of West Virginia, a quondam editor, breathes the same spirit. He succeeds in making even so dry a subject as the liberalization of the rules of the House of Representatives the occasion for poetry. "I have never hesitated", he says, "to take a stand on public matters. I have long believed that

"He who dares to take his stand alone,
But follows where the greatest number led,
Should hasten to his rest beneath a stone —
The great majority of men are dead."

Moreover, he is animated by the same determination to cry out:

Now that our land to ruin's brink is verging
In God's name let us speak while there is time;
Now that the padlocks on our lips are forging
Silence is a crime.

Certainly the members of the House of Representatives have never needed much stimulus to encourage them to give voice to the demands of their constituents; but, after all, one cannot help feeling that Mr. Taylor is entitled to a place among the brotherhood of political pioneers who believe they are hewing a way to better things.

And behind all this Progressive protest there is the obvious conviction that its leaders are the chosen of heaven.

That scaffold sways the future, and behind
the dim unknown
Standeth God within the shadow keeping
watch above his own,

says Senator Wheeler again, and he adds:

Count me o'er earth's chosen heroes — they
were souls that stood alone.

A less belligerent tone is taken by Representative Greenwood, an Indiana Democrat, who says:

Oh greed, stony-hearted greed!
Strike thy dread shackles from the limbs of men,
Let love fling wide thy chained and bolted doors
That bar the path to brotherhood.

So much for the progressive ideal. Singularly enough your conservative rarely dips into poetry. He is willing to rely entirely upon statistics to prove that things are better as they are.

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Perhaps there is something in the conservative temperament that finds verse just a little out of place in so prosaic a setting as the halls of Congress.

Mr. Cramton, of Michigan, puts it to unaccustomed use in promoting legislative projects. He begins a rather lengthy speech by picturing Thackeray contemplating the glories of the sunrise on the Rhine. From this he passes on to the main purpose of his exposition, which is to sing the praises of nature. "Wordsworth", he says, "still lives in his presentation of nature's charms and gifts. So in his lines —

"I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth, but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue."

There is more, but this is enough. He passes to the next quotation:

You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
The woods and lawns, by living streams at eve;
Let health my nerves and finer fibers brace,
And I their toys to the great children leave;
Of fancy, reason, virtue naught can me bereave.

The upshot of the matter is that Mr. Cramton is advocating an appropriation to take over from private hands — specifically, the hands of Senator Cameron of Arizona — control of the Bright Angel Trail leading down into the Grand Canyon. Later he descends to statistics but these do not efface the loftiness of purpose that Wordsworth gives to the enterprise.

Senator Heflin of Alabama, probably the most prolific producer of copy for the Record in Congress, frequently ascends to poetry, a characteristic of the extraordinary facility of utterance which deluges the Senate almost daily in a torrent of words. He gives the impression that there are countless morals to be drawn from the poets, all of which point to the utter depravity of the Republican Party.

"Mr. President," he says, "I want some people to get a certain idea into their heads. It is carried in this quotation:

"The thorns which I have reaped are of the tree
I planted; they have torn me, and I bleed."

In other words, the Republican Party is reaping the harvest of its own iniquities which the Senator from Alabama has painted in reams of lurid prose. And there is this political parable —

The law imprisons man or woman
Who steals a goose from off the common;
But lets the greater culprit loose
Who steals the common from the goose —

another poetical shaft aimed in the same direction. But the Senator from Alabama resorted to this method of parliamentary warfare once too often. His essay at parody in setting forth the iniquities of the oil scandal brought from the Senator from Massachusetts, Mr. Lodge, the unexpected and most effective retort:

Absolute knowledge have I none
But my aunt's washerwoman's sister's son
Heard a policeman on his beat
Say to a laborer on the street,
That he had a letter just last week —

and so on. Never was a Senator more completely beaten at his own game.

This method of attacking public questions must have its value, for it is resorted to by the oldest member of the House, the venerable General Sherwood of Ohio. In this fashion does he paint the evils of prohibition:

My country, 'tis of thee,
A land no longer free;
Where old blue laws come again to light
And cheap-jack Puritans of purblind sight
Invade these classic halls by lobbies led,

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Mouthing the ego of a dizzy head.
A smoke-screened nothingness of froth and foam
Shaming the goddess of the great dome.

Not so good as verse, perhaps, but more effective than a volume of statistics of arrests, convictions, and incarcerations to show that prohibition is filling or emptying the jails and proving nothing.

In much the same strain does Representative Chindblom, of Chicago, lament the wretched hodgepodge of life today:

A fifty dollar dinner for a party of two,
Twenty-five cents for a cheap beef stew;
One hundred thousand dollars for jewels to choose,
Less than three dollars to buy children's shoes;

One thousand acres to make a golf course,
Corn on the hillside, an old bony horse;

The contrast lengthens and fills us with woe;
With plenty for all, why should it be so?

One might browse longer. There are more tufts of verse in the wide stretching, arid waste of speech within the covers of the Congressional Record, scant provender at most, but there is still hope that the desert will put forth flowers of poetry.

TWO POEMS

By Charles Norman Bloom

FRAILTY

ALL night a lone dog howled,
And I was never afraid;
"Death will not come for me,
O Lord", I prayed.

Death must not come for me;
And when another day
Brought grief, once more I took
My weary way.

QUATRAIN

IF there were balm for sorrow,
I should not fear the years,
And I could smile, or borrow
A mask to hide my tears.

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CHAPTERS FROM UNWRITTEN AUTOBIOGRAPHIES

VI: ONE NIGHT

By Thomas Burke

THE road is long, says the eastern sage, but it has many corners; and my London road has corners at the Causeway; at a court in the heart of Bermondsey; at Lavender Hill; at Euston Station; at an A. B. C. shop in Holborn; at Tilbury; at Kensington; at Gracechurch Street, Columbia Market, Caledonian Road, Charing Cross Post Office — each corner a symbol of those other symbols of life which we call facts.

At the first corner I see a little store in that street where China has settled on the coast of London and brought grace and bitterness to the midnights of court and alley. Over the doorway of this store is a gas lamp painted with the chop of Quong Lee. It is a side street shop, no different in structure from the side street shops of any working class district; small and low, with many panes to its window; but its side panels are fantastically gay with Chinese script, and its window is crammed with the merchandise of legend; coral and ivory and jade.

Before that window a child stands by the half hour, poring upon the ideographs, then (as now) fuller for him of hidden beauty than any painted picture. About him is a narrow street, and through its mist the calm faces of Canton and Malaya, and open doors showing long dark passages, and at the end of them the glow of a lamp, half seen figures, the faint music of guitar and drum. The lantern of Quong Lee hangs above his head, and beyond the window sits Quong Lee himself, gazing out as the boy gazes in.

Quong Lee wears steel spectacles and the hair at his temples is grey. He wears a skull cap of black silk. He has the husky voice of those who have lived long in the sunshine. His teeth are pink from long chewing of betel nut, and his skin has the appearance of having been finecombed. All day and all the evening he sits in the corner seat of his counter, gazing through the window with unwinking eyes, as though carven. He seems to be a part of the immutable. His temper is fixed, aloof from the disturbance of delight or distress. He seems as set as his own ginger jars, as permanent and tranquil as the expressionless face of his seven stomached Lord of Right Living.

But it was not so. Fluent as his road had been, it had a sharp corner. His shop is there; his lantern is there; perhaps his spirit is there; but the English law had not the child's feeling for the perdurable, and all that the child now has of him, in material shape, is an old silk cap, tasseled with devil chasers.

Twenty five years later I was sitting in the Ivy restaurant with Charles Chaplin and a poet. Chaplin was at the topside of his hour. He sat there

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tingling with nervous force, ruffling his grey curls, flashing with mignon gesture, and talking sardonically about himself. People came to us at intervals without apology or introduction. An actor of the higher drama, dark and reticent, offered him a white hand. A queen of drawing room comedy bowed. A bearded dramatic critic gave him a glance that, coming from him, was a benediction. A novelist with owlish eyes shook hands and inspected him without speaking. A London Gossiper, the Captain Gronow of our day, stood over him, waving a cigarette, slim and saturnine, and dropped languid epigrams.

Amazing that I should be sitting in that place, careless of the clock, careless of the bill, undismayed by the surroundings, and in the company of those who, ten years ago, to my eyes walked on clouds. Me! A queer thing — this Me. What was I? I was the Causeway. I was one room in Kerbey Street. I was the big house at Greenwich. I was the Orphan School. I was the queer house in Caledonian Road. I was the City office. I was the Old Kent Road lodging house. I was —

At that moment a mousse of chicken was served, and as I looked up from my plate I caught Chaplin's eye, and, speaking without thinking, I said: "Pearce and Plenty, Goswell Road. Eh?" His eye flickered. The faint grin of his that plays shield to his quivering spirit flashed across his face, and he asked: "How did you know?" I said, "Your face. You've got the marks of it." He said, "Funny! I used to go to that one. And it's just what I was thinking when you spoke. Only I'd never have said it."

When the asparagus came we telegraphed, "Lockhart's." To the Pêche Melba, "Good Pull Up For Carmen." And when M. Abel himself poured the liqueurs, "The Old Foresters — tuppence a basin!"

I knew that his road had many corners, and I could see that he was fumbling after them. He came out at last with — "Life's a queer thing", and stopped. Then went on — "All accidents. Little accidents that alter us without our knowing — change all our color and style and — sort of — " He hovered for a word; then used face and hands, miming; made himself clear, and finished with, "*You* know. . . . You think that love or success or disaster are the high spots, but looking back you see it was the little unnoticed street corner moments."

I said, "Yes. And here we are, a few years after Pearce and Plenty, sitting in the Ivy. How? What accident brought us here?"

"Lord knows."

"What accident made you a comedian?"

"Couldn't say. One of a dozen moments. Being miserable, for one thing. Wanting to tell people what I felt about things. Meeting a man at Kennington Oval. All of 'em corners, but where I turned off I don't know." He stopped and drank coffee. "We're all decorated with accidents. Like a South Sea nigger with one man's hat, another fellow's umbrella, and somebody else's spats. Bits of everybody we've ever met. . . . But this is deep stuff for lunchtime — eh?"

"But did you want to be a comedian?"

"Never entered my head. I wanted to be — oh, all sorts of things — expressive things. But comedian. . . . First of all, I reckon I wanted two pairs of boots, instead of one pair that let water. I wanted books. And concerts. And all the time I was really working — at silly useless deadening

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work — I never got near those things. Working at silly work that really took it out of me among silly people, with no money and no hope. And always — just out of reach — music and books and the people who cared about those things. And I couldn't get near 'em. Now I'm doing stuff that I enjoy doing, they'll give me everything I want. And all an accident. Not the thing I foreshadowed for myself. Never is, is it? What made you a writer?"

"I think I can answer that. It goes back to when I was nine years old, looking in a shop window. I began writing at sixteen. Not for the fun of writing, or because I thought I could write, but with one purpose. I've been at it ever since. Trying to express one moment in a London side street on a night when I was nine years old. I've never done it yet. But one goes on and does other things by accident."

"I know. I had something like that once. A sort of — of — well, revelation sounds silly, but *you* know. . . . I'm off to Paris tonight, but if you've got time I wish you'd write and tell me about it."

Well, at the time of my visits to the Causeway, I was living with Uncle Frank in Carfax Street. Uncle Frank wasn't my uncle, and his name wasn't Frank, but always I had been in his care, and Uncle Frank was the name by which he was known to everybody about us and the name to which he responded in all friendly moments at the Ship at Anchor. His real name was Reuben Battershell, and he was a far away friend of the family. We lived in one room in the upstairs back of a small house in Carfax Street. It was a street of uniform bald houses of four rooms and scullery. Some of the houses, at that time, in a spasm of discontent with their estate, had turned themselves into shops, and had made a bad job of it, being neither good shop nor honest house. It was down-at-heel but it grinned. Its parlor windows bayed out to the street, without the grace of one yard of green or the gentility of a gate. Always there was the noise of dogs and babies, and the cheery calls of neighbor to neighbor and the occult cries of coal-man, winkleman, milkman, and balloon-and-flag man.

That is my first memory of home. The length and breadth of home was exactly five of my paces; I had often marched to war across it with a sword made by Uncle Frank from a broken trowel and a stair railing. On one side, next the cupboard, was the bed. Against the window was a little deal table with two "leaves", both sadly warped, and two chairs. On the right of the fireplace was the pine chest of drawers, containing Sunday clothes and Uncle's treasures; and on the other, the coal box, the water can, and the washstand. Over the fireplace was an illuminated scroll in red and gold lettering — "Presented to Mr. Reuben Battershell on the occasion of his leaving the Galloping Horses as a token of esteem and affection in which he was held by his following friends" — and over the bed a colored supplement on art paper showing Wilson Barrett in "The Sign of the Cross".

In the past Uncle Frank had been an inn keeper, but he was then gardener at a big house in Greenwich. He still kept the signboard under the bed —"The Galloping Horses. Reuben Battershell. Free House" — and it served him as rosary in moments of depression.

"Hi, cock! Fetch out the old sign-board. Let's 'ave a look at 'er. Ha!

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That was a House, me boy. I wasn't touchin' me cap to nobody then. No fear. I made that House, me boy. It'd gorn down. Doin' nothin'. In three months, me boy, I couldn't take the money fast enough."

I was happy with Uncle Frank and with the rough and gusty life of Carfax Street; but often there were those moments of restlessness known to all children — moments of mystery half perceived — which I couldn't understand and which I couldn't take to Uncle Frank. I divined that he would be beyond solving them, and would think I was ailing. It was then that I would escape down the road and wander in a street of no time and no place; a street of spices and old suns, where anything might happen. What drew me there I do not know, but I loved to be there, to touch shoulders with its shadows, or to stand at the window of Quong Lee, filled with a want that I could not name. I was out of the world of the common things that I knew, lost in a world to which I had no key; a world that, I felt even then, held, behind all its color, something pale and cold and pitiless; the marble stupor of those who have lived a thousand years and have a thousand more to live, giving no revelation, but turned always inward, solitary, and self sufficient.

I could not, of course, shape it or say it to myself; I could only distress myself with the feeling, and loaf about the Causeway out of tune with my day-to-day life and my pals of Carfax Street. Although I lived at the waterside, ships and the water had none of the interest for me that they had for my pals. Even at nine years old I was interested more in people than in things. But like all land creatures, I would often go down to it, and stand on the wharf for an hour, staring at the water and the boats, and wondering what it all meant and whether Quong Lee's shop window would explain it.

And then, one evening, as I stood in the Causeway staring through his window at him, Quong Lee raised a hand and beckoned. For a moment or so I did not move. Among the boys at the Board School, and in the Ship at Anchor on Sunday nights, where I was fed with lemonade and heart cakes, there were whisperings, warnings, mutters about that street. Knife fights I had seen, and gaming house raids, and police encounters. But there were other rumors . . . all sorts of rumors. It didn't matter, though. Whatever stories came to my ears I accepted as things that were true about other Chinese, but unthinkable about Quong Lee. They made no difference to my feeling about him, and did not once interrupt my visits to the street.

He beckoned again. Then I understood that he was inviting me in. This was the moment I had waited and wooed him for. Dare I? I would.

With a sense of desperate adventure, as of cutting myself off from the friendly world, I went in. He smiled. I smiled, though not easily; I was trembling. Then he turned in his seat behind the counter, opened a jar, speared a piece of ginger with a skewer, and held it out to me.

Again I hesitated, and in the moment of hesitating the thing happened. In that moment I was conscious of a joy sharper than any I had known, and with it came a sense of time arrested and crystallized; a fancy that always, behind the curtain of time, this thing had been; that always Quong Lee had been there in that shop in that street; that for all time he had been holding out a piece of ginger and I had been standing before him, with the pins-and-needles of emotion in the

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back of my neck, holding out my hand to him. And with it came something more than joy — something that was at once knowledge and understanding and serenity. The secret. And I felt that whatever else might move or change, whatever comings and goings there might be, Quong Lee and I would not change. Always he would be sitting on a stool, behind the counter of that shop, beckoning to me, and always I would be holding out my hand.

Then it was gone. I took the piece of ginger, and ate it, smiling from a full mouth, back in the world of time and place, but a world with a difference. Something had happened to me; something beyond the fact that I had got into Quong Lee's shop; and I knew that life would never be the same again. I had achieved contact, and the Causeway would forever be part of me. I had turned my first corner. When I had eaten the ginger, grinning all the time, he beckoned me to come round the counter. I went; and he showed me his calculus, his bowl of ink, his writing brushes, and the pad of flimsy paper on which he made out his bills. He showed me a green and yellow Buddha. He showed me a temple carved from six inches of ivory. He took down from the wall one of the many masks — a blaze of red and blue and gold — and put it over his face. He showed me prayer papers and chopsticks and marvels of banners and pipes writhing with decoration.

And all the time I grinned, not knowing what I was supposed to do or say, or why I was invited in; but thrilled and conscious of a wave of affection for this funny old foreigner. Of course, I loved Uncle Frank, but I had never caught myself loving him. I loved him as I ate my breakfast or washed my neck. But this was different; a sharp feeling. All my pals laughed at the Chinks; they were foreigners and funny. But I couldn't laugh at Quong Lee. I found in him — or put there — the essence of all those things I had found in the Causeway and in the water. I wanted to do something for him; to cut a figure before him; to earn his esteem. But I just stood there, sizzling and grinning, until he gave me another piece of ginger and pushed me to the door.

I ran home. I ran all the way home, and went straight indoors. But I didn't tell Uncle Frank or anybody about it. Uncle Frank wouldn't have liked it, and I knew how the chaps would have laughed and chi-iked me for chumming up with a ludicrous old Chinky. So I kept quiet. The outer door of my secret world was half open, and I must keep it so that I might slip in and out. I could not live in it; the life for me was the life of Carfax Street; the little ordinary things; but I hugged it as one hugs a hiding place for one's special treasures which are too precious to be shared.

From those first few minutes with him his shop became my other home. Evening after evening I went there, looking through the window until I was invited in; and once in, I was free to roam about the place, to eat ginger, and to play with the writing brushes, while he sat and smiled, or taught me how to write certain characters with the brushes — Courtesy, Kindness, Tranquillity. I was ten; he was as old as the Mountains of the Moon. And he was my friend. At no time was our friendship demonstrative. Though child and man may often talk seriously, on level terms, we could not talk, for at that time he knew only the pidgin of the shopkeeper's counter. Even later, when he learned more words, he could never make a sentence; he would

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throw out four or five words, and I had to make the sentence myself.

For twenty years, in all times of sorrow or perplexity, I went to him; and while talk was impossible talk wasn't necessary. He knew. A barren friendship, perhaps. It had nothing of service or sacrifice or common interest to endue it; or the casual fellowship of mutual minds, mutual creeds, mutual race. He showed neither pleasure nor irritation at seeing me, nor delight in my company. If I came or stayed away, it was no matter.

But for me it was richer than any friendship I have since known. From every one of those silences I took away something soothing and exhilarating. I felt that while I was in that shop nothing could touch me; nothing could exalt or grieve. The world of blessings and bruises was beating around and against me, but its waters fell from me. I knew in that shop what some people seek in church and others seek in taverns. Those silences were glimpses; repetitions of that moment when he held out the ginger and I looked through his window as through the window of that Northern King. Every new life is molded upon the pattern of the old. That pattern is a star, whose points touch the rim of heaven, and it is in the passing of these points that we meet those moments that are our corners, and know ourselves. That was the meaning of his friendship; through him I peeped, and saw and understood the beauty and sorrow of things. He opened the outer door; and for one moment he showed me the inner door and gave me its key.

But I could not turn it. And though, as I told Chaplin, I have tried and tried, I never have turned it. Never has the magic of the artist guided my hand to help me to show what I knew in the moment when the ginger was held out to me.

LADY ANNE'S MEDITATIONS DURING DIVINE SERVICE

By Margaret Tod Ritter

SUPPOSE I were to bite Sir Hubert's ear?
Would he turn round and smite me with his sword?
Could anyone who looks so limp and bored
Defend himself? And if he did? Dear, dear,
I want a drink, that means I'll not attend
To any of the service; what a shame
To miss the Bishop's sermon when I came
On purpose not to miss it. I'll pretend
He mumbled, if he asks me. There! I saw
An ant crawl down Monsieur de Goncour's cloak.
What shall I do? Slap? What an awful joke
To rise in church and slap one's son-in-law!
Alas! Alas! I must compose my face;
At sixty one is loath to fall from grace.

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MAECENAS UP TO DATE

By Ernest Boyd

With Sketches by Dwight Taylor

THE modern Mæcenas is a two headed monster, or in politer image, a Janus whose two faces represent the publisher and the bookseller, the twin patrons of literature in this era of democracy. The denizen of Grub Street today knows his patron as a dual personality, a Jekyll and Hyde, whose incarnations are revealed to him separately, although he suspects them of a closer identity than ostensibly appears. This composite being is not every publisher and bookseller, nor does it play Mæcenas to every author. In order to study the phenomenon, it is essential that all irrelevant and distracting elements be eliminated. The writer whose works are shipped by the carload depends upon the pleasure and good will of none other than the great god Demos himself, and the functions of publisher and bookseller are essentially those of a servant both to the mob and its master. Mæcenas becomes incarnate only to those who labor in the more modest fields of authentic literature and learning, and whose need places them in a position corresponding to that of author and patron in the old unregenerate days of unenlightenment. They have nothing to offer the wholesale fiction merchants, and their wares require more delicate handling than that vouchsafed by the bobbed haired ruminants of the department stores.

For a new need benign nature creates a new organ, and thus the hapless victims of the spread of education and knowledge are not left friendless and unsuccored. Having striven for the best part of a century to substitute illiterates who can read and vote and make their mark upon history and public taste for illiterates who could just make their mark, and were rarely disturbed from their natural avocations even to do that, having popularized the goose that laid the once golden eggs of education, we have now to protect the educators from the educated. In the eternal recurrence of things the literati thus find themselves once more dependent upon the bounty and benevolence of an individual or group of persons endowed either with enough money or enough taste to permit of their indulging in pleasures undreamed of in the philosophy of the herd. The modern Mæcenas has come forward to discharge the duties once undertaken by Lorenzo de Medici and his like, and publishing and bookselling have been adapted accordingly.

Naturally, one must not expect from the patron of today anything of the magnificence and splendor of a Renaissance lord, nor even the relative disinterestedness of a Lord Chesterfield lending his aid to Samuel Johnson. The author nowadays who seeks relief from the harsh laws of commercial publishing turns away from those two conventional institutions, the fiction factory where nothing less than a sale of half a million copies entitles a book to house room, and those old and stately but formal organizations where many generations of tradition create an

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The Little Bookshop

atmosphere of aloofness, something of the coldness peculiar to the State, "that coldest of cold monsters", as Nietzsche termed it. The one is too crass and sordid, the other too institutional to play the part assigned by an all seeing providence to the Medicis of our time. Human warmth, or at least the personal note, is the indication which is sought by those who hope to shelter beneath the favor of a patron.

It is at this point that the publishing face of Janus smiles upon the seekers after the immortality of letters. Instead of waiting in an unprepossessing but businesslike anteroom only to transact one's affairs with an impersonal assistant without plenary powers, one lingers, if at all, in some suave and seductive chamber where the passage of time is imperceptible. The literary Lotos eater sits beguiled by softly shaded lamps, gaudy batiks, and a dazzling display of the most cultured and æsthetic publications. Instead of vulgar magazines in coarse leather covers, reminiscent of free libraries or English railway guides, one sees eso-

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teric importations from every corner of Europe, and while one's heels sink into a carpet six inches thick, the eye beholds the wonders of Dadaist prose from Finland, or a complete file of the artiest and most unread American magazines published in Paris. The furnishings are a cross between a library and a boudoir in a really up to date movie. It becomes evident that the telephone girl is a graduate of Barnard, and the limousines of the staff, as they line up outside the office at half past five, suggest the curb in front of the New Amsterdam Theatre during a rehearsal of the Ziegfeld "Follies". The resplendent creatures who flit about have obviously given to literature what was intended for the glorification of the American girl:

There is sweet music here that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass.

Thus "propt on beds of amaranth and moly", the innocent visitor is awakened from his reverie of Lotos Land by a secretary arrayed in such glory as no Solomon of literature could afford, breathing an air of such friendliness and refinement, such odors of Guerlain as make the senses swoon, that the drawing room effect is completed. It is almost without any emotion of surprise that the postulant finds he is to be admitted into the presence of the publisher himself, the host, rather, who is too well bred to delegate the welcoming of his guests to a subordinate. The patron rises with the most pleasant smile, introduces the secretary as his assistant, and soon all three are engaged in the happiest conversation. The office is everything that a gentleman's library ought to be; the only implement betraying the dark shadow of business is one of those mysterious, multicolored indexes in which little pieces of gelatine are moved about from time to time in obedience to the laws of some obscure domino game. A silver water bottle and two small glasses of purest crystal repose on a tray. Imported cigarettes are produced, while the assistant from a small gold case supplies herself with one whose fantastic wrapping matches her costume, itself an adorable creation from the Maison Simone, while the silk tip cunningly matches the tender hue of her silk stockings from Javotte's. More discreetly concealed than these, a cellar of carefully selected ingredients provides, on occasion, unlawful refreshment for favored members of the publishing family.

Family, in effect, is the note of the new order. The formal "Mr." or "Miss" is reserved for unpopular intruders, backsliders who have failed to justify the confidence reposed in them, or the newest arrival who, hearing the constant allusions to authors by their Christian names, at once realizes that he has left behind him the cruel dispensation of commerce, and aspires to be affectionately addressed as one who is among friends. This interview, the first of many, prepares the way of initiation, the beginnings of a great friendship — on a royalty basis to be sure, but the transaction is enveloped in such attentions and pledges of good fellowship that the author is just vaguely reminded of his publisher, somewhat in the manner of a patient in the dentist's chair who has had a local anæsthetic and feels only a numb pain. The friends of the family are as charming as the host; if there are those jealousies which reveal themselves frankly in places where the nature of the literary gent is red in claw and fang, here that feminine affection which enables rival ladies to kiss on meeting is practised by coaxing favorites. In this modern king's household there are

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many courtiers for the royal favor; court intrigues may lead to the destruction of rising reputations which cannot be injured by the old fashioned method of wire pulling in the press.

The poet in the palace, if he has the privileges of a status not obtainable elsewhere, incurs also dangers which do not threaten the writer who has a publisher only and not a patron. The enervating atmosphere of this court society is such that intrigue and rivalry are not confined to the sex traditionally credited with such weapons as are known in the vernacular as "cattishness". The women perhaps dismay the impartial observer by the ease with which their intuitions are mistaken for knowledge, in matters where expert opinion is required, but the patron is swayed more often by the more unexpected insinuations of the kind of man that men forget. The newly initiated, however, do not encounter this impalpable influence, if for no other reason, because no book has yet been published to dim the brightness of the scene. Long before the manuscript has been submitted to the butchery of the printers, the author has been fully received into the circle of the intimates; he is enjoying the delights of patronage, and the association of others like himself, who have emerged into the bright light of fame after secluded labors encouraged by the benevolence of Mæcenas. As he sits in preliminary consultation with well groomed publicity experts, furnishing such material as will create for him a personality which he may not have; as he smiles over his fourth cocktail at the now more seductive than ever secretary, as he participates in all that charming agitation preceding actual publication, when the combination of business and pleasure, of the shrewdest merchandising and the most disinterested geniality, reaches its apogee — then, indeed, memories of happy days at college crowd the excited brain, and the author murmurs, as he thinks of his transcendent publisher and friend, the immortal lines to the archetype of all patrons:

> quodsi me lyricis vatibus inseris,
> sublimi feriam sidera vertice.*

While his "exalted head" still touches the stars the author now becomes familiar with the other face of Janus, the bookseller. As every publisher is not Mæcenas, neither is every vendor of books. The bookseller as patron must be as carefully distinguished from his conventional colleagues in the trade as was the publisher who transcends the mere wholesaling of raw material. By their books ye shall know them. The little bookshops, the corner bookshops, the neighborhood bookshops, the shops that invoke the sign of fabulous birds and mythical animals, or somehow contrive to suggest an air of exoticism or esoteric fantasy — these do not compete with the common bookstores of the plain people. Do not ask them for copies of "The Cross Word Puzzle Book" or the inspirational works of eminent popular philosophers; New Thought they do not trifle with, unless when it professes to elucidate the mysteries of sex. Best sellers are as unwelcome as those energetic gentlemen who call to offer an attractive line of stationery and fancy goods, and depart wondering what the book business is coming to, when sealing wax, calendars, birthday cards, and notepaper are not regarded as the backbone of an honor-

*For those whose Latin is as shaky as Shakespeare's, and who have no dictionary of quotations within reach, I translate:

> But if you rank me among lyric bards
> With exalted head I shall touch the stars.

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able commerce. It would be not only indiscreet but indecorous to enumerate the estimable authors who never rest upon the shelves of these establishments, and who, at best, pass through ignominiously as transients procured to the order of some customer as yet unacquainted with the delights of true culture.

In his bookselling capacity the modern Mæcenas is as conscious of his duty to letters as he is in his capacity as publisher. He is in more direct contact with the reader and so his patronage extends not only to the author but to the public. Whether by a process of collusion or natural evolution, his shop, like the publisher's office, contrives to disguise its harsher commercial contours. The same shaded lamps are visible, the same imported magazines; and lounge chairs frequently invite that dalliance for which there is no place in the ordinary store. Usually, there are representatives of that resplendent sex whose presence dazzles the postulants who wait in the publisher's antechamber, perhaps not quite so modishly gowned but equipped, nevertheless, for the task of humanizing the humanities. Horn rimmed glasses are worn with bewitching effect, and gazelle-like ankles flash, as fair handmaidens of learning trip to and fro from the shelves, proffering enthusiastic advice as to authors to be collected, and displaying a properly cultivated appreciation — with no trace of Puritan furtiveness — of the lewder passages in "Jurgen" and "Mademoiselle de Maupin". "Ulysses", of course, is discussed and recommended as part of the season's entertainment, lost in an enthusiasm which embraces "Antic Hay", "The Genius", and "Prancing Nigger". Those who were introduced to James Joyce while holidaying in Paris become serious acolytes. The others just rank him as one of the many who enable them to dabble conversationally upon the edge of topics previously obscured in the jargon of psychoanalysis.

The author, who can enter the general bookstore and depart unrecognized and unsung, finds in the little bookshop

"He is a two headed monster"

that friendly recognition, that atmosphere of appreciation for which Mæcenas has prepared him. He finds that the two faces of Janus are smiling, unless he be so unfortunate as to choose a shop where his work has failed to come up to the severe standard usually imposed. Then he has his revenge, however, by alluding to a rival establishment and declaring in tones of condescending assurance: "My book is selling very well, *wherever it is displayed.*" Whereupon the recalcitrant, but diplomatic, bookseller endeavors to convey the impression that all the others, having been piled up in a prominent place, have been sold. Usually, however, these contretemps do not occur. The patron bookseller has so well adjusted his authors, books, and customers that they are all like one great happy family. A translator may linger while a lady purchaser descants upon the praiseworthy freedom with

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which he has preserved in English those passages whose Gallic salt had deterred all his predecessors. Without knowing each other both writer and reader leave the benevolent presence of the bookseller feeling that he is discharging a noble duty to the community. The learning of his customers is demonstrably equal only to their discrimination.

If he is the author's friend, he is also the guide and counselor of his clients. According to the sex of the latter, the little bookshop knows how to wean them away from a too confiding faith in the judgment of all too human columnists. Never could the eternal lure of youth be more beautifully sublimated than through the literary salesmanship of a woman bent upon bringing to Lytton Strachey and Michael Arlen a man who has heretofore bowed down in his blindness to idols of wood and stone, believing perhaps that in reading "Babbitt" he had scaled the rarefied heights of sophisticated literature. What could be more admirable, more typical of man's indomitable spirit, than the career of a red blooded American citizen who turns his back on Wall Street in order to develop in cultivated women a predilection for imported English first editions, and an appreciation for the efforts of the subtler and more perverse geniuses native to this Republic? Women whose charge accounts at one time were confined to household expenses and personal adornment, with perhaps a restaurant or two, now acquire culture on a credit generously extended by the new patron of hard working authors.

The little bookshop inevitably becomes a centre for the advancement of learning and the development of those higher faculties in mankind which, it is said, distinguish us from the anterior members of the animal kingdom. The walls are adorned with playbills of subterranean theatres, circulars soliciting subscriptions for the magazines of all the cliques, and even advertisements of studios to shelter the brainworker. The hovering authors move about in sight of the traps set for them with the innocence of domestic fowl. They are like those tame pheasants which are shot by royalty when beaters drive the unwitting birds into the air within easy reach of the exalted sportsmen. Sooner or later they agree to give a little talk to a select few, chosen from the more influential supporters of the establishment. When the patroness has reached years of such discretion as enforces the wisdom of literary monogamy, she leaves to more slender and superficially enthusiastic assistants the daily round of sublimation by way of first editions and cognate topics. Within her breast burn deeper fires which flare up periodically in an all excluding and all consuming devotion to one author. His writings become the gospel and he is not infrequently the willing victim of the lecture passion.

The intimate note of the shop is accentuated for the occasion, the comfortable wicker chairs are reserved for the great man and the privileged initiates, and upon uncomfortable hired chairs an adoring herd is huddled, as though cowering before the storm of eloquence which is imminent. Generally a poet who will read his verses is the attraction, but they, as a rule, are the helpless and defenseless victims of their divine calling. They might just as well be imposed upon here as elsewhere; it is their fate, since literature has been thrown to the people by the Cæsars of popular education. More peculiarly the product of this special environment is the prose writer who takes a special pleasure in this opportunity of airing his hollow ideas,

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which are indistinguishable from the platitudes of the syndicated philosophers scorned by this critical audience, save in so far as they are incomprehensible. A pleasant career is thus opened to those male charmers who make up for the paucity of their intelligence by the wealth of their admiration for the admiration of women. When one of the least of these can be persuaded to discourse upon some such topic as "Fourth Dimensional Love", refined women are rewarded for their abdication before the wantonly successful provocation of a younger generation also engaged in the cultivation of literature and its makers.

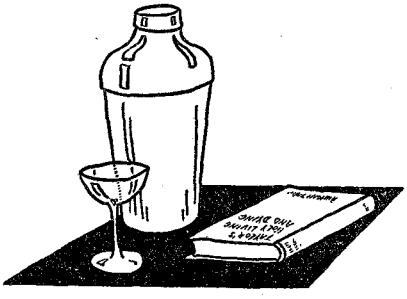
These relaxations of the patron, with the intoxication corresponding to the more material inebriation already referred to, must not deceive us as to the importance of the dual rôle which is played by the twin Mæcenas of democracy. Between the two the literary artist of today finds shelter — at least temporarily — from the cruel blasts of commercialism. Horace himself incurred the censure of Mæcenas, as he frequently records

Mollis inertia cur tantum diffuderit imis
oblivionem sensibus
pocula Lethaeos ut si ducentia somnos
ardente fauce traxerim
candide Maecenas, occidis saepe rogando.*

And for reasons which to this day exhaust his patience. But it is not only indolence and wine which strain the relations of author and patron. Beneath that charm of family friendship lurk the grim figures on the sales sheets, and when these conspire with fate, then not all the endearing words and affectionate moments of the halcyon days can obliterate them. The eternal child discovers that business is business, after all, and that batiks, and all the paraphernalia of purchasable art cannot blanket the real passion that smolders in the bosom of Mæcenas up to date. He is not in business for his health. His technique is new, but his aim is the aim of his forefathers who set more resolutely to work to provide the means for such experiments as this. The artist has his choice—with or without an anæsthetic?

*Again I assist those who, not being younger æsthetes, have no convenient dictionary of quotations:

Honest Mæcenas, you distress me by asking constantly why soft indolence has infused into my inmost senses an oblivion as great as though I had drained the cups that bring Lethean sleep with parched throat.



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THE KNIGHTLINESS OF PHILIP GIBBS

By Grant Overton

THEN one said: "Rise, Sir Philip —" but the terms in which the still young man received ennoblement were heard by none; for all were drawn by his face in which austerity and gentleness seemed mingled. A pale young man with a nicotine stained third finger whom Arnold Bennett had once warned authors against (he asks you to lunch and drives a hard bargain over the coffee). A good reporter for Alfred Harmsworth, Lord Northcliffe. A war correspondent with seven league boots. A man standing on a platform in Carnegie Hall which rings with riot "looking like a frightfully tired Savonarola who is speaking in a trance". His thin, uncompromising nose; the jut of the chin; the high cheekbones and the hollow cheeks; long upper lip and mouth with drawn in, straight corners (yet a compassionate mouth); the deep set eyes; the ears placed so far back; and the raking line of the jaw — if these were all he might be nothing better than a fine breed of news hound with "points". They are nothing; but the clear shine of idealism from eye and countenance is the whole man. Great Britain had knighted a reporter, but Philip Gibbs had been born to knighthood.

For when chivalry would have died, he first succored and then revived it; when men wished to forget, he compelled them to remember. He actually proves what men have forgotten how to prove, and so have turned into a copybook maxim. Perhaps the reason his pen is mightier than any sword is because he wields it as if it were one.

In the eyes of the world he is the D'Artagnan of Three Musketeers who are also three brothers. They are Philip (Hamilton) Gibbs, Cosmo Hamilton (Gibbs), and A(rthur) Hamilton Gibbs, the mutations of name arising from choice and even from a certain literary necessity; for an author's name should be distinctive and is usually better when not too long. The father, Henry Gibbs, was an English civil servant, a departmental chief in the Board of Education. The mother had been Helen Hamilton. The family at one time consisted of six boys and two girls. Henry Gibbs had "a delicate wife, an unresilient salary, and his spirit of taking chances had been killed by heavy responsibility, the caution and timidity growing out of a painful knowledge of the risks and difficulties of life, and the undermining security of having sat all his working years in the safe cul-de-sac of a government office".* It was the office in which Matthew Arnold worked and in which an obscure temporary clerk, W. S. Gilbert, stole moments to compose verse called "Bab Ballads".

Philip Gibbs was educated privately and was an editor before he was twenty one. He was, in fact, only nineteen when he became "educational editor" for the large English publishing firm of Cassell at a salary of a hundred and twenty pounds a year. "With five pounds capital and that income, I married"— Agnes Rowland, daughter

*Unwritten History. By Cosmo Hamilton.

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of the Reverend W. J. Rowland — "with an audacity which I now find superb. I was so young, and looked so much younger, that I did not dare to confess my married state to my official chief, who was the Right Honorable H. O. Arnold-Forster, in whose room I sat, and one day when my wife popped her head through the door and said 'Hullo!' I made signs to her to depart.

"'Who's that pretty girl?' asked Arnold-Forster, and with shame I must confess that I hid the secret of our relationship."*

He was both timid and bashful; yet like many men of his stamp, he was to show on numerous occasions a lionlike courage. A hundred and a thousand times he was to pass as close to death as a man may pass and yet live; in general, he was to be quite as badly scared as a chap can be in such circumstances; and without exception he was to persist in what he was doing, for there was and is in him something stronger than fear.

Philip Gibbs's earlier career differed little from that of Arnold Bennett or the first years of dozens of Englishmen who have made their start in Fleet Street. After several years with Cassell, he applied for and got a job as managing editor of a large literary syndicate. In this post he bought Bennett's early novel, "The Grand Babylon Hotel", and other fiction and articles to be sold to newspapers in Great Britain and the colonies. While with Cassell he had written his first book, "Founders of the Empire", an historical text still used in English schools. As a syndicate editor he wrote articles on every conceivable subject, particularly a weekly essay called "Knowledge Is Power". But his job was outside of London, for which he hankered; and finally he wrote to Alfred Harmsworth, who was later to become Lord Northcliffe and who had founded the "Daily Mail". The result was a job under a brilliant journalist, Filson Young, whom Gibbs succeeded a few months later as editor of Page Four in the "Mail" (devoted to special articles). Here he learned all about the new journalism and had a chance to observe Northcliffe closely. In the seventh chapter of his "Adventures in Journalism", Philip Gibbs gives a brief but well etched portrait of the man who transformed the character of the English newspaper. Northcliffe's genius, his generosity, his ruthlessness — which was often the result of indifference and sometimes sprang from fatigue and bad temper — are conveyed in a half dozen pages. Gibbs suffered the fate of nearly all this man's temporary favorites. When he was dismissed from the "Daily Mail" he went for a few months to the "Daily Express" before beginning what was to be a long association with the "Daily Chronicle".

His connection with the "Chronicle" was broken by the sad experiment of the "Tribune", a newspaper founded by a melancholy young man named Franklin Thomasson as a pious carrying out of his father's wishes. As literary editor of this daily, Philip Gibbs bought work by Rudyard Kipling, Joseph Conrad, and Gilbert K. Chesterton, but the paper as a whole was dull and doomed. When it went down, Philip Gibbs thought he saw a chance to throw off the bondage of offices. He took his wife and little son and retreated to a coast guard's cottage at Littlehampton. "There, in a tiny room, filled with the murmur of the sea, and the vulgar songs of seaside Pierrots, I wrote my novel, 'The Street of Adventure', in which I told, in the guise of fiction, the history of the Trib-

*Adventures in Journalism. By Philip Gibbs.

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une newspaper, and gave a picture of the squalor, disappointment, adventure, insecurity, futility, and good comradeship of Fleet Street." There was need of money, but the novel cost Gibbs more than it earned. His narrative had not disguised sufficiently either the newspaper or members of its late staff. The point is a little difficult for American readers to take in, and rests on English libel law, which is quite different from the American. In England, "the greater the truth, the greater the libel". A libel action was instituted, and although it was finally withdrawn, the bills of costs were heavy and the sale of the book had been killed. But when published in the United States after the war, "The Street of Adventure" had a very good success.

I knew after that the wear and tear, the mental distress, the financial uncertainty that befell a free lance in search of fame and fortune, when those mocking will-o'-the-wisps led him through the ditches of disappointment and the thickets of ill luck. How many hundreds of times did I pace the streets of London in those days, vainly seeking the plot of a short story, and haunted by elusive characters who would not fit into my combination of circumstances, ending at 4,000 words with a dramatic climax! How many hours have I spent glued to a seat in Kensington Gardens, working out literary triangles with a husband and wife and the third party, two men and a woman, two women and a man, and finding only a vicious circle of hopeless imbecility! At such times one's nerves get "edgy" and one's imagination becomes feverish with effort, so that the more desperately one chases an idea, the more resolutely it eludes one.*

Yet he counts himself, on the whole, to have been lucky. He was able to earn a living and to give time and labor to "the most unprofitable branch of literature, which is history, and my first love". Years later he was to have a thrill of pleasure at seeing in the windows of Paris bookshops his "Men and Women of the French Revolution", magnificently illustrated with reproductions of old prints. He wrote the romantic life of "George Villiers, First Duke of Buckingham", and discovered in the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury "a plot with kings and princes, great lords and ladies, bishops and judges, poisoners, witch doctors, cutthroats and poets", the incomparable material for his "King's Favourite". These books brought him only a few hundred dollars apiece, though perhaps more in reputation and friendships.

He returned to journalism, eventually, as special correspondent and descriptive writer for the "Daily Chronicle". He was rather frequently in charge of the Paris office and had all sorts of adventures in that city, both those derived from saturating himself in French history and others incident to his daily work. After the Portuguese revolution he was sent to Portugal to explore the condition of the political prisoners, some of whom the adherents of the republican cause had interred alive. His greatest feat was the revelation of Dr. Cook's fraud in claiming the discovery of the North Pole. This was a triumph of sheer intuition, in the first instance, and both dogged persistency and remarkable courage were necessary before Philip Gibbs could be proved right.

It began with a late start, twenty four hours behind the other correspondents. When Gibbs got to Copenhagen, the vessel bringing Dr. Cook had not arrived, owing to fogs. Through a chance meeting in a restaurant with Mrs. Rasmussen, wife of the explorer, Gibbs got to Elsinore and aboard a launch which was putting out to meet the delayed ship. Thus he was the only English speaking person present at the first interview, on shipboard. As it happened, Dr. Cook had not yet acquired that magnificent poise and

*Adventures in Journalism.

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aplomb which he was to display from the moment he set foot ashore. His eyes evaded Gibbs, he explained that he had no papers to prove his claim and not even a diary, and when pressed for some sort of written record or notes he exclaimed: "You believed Nansen and Amundsen and Sverdrup. They had only their story to tell. Why don't you believe me?" Later Cook had a moment of utter funk, hiding in his cabin. It passed quickly and after that he was outwardly all that a hero should be.

But Gibbs had had his chance. His seven column story to the "Daily Chronicle" caused him to be denounced everywhere and even put him in jeopardy of his life in Copenhagen; yet a few weeks were to show it to be one of the greatest exclusive newspaper stories, "beats", or "scoops", ever written.

In September, 1912, war started in the Balkans. Gibbs went as a correspondent and this experience, lamentable and laughable, comical and extremely repellent, was his first direct preparation for work soon to follow. The year after he had occasion to go to Germany and study the state of mind, popular and official, toward England. He was, therefore, exceptionally well fitted to be a correspondent at the front when the world war began. It would be impossible as well as improper to try to abbreviate here the story of his experience told so brilliantly and with so much movement (and with far too much modesty) in "Adventures in Journalism". At the outset of the war no newspaper man had any official standing. The correspondent was unrecognized — or it would be more accurate to say that he was recognized only as a dangerous nuisance, subject to arrest at sight. Gibbs and two other very distinguished newspaper men, H. M. Tomlinson and W. M. Massey, worked together for weeks and months and were three of a small group of correspondents who risked their lives constantly in the war zone, and their liberty on every occasion when they stepped out of it. There came a time when the game seemed to be up. "I had violated every regulation. I had personally angered Lord Kitchener. I was on the black books of the detectives at every port, and General Williams solemnly warned me that if I returned to France I would be put up against a white wall, with unpleasant consequences." The solution came with the appointment of five official war correspondents, of whom Gibbs was one from first to last. These men covered the war, not for one newspaper but for the newspapers of Great Britain and America. They were attached to General Headquarters, and among the men of distinction who were assigned to them as friends, advisers, and censors was C. E. Montague, editor of the "Manchester Guardian" and author of "Disenchantment", "Fiery Particles", "A Hind Let Loose", etc., a meditative writer of exquisite prose who, at the outbreak of the war, had dyed his white hair black, enlisted as a private, served in the trenches, reached the rank of sergeant, finally surviving when the dugout which sheltered him was blown up. . . .

After the war the five correspondents received knighthood, and Philip Gibbs is properly Sir Philip Gibbs, K. B. E. On journalistic commissions he visited Ireland and Asia Minor and revisited most of the countries of Europe, including Russia. He came to America twice to lecture on the war and conditions resulting from it, and his book, "People of Destiny", is a critical but admiring account of America as he

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found it. Pope Benedict XV, against all precedent, accorded Gibbs an interview on the reconstruction of Europe and this interview was printed in all the principal newspapers of the world. He had become, more truly than any other man has ever been, more fully than any other man is, the world's reporter. His title was splendidly established by his summarizing book on the war, "Now It Can Be Told", and was strikingly reemphasized with his novel, "The Middle of the Road", concerning which a few words are in order.

Although Philip Gibbs had published in 1919 a novel, "Wounded Souls", which contains much of the message of "The Middle of the Road", the world was not ready for what he had to tell. He therefore set to work on a canvas which he determined should include all Europe. His visits to Ireland, France, Germany, and even Russia had placed at his disposal an unparalleled mass of authentic first hand material. He knew, better than most, what existed, and what lay immediately ahead. Using fiction frankly as a guise to present facts, both physical facts and the facts of emotion and attitude, he wrote his story.

When the novel was published in England and the United States at the beginning of 1923, it leaped into instant and enormous popularity. This was partly the result of prophetic details, such as this speech of one of the characters:

> "France wants to push Germany into the mud", said Dorothy. "Nothing will satisfy her but a march into the Ruhr to seize the industrial cities and strangle Germany's chance of life."

When the novel was published the French invasion of the Ruhr had begun.

There was a sense of larger prophecy that hovered over the story. But even more of the instant success of the book was due to the terrible picture it painted, minute yet panoramic, ghastly but honest. People sat up, literally, all night to finish the book. People read it with tears running from their eyes, with sobs; they went about for days afterward feeling as if a heavy blow had stunned them, a blow from which they were only slowly recovering. Although every effort was made in advance of publication to insure attention for the book, it is doubtful whether such effort counted at all in the book's success. For none who read it failed to talk about it in a way that fairly coerced others to become Philip Gibbs's readers. Month after month the sale of this book rolls on. It is not, as a piece of literary construction or considered as literary art, a good novel; it is something much bigger than that — a piece of marvelous reporting and a work of propaganda charged to the full with humane indignation and pity and compassion.

As if he had found his field at last in the roomy spaces and manifold disguises of the novel, Philip Gibbs followed "The Middle of the Road" with a very keenly observed study of young people. "Heirs Apparent" deals with the generation which was too young to take any active part in the world war but which has come to a somewhat unformed maturity since. The gaiety of the novel does not prevent the author, with his usual thoroughness, from presenting the more serious aspects of his young people's misbehavior. There is incidentally an exactly drawn study of that newer, sensational journalism which Philip Gibbs tasted under Northcliffe and which is familiar enough, though on the outside only, to most Americans. But the delightful thing about "Heirs Apparent" is the au-

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thor's unfailing sympathy with his youngsters; and the optimism of the ending — the book closes with a character's cry: "Youth's all right!" — is the sincere expression of Philip Gibbs's own perfect faith.

In fine, a bigger man than any of his books. One of the greatest reporters the press has ever had, one of the half dozen — if so many — best masters of descriptive writing now alive. A chap who suffered nervous breakdowns prior to 1914 and who turned to iron in the moment of crisis. A militant pacifist because he has really seen war waged. A lover and fighter for justice, and a preacher of mercy. There is about him, despite the abolition of miracle and the rapid transformation of the world into a factory and a machine, some of that lost radiance of a day when men set forth to conquer in the name of their faith, or to spread a gospel which might redeem the world.

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MAKING THE MOST OF YOUR GENIUS

By Mary Austin

VIII: GENIUS AND THE SUPERNORMAL FACULTIES

EDITOR'S NOTE: *We have usually considered genius a gift of the gods, bestowed upon only a chosen few. Mrs. Austin, after years of devoted study, emphatically asserts that genius can be acquired. In a series of articles, beginning in* THE BOOKMAN *for November, she attempts to analyze genius and talent and to point the way both for recognizing them and for utilizing them in life and art.*

ALL the movements of the psyche within itself, described in the last three papers, autosuggestion, auto-prayer, meditation and all forms of creative wishing, will be recognized by the reader as practical for everybody, quite irrespective of their concurrence either with genius or with talent. If I have described them only in relation to literary genius it is because I assume my readers to be mostly possessed of literary experience, and so able to check up on their own use of such methods.

Practically everybody admits that he has stumbled upon one or all of these methods, or he has found them described by great artists of the past, who had not yet developed any philosophy of the creative process. The reader, then, can scarcely escape the conclusion that autosuggestion, auto-prayer, and meditation are *motions that genius tends naturally to make on its own behalf.*

To admit that is equivalent to admitting the theory with which this discussion was begun, that genius is the untutored use of racial experience. Because the first thing the self examining genius discovers, is that even the most mystical of his processes, that is to say, the least understood, follow closely the mysticism of his racial strain. Everybody recognizes at once the quality of Irish mysticism, and everybody who reads the younger Irish poets regrets that it is so closely confined in expression to Irish symbolism. In the same way Francis Thompson and Evelyn Underhill find adequate expression for their own mystical experience in Catholic Christian symbols, the natural inheritance of their blood. It is only when you read the Russian mystics that you realize that here is a race whose mystical capacities have never been developed into an ordered system, nor have they found an adequate, natively Russian set of symbols. American mysticism is in even worse case, drawing from so many and such unequal inheritances, and having no order nor any common symbols. Consequently we grasp hopefully at one alleged system after another; Theosophy, Christian Science, Abramism, New Thought, abandoning them all as they prove inadequate for any but a few.

But at bottom, all mystical systems are efforts to *make use of inherited racial experience in managing your own mind.* I am not sure that anything else is inherited. Certainly we do not inherit explicit knowledge of mathe-

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matics. Everybody still has to learn the multiplication table and that the square of the hypothenuse equals the sum of the squares of the other two sides. But we do seem to bring along with us a capacity for acquiring and handling mathematical knowledge after somebody has taught it to us. If this is true, then mysticism, which is the study of how to handle our minds in directions not common to the masses, is, instead of being the preoccupation of a few psychopathic persons, one of the most important functions of the individual. Since the first of these articles was published, many writers have explained to me processes that they naturally fell into, without in the least realizing that the methods they so lightly describe were, four or five hundred years ago, thought not possible to attain without years of struggle and self mastery. Probably we could not now slip into them so easily if that struggle had not once taken place.

It is already recognized that there may be such a thing as a genius for mysticism. There are people who, without having any artistic or literary or inventive talent whatever, still have a singular capacity for using their minds in uncommon directions. Psychological investigators have come to speak of these people as having supernormal faculties.

By normal faculty is meant any faculty which is discovered to be practically universal for men in a normal state. By normal state, one can mean only what the science of the period defines as normal, for the line is not yet drawn hard and fast. It means, at least, faculties and processes not involving lesions and non-normal states such as trance and hypnotism. By supernormal we mean faculties that are discovered occurring normally in individuals, widely distributed among the races of men, not universally, but at least with a frequency that indicates that they belong in the series of evolutionary states of consciousness. We cannot go so far back in the history of mankind that we do not discover individuals regarded as supernormal because of some faculty not widely possessed by other men of their period. The first man who learned how to use suggestion upon his fellow man at a profit to himself, was a supernormal in his time. In the slow process of evolution, however, many faculties regarded as supernormal, as well as processes called mystical, emerged from the mist, and were recognized as normal for all men. We know now that the seller of amulets is a primitive Coué, and the hypnotist is no longer a sinister creature imposing on weaker beings the power of a supernormal will. Phenomena of the subconscious are emerging, discriminatingly referred to various levels of the deep-self. For the instructed mind of today, the supernormal faculties all lie beyond the recognized subconscious area, at the back of a beyond of which meditation as practised by the mystics is the threshold.

One of the most obvious evidences of the normality of the so called supernormal is that, though particular faculties occur rarely in proportion to the population, there is no society so primitive that examples of all these faculties have not already shown themselves, usually under the misapprehension of supernaturalism. Every tribe, including our own, seems to have believed in and practised in some fashion the following:

Power to describe and locate objects concealed from sensory observation.

Power to diagnose disease under the same conditions.

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Power to describe places, persons, or events removed in space.

Power to describe the same when removed in time.

Power to describe the same when removed both in time and space.

Power to arrive at truth, the rational path to which has not yet been cleared.

The common element in all these powers, establishing them outside the need of sensory contact, indicates that they all belong to one mode of consciousness. Orthodox psychology not having provided a competent term for this mode of consciousness, I adopt one which I find in use among American Indians, "inknowing".

I use this in preference to "intuitive", meaning in-taught, because nothing can be taught which is not first known, so that, necessarily, behind every intuitive process there must have been a definite movement of the psyche, an *in-knowing*. We shall hereafter speak of inknowing as the primary act, using intuition and intuitive to describe acts of the individual resulting from inknowing acts of the mind.

Do not fear to accept this classification, which is in harmony with orthodox science in every particular. There is, in every human, an immediate consciousness, arrived at through the senses; there is an indeterminate and only slightly explored subconsciousness, which seems to be the repository of previous sensory contacts both of the immediate and the racial selves. The mode of the first type of consciousness is rational, the mode of the second is subjective. Back of both these there is a third type which appears to be independent of the senses, whose mode is not yet definitely determined, the inknowing consciousness. Did not life exist on the earth for a space of time which, compared to our time, is as a million to one, by no other power than its inknowingness? Before it had ears to hear or eyes to see or nerves to tingle, life became, grew, evolved, provided itself with the whole set of senses and mental faculties, by a power of knowing and moving upon that knowledge within itself. It is this level of consciousness, which is approached by the way of meditation, that we are slowly learning to use by means of the intelligence evolved, perhaps, for that express purpose.

Before attempting to describe the supernormal faculties, I have taken account of what may appear to be inknowing faculties, but are in reality sense perceptions lying below the threshold of stimulation. That is to say, there are things heard or things smelled, but so faintly heard or so feebly smelled that the observer is uncertain by which sense perception occurs, and so assumes that a particular experience is supernormal or even supernatural. For example, in every primitive tribe there are individuals who are successful weather forecasters, without being able to give any reason for what they prophesy. This sort of thing is probably a multiple form of sense perception below the threshold. Again, both American Indians and Central African natives maintain that they can sense other people's reactions in their presence, and in general they refer the sensation to definite areas of the body, *the same areas in both peoples*. Our Indians tell me that this faculty disappears under the clothes wearing habit. So I conclude this also to be either a normal perception below the threshold of stimulation, or a hidden sense, cryptæsthesia, not yet histologically determined.

These things are mentioned only to clear the way for a study of the supernormal faculties listed above, in which no sense reaction enters.

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One of the reasons why we have so little authentic data on these faculties, is that nobody has ever studied them in connection with genius or a high degree of talent. It is only occasionally, when we find some otherwise ignorant and possibly subnormal person who can find lost articles, play seven games of chess at once, or correctly prophesy coming events, that the psychologist pays any attention to him. What I mean to show you, is that inknowing is probably much more widely spread than we have supposed it, and that it is so often a concomitant of genius that it is obscured by its very familiarity.

Recall my original proposal, that genius can be acquired, genius being defined as the power to reach back into the psychic past. The various ranks of genius, then, would depend upon *the length of the reach.* No modern psychologist will deny that you can learn to reach back into your own past and recall everything that has happened to you; few will haggle over the possibility of learning how to reach back into ancestral pasts. The only further step that you have to take with me, is to believe that sometime, somehow, we shall learn *to reach all the way back.* Just how far back that may be we cannot know, since there is as yet no certainty about where we started from. There are orthodox scientists willing to maintain that there is a form of consciousness in every atom of matter. Others insist that consciousness begins only with what we call life. All that I undertake is to suggest how we can reach back of the subjective to the inknowing level of consciousness.

Much of the material on which a working theory of inknowing is founded, can be studied in reports of the psychical laboratories, especially those at Nancy; but if I am to cover this ground in the space of a magazine article all the laboratory history must be skipped.

In general two types of inknowing present themselves: those that occur spontaneously to the percipient, and those that are approached deliberately by the path of meditation. In this connection let me repeat again that true meditation has nothing whatever to do with the type of genius using it. There is no discoverable difference between the psychic acts of a physician or a detective meditating on a case and a playwright meditating on a play. All three of them may arrive at inknowing by precisely the same process. The faculty of inknowing diagnosis which M. Osty describes in his book on the supernormal faculties, as he finds them occurring among ignorant and superstitious subjects, probably occurs frequently in the work of any physician of the high grade genius type.

Not all physicians are capable of successful meditation, but those who are may be using their inknowing faculty in that business, even though they be the sort of medical men who dislike to admit that there is any such thing as inknowing. More than likely they were led to study medicine in the first place by the obscure working of some such genius for healing or diagnosis. For a doctor who does not put more into his work than he got out of the medical school, is not much of a doctor.

The power to describe and locate concealed articles is much more than the amusing parlor trick most people suppose it to be. Years ago I had a conversation with William J. Burns, detective, on this subject, and although Mr. Burns had no acquaintance with the patter of orthodox psychology, he knew instantly what I was talking

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about. He said that the capacity of the master detective to find clews where other people missed them, was quite as much due to the possession of this faculty as it was to superior powers of observation. More than once he had gone back to a place to search for a concealed item which his inner faculty advised him existed, and finally enabled him to find. His method of coordinating collected information, as he described it, came much nearer to true meditation than anything I had at that time met, since his capacity for what we call concentration exceeded enormously that of the average literary artist. In the field of archæological research, this particular quality of inknowing in regard to concealed objects plays an important part. Our own Frank Hamilton Cushing was so amazing an example of supernormal percipience, that it is a great pity the lack of appreciation, at that time, of such faculties prevented a complete, studious record of his capacity.

One such experience of the writer's is related, not because it is unique, but because of the probability that one in every three readers will have had something similar, each in his special field of interest.

I had been up in the piedmont country to look at some Small-house ruins and, returning, had stopped to rest in mid-afternoon, falling into a half trance of heat and sleepy light, meditating on the life of the Small-house period with the idea of making a story of it. I had been there, sitting very still for perhaps a quarter of an hour; and by degrees I felt my attention plucked at and drawn to the other side of the shallow arroyo where I was sitting, with an insistent call to look . . . look behind that big boulder, there. . . .

"Chopo," said I to my Indian guide, stretched on the ground at a little distance, "something calls to me from behind that boulder; look and see what it is."

"*Chisera*, no! If it calls you it would not like me to look; some hurt would come to me."

Sauntering over to the boulder I looked carefully, and presently discovered a beautifully executed stone ax of the Small-house period, half buried in the sand.

Chopo explained that any object so found was Good Medicine. He said that the animal shaped stones carried by his people as hunting fetishes were usually so found, and had a long story to tell of how an uncle of his, during an illness, had been walking about in great despair when a little plant spoke to him in the same wordless fashion in which the ax head had spoken to me. His uncle, having digged the plant, made a decoction of it which cured him of his illness. Well, why not? If a cat knows when to eat catnip, why should not man occasionally have the same kind of knowledge of what is good for him? There is a popular theory that early man learned all he knows by a system of trial and error; but why suppose man, of all the animals, left out of the inknowing stage of consciousness?

It offends all my scientific instincts to leave an important phase of the problem a mere suggestion, without going into the evidence of such inknowing in primitive man, and the related problem of whether the inknower is educable, especially whether it is suggestible. Did the little plant speak to the sick man because he desperately wanted to get well, and was there something in his deep-self which fooled him into fooling his immediate-self with an herbal remedy, and was his cure finally worked entirely by

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autosuggestion? But there could be no autosuggestion about the stone ax, because I have it yet.

We need much discriminating study at this point because of the importance of those supernormal faculties which involve the syncopation of space and time, with which we are just becoming authentically acquainted. So far back as we have any history of man, he has always believed that certain individuals have the power to discover what is going on at a distance from them, and to predict future events. Sufficient evidence has been collected that there are still individuals who can do one or both of these things.

Such a faculty for the prophetic trends of human affairs is of the utmost importance to the genius who deals with the social aspects of the human scene. The possession of it is, in fact, the distinguishing mark in this field between little genius and great. We have only to look back on the scores of philosophies and economic and political systems built up out of pure intellectuation, and now lying ruined in the dust, to realize that without some such native faculty man is utterly lost in the path of his own destiny. If prophecy were possible by purely intellectual processes, why would one of the most brilliant of our intellectuals so steadily fail to do more than invent startling and inconsistent improbabilities for that future toward which he yearns? In all H. G. Wells's work there is nothing that, for true, inknowing prophecy, is comparable to Emerson's poem, "Uriel".

Innumerable examples of true prophecy, as well as of events occurring simultaneously in widely separated places, have been collected and collated, but they are almost all of the type of spontaneous occurrence. Among the many fortune tellers, clairvoyants and the like, who claim to be exercising regularly a supernormal faculty of inknowing, I have failed to find one who can give an intelligible account of his processes. The spontaneous exhibitions of this faculty are so varied in their expression, and so often only brought to expression in slightly anormal circumstances, such as dreams, as visions, as voices, or as automatic writings, that they have given rise to a welter of theory and superstitious explanation that tends to bring the whole subject into disrepute.

One of the most usual explanations of inknowing is that it is "spirit communication". But this explanation has also been used by people ignorant of their own psychology in perfectly normal processes. I once had occasion to examine carefully the evidence offered by the author of "Patience Worth" and other alleged "spirit dictations". There was no question of the author's sincere belief in "spirits" as the source of her work, but her explanation contained nothing whatever that could not easily be shown to occur normally in the daily processes of almost any writer of fiction. I think it possible that Mrs. Curran may have a faculty for inknowing of concealed objects, or the contents of a closed book, but she has declined to submit herself unreservedly to the close investigation which would discriminate between the usual genius process, which she exhibits, and the exercise of a supernormal faculty. As a matter of fact the example she gives, of knowing the contents of books which she believes she has not read, is nothing like so remarkable as one related to me by Theodore Roosevelt. Mr. Roosevelt told me that he had been sent a book, in two or three volumes I think, which he had never had time to read. Then the author

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called upon him, for the purpose of discussing the economic theories in the book. Mr. Roosevelt, not wishing to hurt his visitor's feelings, trying to gain time, said, "Ah yes, that was in the second volume wasn't it?" and crossed the room to take the book from the shelf. In the act, he suddenly found himself possessed of the necessary knowledge of the volume and chapter named.

Mr. Roosevelt was, however, a remarkably rapid reader, and it is just possible that he may have ruffled the pages of the book when it first came to him, and had something stick in his memory after the act was forgotten. But whether this particular incident was an act of memory or an act of inknowing, there are too many well authenticated examples of it abroad to make necessary the explanation of it as spirit communication. As a matter of fact, it is no longer necessary to explain in that way any of the following:

Knowledge of objects or places unknown to the percipient.

Knowledge of facts unknown to the percipient or any interested inquirer.

Foreknowledge of events not yet manifest in time and space.

For all of these are known to have occurred to people sufficiently aware of their processes to feel certain that there is no intervention of outside intelligences.

This does not prove that, assuming survival, there may not be interchanges between incarnate and discarnate intelligences. I myself have what Walter Pater called an "invincible natural prepossession" in favor of survival, and my notion of what is called "psychic research" is that it is all from the wrong end. It practically all presupposes an intense desire on the part of the dead to communicate with the living, when the case is really that there is an intense desire on the part of the living to communicate with the dead. This wrong ended supposition exposes us to all manner of difficulties arising within the deep-self by means of which we assume such communications are being made. Now, *if* there is another life beyond this life, there is only one thing we certainly know about it: we know that we get through from Here to There. Therefore, if we wish to learn something about that life, the only logical thing to do is to try to look through the door from our side, instead of proceeding as if they were all trying to look back at us. Since psychologists are pretty generally ready to admit the existence of an inknowing faculty in man, if I wished to know anything about that other life I should try to use that faculty deliberately to penetrate the partition wall. Indeed, I am willing to admit that certain individuals do occasionally seem to know a little about the dead, but I have never found anything which afforded me the slightest evidence that the dead know aught about us.

Some of the processes by which this penetration may be accomplished will be touched upon later. It seems necessary to clear up this point, because both editors and publishers are still being bombarded with manuscripts purporting to be "psychic dictations". I have interviewed at least a score of such authors without finding in their processes a single item differing from the same processes in what may be called "legitimate" writers. Either the writer of the alleged dictation is ignorant of the genius processes, or he is slightly anormal, and his deep-self can function only when the immediate-self is off guard and the essential process becomes automatic. Or — this is an aspect that receives too little consideration — the assumption of psychic

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dictation releases his ego from the domination of the old notion that it is conceited to talk freely of your own work. But if your poem is not yours, if it is dictated to you by the "spirit of Robert Burns" or an inhabitant of Mars, *then* you can talk of it as much as you like, without incurring odium. We have all of us met people who would blush to be called geniuses, yet who wouldn't hesitate to declare themselves the chosen medium of the late William James. So far as I am acquainted with such "dictations", the only ghost that has anything to do with them is the ghost of that old notion that has classified the whole tribe of geniuses as medicine men, favorites of the gods, or of the devil, possessed of evil spirits, wizards, degenerates, or finally eccentrics and poseurs.

Actually you will find the whole cultural tone of Europe going up and down according to the concurrent classification of genius, of which, in the first ranks, inknowing is probably an essential process. But any discussion of the technique of inknowing must be reserved for another chapter.

BRAMBLE FRUIT

By H. Underwood Hoyt

FROM the hillsides of your heart
I have gathered bramble fruit;
From your upland lakes of thinking
I have taken sweetflag root.

I have tasted apple leaves,
I have tasted stalks of fern,
Wintergreen and purple clover
Plants that tang or cloy or burn.

I have eaten black choke cherries
Till my tongue was thick and numb,
Chewed the bitter leaves of cedar
And the pitchy new spruce gum.

Not for living, not for food
Are the things you give to me,
Hardly more than hungry tasting
Where no better food could be.

Yet the tastes that hurt and pucker
Like the leaf that's tart and new
Feed me, feed me with more hunger
For the root and flower of you.

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THE LITERARY SPOTLIGHT

XXXII: GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

With a Caricature by William Gropper

IMPROVING upon the playwright, as is the dramatic critic's privilege, George Jean Nathan has modified Shakespeare's dictum, "All the world's a stage", restricting it to that portion of the world which is his own universe. George Nathan's world is a drawing room comedy, which might be called "The Importance of Not Being Earnest", in which he plays the part of John Worthing; his life is a stage from which he surveys the real world as though it were a darkened auditorium filled with people whose actual preoccupations are utterly remote from those of the play in which he is perpetually engaged. He is completely absorbed in his art, his part in that comedy within whose three walls all his reality is confined. That reality is the reality of sophisticated comedy, in which an adept and skilful bachelor passes through a crisis induced by blonde tresses and sparkling wines, or is the benevolent spectator of some family tangle whose solution is effected by his friendly acquaintance with the eternal weaknesses of human nature. One thinks of him as eternally going through the gestures of arriving at his rooms, being relieved of his opera hat and cloak lined with crimson silk by an English valet, settling down in front of a fire with whisky and soda and cigars at his elbow, and reviewing a day well misspent.

As befits the player of such parts George Jean Nathan's appearance is unreal, in the sense that he always seems to have the benefit of such illusion as footlights and the barrier of the proscenium arch confer. He has recorded his birthplace as Fort Wayne, Indiana, and his age as forty two, while crediting Cornell University with his education. To see him, however, is to doubt these things, and to discover a subtle coquetry in the public profession of facts so utterly irreconcilable with the spectacle presented to his audience. What are the connotations of Indiana? Edward Eggleston, Theodore Dreiser, Booth Tarkington, Meredith Nicholson: Hoosier schoolmasters, circuit riders, Hoosier holidays, the rough joys, the burly figures, the simple virtues of a pioneer society. What are these to Hecuba or Hecuba to them? They seem not merely remote, but incredible as the background of an existence whose natural boundaries are the Adlon Hotel in Berlin, the Hotel Ritz in the Place Vendôme, or the Cavendish in London. As difficult to imagine Cornell University as the cradle of such elegancies as those of which this modern Petronius is the arbiter. They imply the curious combination of a jazzed Oxford and a Heidelberg or Bonn where pedantry took the form of exhaustive researches in the theatre, and the *Corpsbrüder* were members of a Borussia composed of supermen about town.

George Jean Nathan's forty two years, however, are the supreme triumph of his art in the comedy of life, for he has that air of eternal youth

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which is the prerogative of theatrical stars. At a recent dinner party this youth was taken for the son of Theodore Dreiser; he is slim, dark, and dapper, and looks like a preternaturally knowing college boy, as he sits with an inevitable cigar between his teeth, a cigar whose end he never bites off in the common manner of simple men, but which he carefully snips with a gold cutter, wielded with the assurance of an Oxford man biting the stem of a pipe. His suits are always freshly pressed and, although he sits down, the knees of his trousers never bag, being governed by that mysterious law of the theatre which used to excite the scorn of Bernard Shaw, and which inspired a realistic revolt that might have destroyed the sartorial traditions of the stage, had not Sir George Alexander and Charles Hawtrey been there to hold the line unbent gainst Shavian radicalism. It is not improbable that the soles of Nathan's boots are as white under the instep as those that tread the boards of drawing room comedy. He never lounges and his movements are as careful, even in moments of relaxation, as those of any actor. His pajamas are as gaudy and unnatural as those of Sacha Guitry in "Faisons un Rêve".

His entire wardrobe and make up are so vital a part of him that they have been catalogued in essentials and preserved for posterity in a volume now rare but fortunately deposited in the Congressional Library. Thus, he wears an amethyst ring, a number 14½ collar and a 7¼ hat; he owns three top hats, three suits of evening clothes, and thirty eight overcoats, ranging from "heavy Russian fur to the flimsiest homespun", to quote the program notes, and "one with an alpine hood attachment". All his clothes are made to his order, including his hats, and he has a seductive array of walking sticks, fourteen in number. His apartment has been designed obviously for scenic effect rather than comfort or permanent habitation. The heavily curtained windows do not open, and one suspects that, if they did, they would look into the wings of a theatre; the bookshelves have the unconvincing air of stage properties, but the divans, cushions, shaded lights, and various elegant devices for the holding, passing around, and consumption of alcoholic liquors are clearly intended for effective use in some of his important scenes. If he has not installed the contraption for the production of artificial rain outside those closed windows, which he described with such enthusiasm a while ago, it is because this is not in the cosmic script from which he learns his lines. Whenever rain is required the stage carpenters will see to it that Mr. Nathan's act is not spoiled.

In the circumstances, it is not unnatural that his indifference to the ordinary affairs of the world is notorious. To expect him to be aware of coal strikes, wars, transit commissions, or the Federal Reserve system would be to expect a performance of "The Merchant of Venice" to be interrupted because Walter Hampden was reminded by the text that he should say something about the proportion of Jews at Harvard. Echoes of matters outside the lines of the comedy in which he performs that reach his ears are only such as might be mentioned in the dressing room between the acts. He has heard of prohibition, but does not believe it, and the only social problem on which he has expressed himself with feeling is that of trade unionism for actors. His confession of faith is specific and revelatory:

> What interests me in life . . . is the surface of life: life's music and colour, its

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George Jean Nathan

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charm and ease, its humour and its loveliness. The great problems of the world — social, political, economic and theological — do not concern me in the slightest. . . . If all the Armenians were to be killed tomorrow and if half of Russia were to starve to death the day after, it would not matter to me in the least. What concerns me alone is myself and the interests of a few close friends. . . . On that day during the world war when the most critical battle was being fought, I sat in my still, sunlit, cozy library composing a chapter on æsthetics for a new book on the drama. And at five o'clock, my day's work done, I shook and drank a half dozen excellent apéritifs.

Allowing that the "sunlight" mentioned in the closing sentence is a theatrical convention, how perfectly the scene is set for George Jean Nathan's comedy of living. It must not be forgotten that this man is no mime, no actor in stage plays, that he confesses a marked dislike for the society of the professional actor. His desire is for those "few close friends" who share with him the program in a more refined and subtle play than any he is called upon to discuss in his professional capacity. His business is the theatre and his business is his pleasure, but of life itself he has made a play in which he is the leading character. And thus he has contrived his existence so as to shut out of it every element which might clash with the charming make believe of the theatre. He touches the stage at all points but the routine of the humdrum world at none. When this pure æsthete is compelled to listen to the conversations of Mencken he assumes that slightly distressed and bewildered air which most of us had as children when we were taken out of the theatre into the streets, the glare of the footlights still in our eyes, the glamour of impossible landscapes and gaudily beautiful women contrasting with the sordid aspects of the city about us. Nathan is interested in Beauty, especially if it be small and blonde, whi Mencken's mind ceaselessly revolv in the vortex of insoluble social pro lems, political chicaneries, and tl endless circle of human folly. Zie feld's "Follies" are a more engagir spectacle in the eyes of his colleagu

When Charles Lamb argued th the Restoration dramatists must not b damned as immoral because the societ they described was fictitious, a cor vention not to be measured by norm standards, he adopted an attitud which must be adapted by those wh would appreciate George Jean Nathan His confessions would indicate him as monstrosity, as an inhuman and intol erable person. But the truth is he i a highly entertaining and pleasant fellow, whose very hypochondria is not distressing, even when it takes the strange form of perpetually plugging his nostrils with pink cotton over which some medicinal incantation has been pronounced, or of unceasingly inhaling a tube of menthol — these being apparently his chief winter sports. The clue to the enigma is the fact, which cannot be too frequently emphasized, that all his world is a comedy, a stage, onto which the irruption of naive spectators would be as unseemly as the hooting of the villain in a melodrama by untutored rustics righteously indignant on behalf of an outraged and harried heroine. When John Worthing appears in mourning for the imaginary Ernest of Wilde's play, one does not protest against this misuse of the habiliments of grief. The scene is one of the most amusing in the three diverting acts of "The Importance of Being Earnest". It would certainly be disingenuous to the point of complete ingenuousness to forget where Nathan was and to make him step out of his part.

In George Nathan, then, we have the

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perfect dramatic critic, the archetype, the *Kritiker an sich*, as Kant might say. He is the complete man of the theatre, his mind is as uncontaminated with irrelevancies as that of a politician with ideas or that of a professional moralist with a sense of decency or fair play. Everything human is alien to him unless it concerns the theatre, of which his lore is profound and extensive and of which he never tires. Of the thirteen volumes which stand to his credit, two are plays, six are specifically devoted to the drama, and the character of the remaining five is well summed up in the title of one of them, "The World in Falseface". That, after all, *is* his world, whether he be in New York, London, or Vienna; whether his topic be Sam Bernard or Eleonora Duse, Ann Pennington and Bert Savoy or Ibsen and Synge. When he writes his impressions of travel he is really drawing attention to the sets for his comedy. For example:

> The Malecon at two o'clock of a late Spring morning, with its tiara of amber lights, the harbour of Havana playing its soft lullaby against the sea-wall, and Morro Castle blinking like a patient owl across the waters; the garden of the Hôtel de France et d'Angleterre at Fontainebleau in the twilight, with the cannon of the French artillery in the late summer manœuvres echoing dully in the outlying forests; Hampton Court on a lazy afternoon in the late autumn of the year, deserted, still, with the leaves falling across the withered flower-beds and up from the Thames, the sound of a lonely paddle; mid-winter dawn in the Siegesallee of Berlin; the steps of the Tcheragan Serai in Constantinople on a moonlit night trembling in the mirror of the Bosporus; the palm-bordered road out of Hamilton, Bermuda, on a rainy day in May, with the smell of the sea dripping from the great leaves; the hurricane deck of a ship gliding noiselessly through the blue star-shot cyclorama of a Caribbean night, with the intermittent click of a poker chip from the smoking-room and the orchestra below playing the waltz song from "Sari"; the Kärntner-Ring of Vienna just after eleven of a November evening, with its elaborately costumed police, and the hackmen bawling for fares, and the young girls selling Kaiserblumen, and the crowds in dominoes of a dozen colours on their way to the flower ball, and cavalrymen kissing their sweethearts in the middle of the street; the path of pines that winds up the hill on the far side of Lake Mohegan, its carpet of moss still damp from the retreat of April, an hour from Times Square. . . .

The scenery, it will be noticed, is not in the expressionistic or Dadaist style, George Jean Nathan does not see life in the flickering tempo of a Walter Hasenclever; he sees it very steadily, but never whole. In his critical capacity he has fewer limitations than any other dramatic critic today, and can enjoy "Krausmeyer's Alley" as much as "Anna Christie"; Rostand's conventional romanticism holds him but does not detract from his enjoyment of "Rosmersholm" or "Man and Superman". He welcomed the Irish Players in "The Whiteheaded Boy" when most of his American colleagues were supercilious, but he joined them in praise of "The Miracle" and the Moscow Art Theatre. When one remembers the catholicity of his tastes it would seem as if he must have devoted his years of criticism to an amiable acquiescence in whatever happened to be fashionable. But his record is one of the harshest censure, involving him in conflicts with personages accustomed to deference or at least discreet silence. He is a singing captive in his profession, for he cheerfully attends the opening performances of plays which, on the face of things, cannot interest him and are probably worthless, as he gaily demolishes the plays of friends, ignoring the polite conventions for the sake of freedom of opinion. He is as enthusiastic and full of gusto when he holds up Zoë Akins to ridicule as when he first greeted her as the author of "Papa".

His destructive efforts are more frequently remembered, although he

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has championed many a lost play, and might be satisfied alone by his immediate recognition of Eugene O'Neill. As might be expected, he denies the existence of constructive criticism, in the sense that it is clearly useless to point out how a play should have been written, except as a satisfaction to oneself. The author does not and cannot, as a rule, profit by the suggestions. On the famous occasion when he rewrote a play by A. E. Thomas — simply reversing the order of the scenes, and showing that it might just as well begin at the end and work back to the beginning — the criticism was constructive, but he had no reason to believe he was doing more than amusing himself. He has a pleasant habit of divulging the obscure linguistic origins of plays which have been accepted as translations from the more familiar French, German, or Spanish. This helpful pedantry has by no means established his reputation for learning, because his style is not so genteel as that of the late William Winter. Hazlitt's name never occurs in his essays unless written without a capital and used as a generic term for theatrical journalists. It would be rash to conclude from this that Nathan has never read him.

George Jean Nathan is the American counterpart of the Englishman A. B. Walkley. Two dissimilar men in every respect, save their common profession of complete worldliness and their insatiable joy in the theatre. Walkley takes the same pleasure in parading his French and his classical education as Nathan in concealing his omnivorous consumption of dramatic literature, and in exhibiting his apparently boundless knowledge of acted plays. The mere journalists loathe him and suspect him when many-consonanted Hungarian names appear to upset their statements that a given play, actually first seen in Budapest, is full of the glamour of Spain. The younger intellectuals apply to him their usual naive test, namely, the absence of any display of classroom learning, and conclude that he is just a super lowbrow. If he would only quote Aristotle and remark: "I have just been rereading Vanbrugh" — when it is obvious that the reading is an initiation through the kind offices of some professor — if he would even write highly antisyntactical but arty prose, they would declare, as they do of Paul Rosenfeld, he is "an important gift to critical American literature". Happily, George Jean Nathan does none of these things.

When he becomes unintelligible he does it as a gentleman gets drunk, without becoming objectionable. He never forgets his part in that quintessential comedy which is his existence. Thus he can say of his one passion, the theatre: "I do not take it very seriously . . . nor . . . do I take it too lightly, for one who takes nothing very seriously takes nothing too lightly. I take it simply as, night in and night out, it comes before my eyes: a painted toy with something of true gold inside it."

Curtain

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THE LONDONER

Mr. Shaw and Pure English — Stella Benson and others — The Collected Edition of Arthur Symons — Sir Harry Johnston's New Novel — E. M. Forster — Gerald Gould Surveys Contemporary Fiction.

LONDON, *July* 1, 1924.

I SEE that Bernard Shaw has been lecturing to the English Association upon the subject of pure English. Like all men who have spoken much in public Mr. Shaw has recognized the importance of proper articulation, and this is the keynote of his speech. Such comment comes rightly from Mr. Shaw, who not only speaks with splendid distinctness himself but has been the cause that actors have spoken with perfect distinctness in the performance of his plays. Few plays have ever been as well "spoken" as Mr. Shaw's. Whenever he has written a part in Cockney dialect he has always printed the words phonetically, and has insisted that the actor should follow the text. As a consequence I have heard actors in Mr. Shaw's plays who spoke both very good Cockney and very bad Cockney. It is a fact that many people, including actors, are sound deaf; and it is to combat the weaknesses of such people that Mr. Shaw has embraced the art of the phonetician. The results in general have been extraordinarily good. Mr. Shaw demands that people should cultivate "a certain athleticism" in their speech. He describes hostesses who come up to him and say, "Oh, Mr. Bernard Shaw, may I have the pleasure of introducing to you — mumble, mumble, mumble." Now we have all experienced this sort of thing. A few months ago I was at a party, and placed next to a very agreeable woman, to whom I was introduced in just this manner. We talked about various things, and I found that we constantly returned to the subject of the theatre, to plays, to acting, and so on. After about an hour, somebody attempted to distract the attention of my neighbor, and in order to do so pronounced her name very distinctly. I thus found that I had been airing my views upon the drama and upon acting to one of the best and best known actresses in England, whom I had not recognized as the result of myopic unobservance. It will be guessed how I felt toward my hostess. Another hostess whom I know, a writer of great gifts, always performs introductions wholesale —"Weh, weh, weh", and concludes, in the most charming and ludicrous way, "And now you all know each other!" As if we had the smallest idea!

Mr. Shaw rightly says that it is impossible to get a correct language, because there are no two people who are agreed as to what is correct language; but he insists that there might well be a standard of pronunciation and articulation. As he has done before, he suggests that the speech of Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson should be taken as exemplary. I have no objection. I suggest that the attention of language enthusiasts should be directed to this matter. With the cooperation of the gramophone companies a very good series of records might be secured from which all who speak English can obtain information. Mr. Shaw, I think, as

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about the clearest writer of English at present in existence, should be called upon to compose speeches of a character suited to the occasion, which would introduce not only opportunities for the rendering of true inflections but even for the correct pronunciation of the words most frequently mispronounced by Englishmen. I would make this last a matter of the first importance. It is no good scolding the Covent Garden porters, as Mr. Shaw does, for speaking a language unintelligible to foreigners. These men have never had an opportunity of learning how to speak correctly, or even if they have been with great pains taught something at school the influence of the slovenly speech of those all about them at work or at play has been too strong to allow the painful instruction to sink in.

Those who have been well educated, and who have from their earliest years been in the society of grown ups who speak correctly, have no idea of the abysses of ignorance in the matter of pronunciation which exist in the minds of the uneducated. It is not only a question of carelessness or of slovenliness; it is a matter of what Doctor Johnson called "pure ignorance". There are thousands of words in the English language which can be pronounced in several wrong ways. And as the right way is only a matter of usage it is hopeless to expect ignorant people to know by instinct how they ought to say the words. Moreover, in England, the pronunciation of the well to do classes resembles in many ways the pronunciation of the poorest classes. Both have the broad *o*—they say "frawst" for "frost", "Wensday" for "Wednesday", "gal" or "gel" for "girl", "yaas" or "yerce" for "yes", and so on. The suburban speaks more correctly than either of these. Unfortunately the suburban apes the well to do classes, and has reached the point of omitting the *r* from as many words as possible, with the object of sounding refined — refinement being the bugbear of the suburbs — and says "faw" for "four", "adaw" for "adore", etc. If we were to have something in the way of gramophone records of perfect English speech, intelligently used in our schools, the effects might be startling. But first of all intelligibility must become a convention. It is at present otherwise. A woman who is well known to strike terror to the hearts of all the guilty recently paid a visit to my house. I afterward asked my wife whether she had been terrified. The reply was, "No, but I couldn't understand a word she said." The truth is that there are some men and women who speak so quickly and streamingly that their words come out as one featureless sound. No consonants are to be recognized, only a succession of changing vowels. It is no doubt with this sort of thing in mind that Mr. Shaw advocates "athleticism" in speech. All slovenliness proceeds from ignorance and laziness. It is a serious problem, and as the existing societies for the preservation and propagation of pure English seem to be merely academic I believe the matter should be taken further by those who have somewhat larger and more democratic conceptions of what is required in the interests of the language.

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Percy Lubbock's book, "Roman Pictures", has been awarded the Femina Vie Heureuse Prize for the best work (British understood) in prose or verse published in the past year by new authors or authors whose merit has not yet been widely enough recognized. The runners up were "The Poor Man" by Stella Benson, and "Lady into Fox"

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by David Garnett. The last named book has already achieved a record by winning two of these prizes for the best new work of the year — the Hawthornden and the James Tait Black — and so perhaps it would have been too much if the Femina Vie Heureuse committee had decided in its favor. "The Poor Man", I believe, had its advocates among those responsible for the choice of the Hawthornden Prize, and has had certainly as much private recommendation among the literati as any book within recent memory. I have been astonished at this, because while a page here and there certainly shows brilliance much of the book shows an effort after brilliance or an air of inspiration which results frequently in a sort of mere driveling silliness. Its advocates have chiefly been women, and I sometimes feel that feminine partiality for the talents of members of the feminine sex is getting beyond a joke. We have some dozens of talented women writers in England at the present time, and if their male rivals were half as well boomed they would do very nicely. I cannot nowadays pick up a paper without finding in it some article proclaiming the genius of a woman writer, and the article is always written by a friend of the woman writer, generally (in nine cases out of ten) by another woman writer. Whether the compliments are returned in papers which do not come under my eye I have no means of knowing, but I think it quite likely. Stella Benson, the author of "The Poor Man", is above that sort of thing. Whatever one may think of her friends, there is no question at all of her talent and her disinterested talent. She goes her own way, and if her books are a mixture of high spirits and silliness (both qualities which an enthusiast may easily mistake for genius, if she has a mind to it), they are original and amusing, and full of personality. An article (by a man) appears in "The Adelphi" upon the life and work of Miss Benson, and I extract the following details in case my readers may not have seen the whole article:

> Stella Benson was born 32 years ago in Shropshire, in the village of Much Wenlock, where her father was a "sort of squire". She is a niece, through her mother, of Mary Cholmondeley, the author of "Red Pottage". Owing to extreme delicacy of health she was never sent to any school, and much of her youth was spent in France, Germany, and Switzerland. A year or two before the outbreak of the war she became a militant suffragette, and about the same time joined the staff of the Charity Organisation in Hoxton. But the methods of the society did not altogether please her, and wishing to enter more fully into the life of the people, she took a little shop in partnership with a local woman and sold paper bags to costers. Her residence in Hoxton covered the period 1914–1917, during which she wrote her first two novels, "I Pose" and "This is the End". There followed a year or so in the ranks of the land army, but her lungs proving a continued weakness she left England in June, 1918, to spend some months in California. Her third novel, "Living Alone", was completed on Christmas Day of that year upon a beach near the Golden Gate. Events failed to work out according to plan, and the trip became an unexpectedly prolonged adventure. In January, 1920, she decided to return by way of Asia rather than face the railway journey across America to New York. In Japan she was taken ill, and with several months of work in Hong-Kong and Peking, and a trip up the Yang-tze river, it was November before she reached Calcutta in a small trading steamer, and well into the summer of 1921 when she landed in England once more. "The Poor Man" was written after her return. In 1921 she married Mr. J. C. O'Gorman Anderson, an Irishman in the Chinese Customs Service. She now lives in China.

Miss Benson, I may add, is now writing edifying descriptions of some further adventurous journeyings, and these are being published serially in a London evening paper. The articles, I have no doubt, will eventually be published in book form. Turning finally to the winner of the prize, I may say that

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Percy Lubbock is the author of a much praised but rather fastidious and difficult work on "The Craft of Fiction", that he edited the "Letters of Henry James", one of whose executors I believe he was, and that he is on the staff of the "Times Literary Supplement". He it was who used to write most of the reviews of Henry James's books there as they appeared. Readers of Arnold Bennett's "Books and Persons" as that series was printed in "The New Age" may recall that Mr. Bennett once demanded to know the name of the writer of those reviews of Henry James's books in the "Times Literary Supplement", so good did he think them. Exactly how far Mr. Lubbock can be regarded as a new or insufficiently appreciated writer I do not know; but the lot of those who award prizes is not by any means an easy one, and nobody in this case would question the excellence of Mr. Lubbock's work.

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Some months ago I announced that Martin Secker was producing a new collected edition in sixteen volumes of the works of Arthur Symons. The first four volumes of this set are now ready, and very handsome they look. There are one hundred sets, signed by the author, as the edition de luxe, and an ordinary edition, also limited, to 550 sets, at a lower price. Either is good enough for me, though of course the author's signature is a very characteristic affair. The typography and general production is admirable. The books are first of all easy to read — they are set in Garamont 10 point — and pleasant to handle. What can be done for an author in this respect by his publisher has been done for Mr. Symons by Mr. Secker. When it comes to the reading matter I am equally sure that what is offered is excellent value. As to the lasting quality of Mr. Symons's poetry I will not express an opinion. Three volumes of poems lead off the new edition; there is to be a volume of plays; and one of the first batch of volumes consists of Mr. Symons's other ventures into what is called "creative" work, under the title, "Spiritual Adventures". There will follow later the volumes containing the author's critical literary and topographical studies. These to my mind constitute Mr. Symons's real claim to the esteem of this generation. I may underestimate the value of his poetry, but it would be difficult to overrate the sensitiveness of his criticism, both of literature and of place. It has always been said of Mr. Symons that he is a disciple of Pater (of whose works, by the way, a new pocket edition is just being issued), but that is very far from representing the truth. He is a "temperamental" critic, but he is a real critic. Anybody who doubts this may look at "Studies in Prose and Verse", and he will instantly be reassured. I do not know, in fact, of a modern critic whom I would rank as high as Mr. Symons. I think him certainly far superior to any critic now writing. For this reason I shall look forward very much to the publication of the critical volumes in the new edition. But my readers should make up their own minds before that as to the value of Mr. Symons as a "creative" artist, and this they have ample means of doing, since the creative volumes are among those already issued. Curiously enough, I have seen no press comment upon the new edition. Either our critics are waiting until the set is complete — they may have some time to wait yet for that — or they are waiting to see what the "Times Literary Supplement" has to say about Mr. Symons.

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I notice, incidentally, that apart from Joseph Conrad, no modern author had so many items as Mr. Symons in the recently completed sale of the library of John Quinn. In fact, with autograph manuscripts, printed books, and studies of the author, the entries relating to Mr. Symons made a most imposing array. Very nearly three hundred lots altogether were composed of Symonsiana. Compared with the prices obtained for some other authors, those paid for Mr. Symons's works ruled low, but I should not be surprised if the books and manuscripts increased in value with the passage of time. It must never be forgotten that Mr. Symons, although his name is associated inseparably with those of writers who made the Nineties what they were, is still alive and is still contributing studies of authors in whose works he is most profoundly interested to the English and American periodical press.

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It is some years since Sir Harry Johnston wrote his continuation of "Dombey and Son", which — although I did not think it in any way resembled the work of Charles Dickens — gave so much delight to Dickens lovers all over the world. Since that time Sir Harry has "continued" Mr. Shaw's "Mrs. Warren's Profession", less successfully, if one demands that a continuation should resemble the work to which it is a sequel, has written a novel quite his own, called "The Man Who Did the Right Thing", has gone back to Dickens, in a continuation of "Our Mutual Friend" (which I believe is Sir Harry's own favorite among the works of Dickens), and has written his reminiscences under the title, "The Story of My Life". This last will soon require an additional chapter, for I hear from Sir Harry that he is slowly at work upon a new novel which he intends shall be his last. He has only, I gather, embarked upon it in consequence of urgent entreaties that he should do so. The books of Sir Harry Johnston are remarkable in the differences of opinion which they create. Some readers take great pleasure in the quiet, rambling, anecdotal style of the novels; others find them exasperating. I suppose this situation arises with the work of all novelists, even the professionals. Sir Harry is not a professional novelist, and does not pretend to be one. He writes as he chooses, and out of a full and varied experience of life such as most novelists would give their noses to possess. In fact, I believe that it is the professional novelists who most dislike Sir Harry's books, because the professional novelist reads one of Sir Harry's books, and grinds his teeth at the thought of what a professional novelist could have made of such a theme, given the material. That is the main point, of course — given the material! Sir Harry might almost quote to the professional novelist that singular taunt employed by Messrs. Keith Prowse, the concert and theatre ticket agents —"You *want* best seats. We *have* them." The formula would be slightly changed into, "You *want* best themes. I *have* them." I will venture the suggestion that there is hardly a short story in Sir Harry Johnston's collection, "Little Life Stories", which would not have been a godsend to half the professional novelists in England.

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Novel readers here are waiting with something like excitement the publication of E. M. Forster's new novel, "A Passage to India". This is the first novel to be published by Forster since "Howards End", which came out

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in 1910, and was strangely enough made a sensation of the hour by the aid of the "Daily Mail". Ever since that book, Forster has been regarded as one of the best, if not the very best, of the younger English novelists. He has had many appeals to the cultured reader. He is a scholar, he is witty, he has great ability in constructing novels. He can write. As a personality he is attractive and not too easy to assess. Some of his contributions to the "Athenæum", when that paper was under the editorship of Middleton Murry, were brilliant. They showed knowledge with something more than knowledge, which all the intellectuality in the world could not have given them. Such articles were enough to stamp Mr. Forster as one of the few young writers of the day who can really be respected for what they have done as distinguished from what one hopes they may do in the future. Nobody who was not intellectually distinguished could have written the books that Mr. Forster has written. They have a brilliance — one might almost say an intellectual evasiveness — which shows the author to be a man apart. He is, that is to say, a wit; he is distrustful and disdainful of common minds; he plays with common minds. Yet his work is marked with sincerity and with scrupulousness. I think him a most able writer. Whether he is the novelist that some of his admirers consider, I do not feel sure. I did not personally care much for "Howards End". I preferred one or two of its predecessors, which had greater faults of detail, perhaps, but which were more "open", more gifted with potentialities. In particular, I have extremely happy memories of "A Room with a View". In this there were Meredithian comic scenes, and the texture was light. In "Howards End", the texture was heavy. The book was improbable, and I found it disagreeable. We shall see what the new one is like. I judge Forster to be a man of about forty five. He is quiet, ironic, courteous in manner. He is obviously a scholar and an intellectual; but he is not, as so many of the well educated literary men of the day are, filled with pride of education, which they take to be intellectual superiority. I suppose this freedom from snobbery in Forster to arise from the fact that he has assimilated his education, and arrived at knowledge of his own. His juniors, too often, are still, intellectually, at the breast. Possibly, also, they are justifiably not so sure of their intellectual integrity as Forster is. I have high hopes of "A Passage to India". It should give scope for Forster's hitherto unexpressed passion for India, which peninsula he has twice visited, on both occasions with such powerful sympathy and understanding as would in most men amount almost to revelation.

* * * *

Speaking of Forster as a novelist reminds me to say that Gerald Gould, who has been conducting an examination of modern novelists in the "Observer", is in one or two minds about this author. He links him with Mrs. Woolf, of whom I spoke a few months ago, and proceeds:

> As for Mr. Forster, the fairies showered gifts on him; sympathy, wit, knowledge, charm; but an impudent fairy came at the end and made him whimsical. Lovely as his work is, it remains at one remove from life. In "Howards End", for instance, he asks us to accept the most blazing impossibilities; and so engaging is his manner, so exquisite his style, that he almost induces us to do so. But not quite. It would not matter if his whole strain were fantastic; he should touch earth more often, or less. Still — what a gift!

Mr. Gould has plowed his way bravely through an impossible task in his ex-

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amination of most of the writers of the day who have written more than one work of fiction — in one or two cases he even dealt with some single-book authors. It would be impossible for any critic to do justice to such a subject, particularly under the system which makes it important for the critic to praise vaguely and generously. Mr. Gould has been a reviewer of novels too long to make his survey biting. Often what he says has real interest and real point, but not often enough. For one thing, I assume that he has not had time thoroughly to read the works of all the authors with whom he has attempted to deal. He has contented himself, as was only natural, with such of their works as have come to him for review in the course of his engagements as novel reviewer for first "The New Statesman", where he succeeded the late Hubert Bland, and then "The Saturday Review". His groupings show obedience to the prevailing taste of the hour. If he has distastes, he has agreed to sink them. He is not attempting to give a vital æsthetic judgment, but only an acceptable survey. For the purpose, his series of articles has no doubt served well enough. But in fact is such a survey worthwhile? We all know that many of the living writers have no permanent interest for us as individuals. We may allow some of them to have qualities; but they may be trivial qualities, and few of us know precisely what qualities we think essential to work of more than passing interest. Certain books last beyond a season, they continue; in our own circles we may hear them praised, and there may be novels which have a little clique (I use this word not in a bad sense, but as an expression for a small body of men who unite to express a similar view upon one subject) of admirers for years after they are published —"Maurice Guest" is a case in point. If one is well into the business of literary appraisement, then there are certain books which one must have read, and opinions concerning them to which it is peculiar not to subscribe. But these are coterie views. They have no permanence, no critical importance. Did Mr. Gould realize this, I wonder? The impression I formed of his articles was that he was in every case aware — too aware — that certain books had been praised by men or women he respected. He could not very well ignore such books, and he could not praise them wholeheartedly or damn them vigorously. And so he compromised. With the compromise, with the attempt to cover so much ground and give no offense to anybody, went the possible value of his articles. They could never have status as criticism. They were too kind. They were too all embracing. They were too socially "correct". Mr. Gould could without blenching have met at dinner any of the authors he named in his articles. This I think is bad. It is quite possible to like a man very much and not greatly to admire his work. If he cannot take adverse criticism, he is no good as a friend. I should be tempted to say that he is no good as an artist, did I not know that some good writers are extremely sensitive to criticism. But it is almost demonstrably a mistake to give kindly praise to work that one does not admire in one's bones. That is what I feel about Mr. Gould's articles; that they do not apply what in cliché is known as the acid test. Why not? Mr. Gould is too amiable.

SIMON PURE

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THREE GREAT AMERICAN PRINTERS

By Walter Prichard Eaton

At least three people out of ten, when they tell you that you really *must* read such and such a book, cannot tell you the name of the author. At least nine people out of ten cannot tell you the name of the publisher. Probably not one out of ten thousand can tell you the name of the printer, even if the book happens to be printed by Bruce Rogers. There is a stupendous ignorance of the printer's art in this country, and a stupendous indifference to it. A while back Mr. Edison devised a set of questions which he said he had propounded to applicants for jobs in his factory. Presumably he could answer these questions himself. But it would be perfectly easy to get up a list he couldn't answer. Three of them would be, "Who is Bruce Rogers, and how and why was he honored by the British Museum?" "Who is Frederic W. Goudy?" "What is D. B. Updike's contribution to America?" To know something about these men, and to understand their importance as artists, may not qualify a man so well for work in a phonograph factory as a knowledge of the kind of wood used in kerosene oil barrels. But such knowledge has its place in a civilized community, and we should like to do our bit in spreading the tidings.

Bruce Rogers was born in Indiana, where the texts for books come from, and he was a freshman in Purdue the year George Ade was graduated (1887). Much as I admire the works of George Ade, I'd rather have any book at all printed by Bruce Rogers than the best book Ade ever wrote. What I'd like would be a book written by Ade and printed by Rogers; but it doesn't exist. So I have only the "Urn-Burial", "The Song of Roland", "A Sentimental Journey", "Earl Percy's Table Talk", Boccaccio's "Life of Dante", the "Letters of David Garrick", and several more of that ilk. But I'm getting ahead of my story. Bruce Rogers, after his graduation from Purdue, joined the "art staff" of the Indianapolis "News", and from that went into commercial printing and designing till, five years later, Houghton Mifflin Company discovered him and put him in charge of the special work at their Riverside Press. Here, at last, he had something like free scope, and especially in the last ten years he was with this firm (1901 to 1911) he turned out a series of limited editions, called the Riverside Press editions, which were astonishing in their variety of style, their unfailing fitness and beauty, their demonstration of the capacity for superb printing resident in America. Much of the type, of course, Rogers himself designed, and all of it was cast especially for these editions, hand set, and the impressions made in a hand press. Printed, too, on the finest hand laid paper, these books were necessarily expensive, ranging in price from six or eight dollars to thirty five dollars for "The Song of Roland", folio size, with illuminated designs and gold initials, and over a hundred dollars for the magnificent edition of the "Essays of Montaigne". But they proved a profitable

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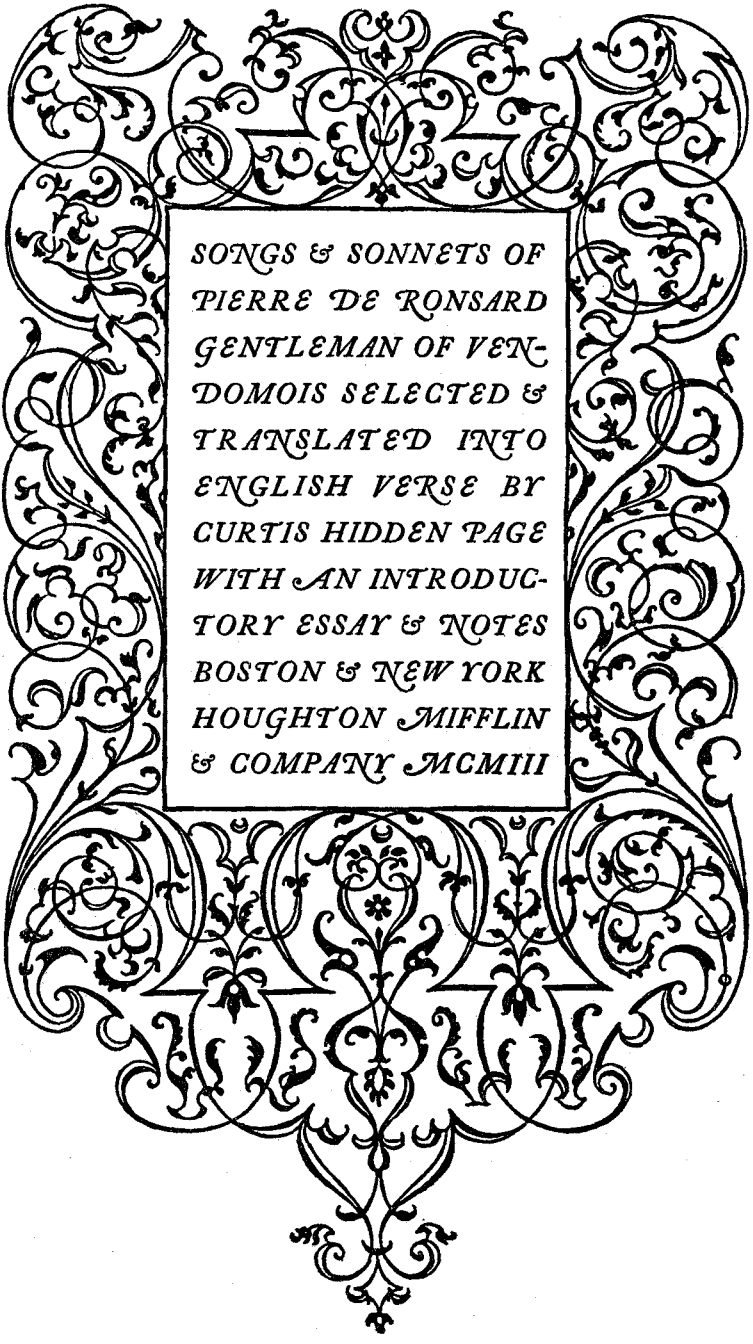

A Bruce Rogers title page

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investment to all of us who bought them, for their value has greatly increased, and the British Museum has now collected the entire set as a monument of the printer's art. What most strongly characterizes them, perhaps, is the unfailing brilliancy of Rogers's

GOUDY TYPE is good, solid, honest type—
It is heavier, more open, giving individual character

GOUDY TYPE is good, solid, honest type

Goudy Oldstyle and Goudy Bold, the latter lending itself well to advertisements

style, which adapts itself to a modified black letter in "The Song of Roland" or gets just the right touch of ornate quaintness in the italics of the "Urn-Burial", or achieves an eighteenth century classic precision and lightness, like Adam furniture, in the "Earl Percy's Table Talk" or "A Sentimental Journey". Rogers makes a page of type which is so spaced and margined that it is as beautiful as a classic design; he makes it readable always, and, in some magic way, he gives it exactly the mood, the *feeling*, of the author he is putting into print. No other printer in the world today, perhaps, so combines typographical beauty and flexibility of style.

Rogers was later tempted to England, to join the firm of Emery Walker, who had but recently dissolved partnership with Cobden-Sanderson. But he was, after all, an American, although an artist. To set type in one building, and print from it in another, was rather too leisurely. After a year or more as adviser to the Cambridge University Press, he came back to America. He is now acting as adviser to a press near New York, and to American printers in general, to whom he is something of a god. He has no press of his own, and never has had, although he is one of the best printers in the world! What, you may ask, does an advisory printer do? Well, for one thing, a certain ambitious young printer in Boston, who was making a limited edition of a recent important book, couldn't get the look of the page to suit him, and couldn't tell why. Rogers came, and by using a different design for the lower case altered the whole aspect of the page, securing the desired result of complete simplicity and purity of total effect.

But for the layman to understand that he would likely have to study types more than he has ever done yet. There is just as much difference between the types in which various books and magazines are printed as there is between a Sunday paper comic supplement and a Whistler etching; and probably more thought and work go into designing a fine font of type than go into most fine pictures. Frederic W. Goudy is, primarily, a designer of type. He and his wife have a little press out on Long Island, but Mrs. Goudy is really the printer. Her husband is famous because he has done so much to improve American type, especially, perhaps, the types used in advertisements. Did you ever reflect, in reading your newspaper or cheaper magazine, that in ninety nine cases out of a hundred the only attractive type, the only individual borders and alluring line drawings, the only crafty arrangements of white paper, are found in the advertisements? The advertisers will pay for them, because people uncon-

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sciously are pleasantly affected by a sense of style. So far as the newspapers are concerned, the only art in them, from a printer's standpoint, is in the advertising columns, and that is almost equally true of the popular magazines. Hence Frederic Goudy.

In 1896 Mr. Goudy, who like Bruce Rogers is a product of the middle west, was a bookkeeper in Chicago. In this humble and prosaic occupation, he appears not greatly to have shone. But he could use a pencil! He occupied his spare moments designing an alphabet of capitals, which he sent to a type foundry on a chance. He promptly got back a check. This was the type known as Camelot. He did a little more designing, but it wasn't till 1899, when he lost his job as a bookkeeper (mercifully for us), that he took up lettering and designing seriously as a profession. And it was the large advertisers, like the Pabst Brewing Company, Marshall Field and Company, Gimbel Brothers, the Peerless Motor Car, and others, who gave him his real chance. He lettered their display advertising by hand, designing all the borders, and studying the special relations of type and margin, black and white spaces within the type itself, etc. So attractive and successful were these ads, so full of character and the sheer charm of design, that the type founders came to his door. One font of his type is known as Pabst, another as Gimbel. The latter should be familiar to New York newspaper readers, for they see it every day. Presently he set up a little press of his own to print special editions, and designed a font of book type called Village, after his shop, the Village Press. In 1911 he designed, for a folio volume of stories by H. G. Wells, printed by Mitchell Kennerley, a font called Kennerley, which has since become famous through the world.

To understand types at all, it is necessary to bear in mind that three results have to be sought: readability, beauty of the individual letters, and compactness, so that the maximum number of words can be printed on the page without sacrificing readability and charm. To get all three effects in one and the same design, each to the utmost, is the dream of all printers and typographers. In the early days of printing, especially by the Italian printers of the Renaissance, the number of words on a page mattered less than the charm of design and the clarity, and types were beautiful. But more and more utility crowded in, until by the latter part of the nineteenth century letters had been so standardized, so refined and elongated, or squeezed together, that William Morris and others revolted in sheer desperation at the ugliness of books, and our modern art printers once more took up the work of an elder day. Machinery, of course, had complicated matters. Type set by machinery has to be practically the same size — that is, an *o* or an *m* can be no wider than an *r* or an *i* — and in the printing itself the margins cannot be so carefully handled, nor the two sides of a page printed so tenderly in perfect alignment that each side conceals the other.

If you will look at any of Goudy's types — one of his latest, Goudy modern, for example — you will see at once, I think, how radically they differ from the thin, compressed, mathematically regular, hairline type of commercial books and magazines. They are heavier, more open, giving individual character to each letter, and combining far less eye strain with a mass effect on the page of great solidity. In Goudy modern the lower case *h*'s and *l*'s are a perceptible shade taller than the capital letters, a touch which somehow lends a

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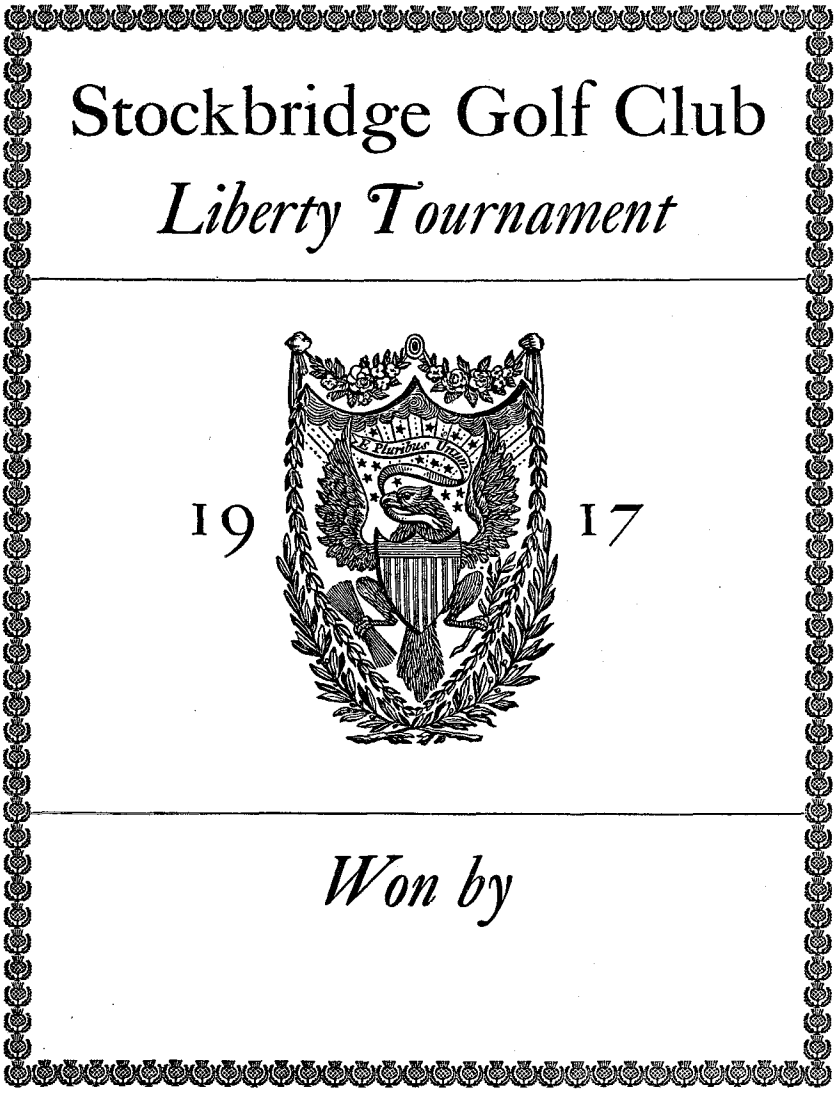

Designed and printed by D. B. Updike

handcraft air to the type. But all of the letters, in fact, even when reduced to a small "point", betray their hand designing by the faintest irregularities, yet without any suggestion of quaintness. It is good, solid, honest type — like Mr. Goudy himself, who is a hale, solid, hearty midwesterner — but type which is also beautiful, as old type used to be, and for a brief time was in the eighteenth century. (Caslon made his famous fonts in 1720.)

Mr. Goudy is now associated as an adviser with a monotype company, and is working on the problem of designing good type, beautiful type, which can be

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set by machinery. This is perhaps the most important work for the mass of us he has ever attempted, for it may mean that some day ordinary books and magazines will be set in types which are really legible, instead of thin grey perils to the eye, and types which are beautiful with the charm of design and craftsman feeling, not mere machine made ruled patterns of deadening regularity. If you ever have a chance to see a page of capitals set in Goudy's Hadriano font, designed from rubbings he made in Italy of letters on an old Roman inscription cut in stone, you will inevitably realize what type could be on a page — a singing design for its own sake, as individual as a drawing — and what it so seldom is in these days of machinery. Perfection of finish is the last thing Goudy cares about; the expressive and beautiful and legible design is everything. His message to American printing is the message that the last word has not been uttered by the machine, and never can be; that man is above the machine, and until he makes the machine express him he is its slave, not its master. Until our machines can print as beautifully and as clearly and legibly as the old Italians, Mr. Goudy would probably say, we haven't really progressed, but gone backward. One feels like giving a medal to the firm in Detroit who fired him from his last job as a bookkeeper!

D. B. Updike, of the Merrymount Press in Boston, is in as strong contrast to Frederic Goudy as could well be imagined. He was born in 1860, in Providence, of an ancient Rhode Island Colonial family, famed in the annals of that state. All the background that New England could give him, he has, and he has used it in his printing. The history of printing and of types is at his fingers' ends. His office at the Merrymount Press in Boston is fitted with beautiful old furniture, and hung with treasures of the graphic arts, particularly those connected with printing. He himself is a small, spare man, unmistakably New England, unmistakably scholarly, who goes home at night to play old music on the piano. One would expect from him an instinctive respect for classic form, and a certain delicacy and reticence; and that is what one gets. It has often seemed to me that just as American taste in the early years of the nineteenth century restrained the makers of our Empire furniture from the excesses of the French and even the English cabinet makers, exactly that strain of taste in Mr. Updike has steadied American printing through the excesses that followed the decorated book pages of William Morris and the other great English printers of the 1890's. These excesses were most prominently represented in America, perhaps, at East Aurora. But Updike, with his faultless sense of fitness, his inheritance of a Colonial tradition, never lost his head, never swerved from his ideal of printing as a clean, well margined page of type, which could and should be a beautiful thing to the eye without the aid of ornament, of decoration. In this spirit he issued the volumes in the Humanist Library, getting decorative warmth and richness from red initials or marginal notes, perhaps, and beauty from his types and spacing. The title page of a book he printed three or four years ago for the Carteret Club of Newark, illustrated with colored wood cuts by Rudolph Ruzicka, is a song in type.

Such printing takes time. I don't vouch for the truth of this; but I believe it is probably true, as they say, that Mr. Updike himself often earns less than his employees, because of his ceaseless care for details. He is, mind you, a commercial printer. He prints

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dance programs, letter paper heads, auction sale bills, as well as limited editions. Once a friend of mine asked me to arrange with Updike to print him a Christmas greeting card. Updike sent the proof with the lettering in an unusual place, at the top of the page. My friend didn't like it; he thought it should be in the middle.

"I'm sorry Mr. ——— didn't like my arrangement", Updike wrote. "I worked quite a while on that job to get it to please me. I think I'll print it that way, anyhow."

And he did! In time, of course, my friend came to see that Updike was right.

In 1917, when golf clubs were awarding no cups in their tournaments, but only certificates of victory, and giving the cup money to the Red Cross, I asked Updike to print the certificates for our club. This was a strictly commercial job, of course, and ordinarily a design would have had to be furnished to the printer, and engraved, if one wanted anything but the most ordinary piece of white paper and black type. But knowing Updike, I merely said that the affair was called a Liberty Tournament, that I wanted something appropriate, and left it confidently to him. The result was a card 8 x 11 inches, which might have been lettered by the best of Colonial stone cutters, with an eagle and shield design in the centre which might have been drawn by Samuel McIntyre to be carved on a Salem mantel. You took one look at it, and exclaimed, "Seventeen seventy five!" I had but two dozen of these cards printed, and the bill was less than thirty dollars, so it is easy to see how much loving craftsmanship Mr. Updike's press puts into its smallest orders. I have saved one of those certificates (though I didn't win it by my golf!) as an example of what American printing can be — as fine as anything in the world. I have also saved, like many other collectors, all of Mr. Updike's yearly greeting cards, with their colored wood cuts by Rudolph Ruzicka, of Boston scenes. Updike, it seems to me, is to American printing much what men like McIntyre and Bulfinch were to American architecture; he has strength and simplicity combined with great delicacy and restraint; he can be, and always is, graceful and refined without losing any essential power or virility; he is classic without sacrifice of his own personality. His influence on the better class of American printers has been great, and it has been a steadying influence, toward classic fitness and simplicity and the charm of a pure style. He, quite appropriately, represents our return to the Colonial in art printing.

These three men are probably the outstanding figures, since the death of Theodore DeVinne, in typographical America. But they are no longer alone. Hal Marchbanks, Edgar Sherrill, and many more, one might almost say disciples, are constantly working away from the deadly machine type and the horrid halftone illustration or border toward printing which has typographical distinction, beauty, individuality, and toward pages which are pure design, with the white spaces and the margins as part of the scheme. They are, in short, trying once more to be real craftsmen and not slaves to a machine. Bruce Rogers and Frederic Goudy, products of the middle west, one coming up from a newspaper "art" department (of all unlikely places to find a great artist!), one from a bookkeeper's stool, and D. B. Updike, a product of many generations of old New England culture, are the three men, however, who will always be most associated with our conquest of the machine.

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"HERE ARE LADIES" IN PARIS

By Joseph Gollomb

ON the stone rim of one of the two fountains that play where the Avenue de l'Opéra runs into the square in front of the Comédie Française, sat the chef's diminutive apprentice in his white turban, apron, and trousers, reading a book and looking unconsciously like a little joke on his master. The breeze wafted some of the spray over him and whisked showers of dry russet leaves about him from the maples overhead. But the boy was too deep in his book. His absorption in that square so full of life was a beautiful tribute to the serenity that Paris breathes through those who are of it. Then around the rim of the fountain sidled a midinette bent on mischief to the apprentice.

How often from my seat at one of the little round marble tables in front of the well beloved Café de la Régence I have seen her do just that thing. Today I knew exactly what she would do even before she herself knew. For, from my seat I could see which book it was the boy was reading, while as yet she could not. Had the cover shown the black and red of a witch's head I should have known that the boy had had a dream the night before and that in the book he was trying to find the key to it. In that case, too, the midinette would make a sudden dash at him, slap the book shut and pretend that she meant to duck the boy in the fountain. Whereupon he would lean far backward until he really made her believe that he was in danger of falling in. Then she would clutch him by the shoulders and struggle to save him and there would be a great commotion of scolding and laughter.

But today I saw that it was the other book he was reading, his master's notable work on the art of *pâtisserie* baking with special emphasis on sculpturing in whipped cream. As I happened to know, the boy was ambitious and considered his master also the world's master pastry artist; which I think perhaps he is, for on gala occasions I have appreciated his art. The girl also knew of the boy's ambition and she acted accordingly. When, bending forward to see, she noted what book he was reading, her expression changed and she too sat down on the rim of the fountain, to wait till he should have finished his study, meanwhile giving herself over to the Parisian delight in "regarding the world".

I had counted on the boy's being there, almost on the girl. I had even counted that at this, the sunset hour of the apéritif, there would be about us at the little tables in front of the Régence a plentiful gathering of actors and actresses from the Comédie Française and from other near by theatres, chatting of their day's life. I had not set the stage, of course, but what I had done was to introduce into this setting James Stephens, the author of "Here Are Ladies". He had been living in Paris five years and more and I wanted him, under the gentle urge of this setting, to chat and add to that delightful gallery of inimitable and whimsical feminine portraits.

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At first I thought luck was with me. As we sat well in the midst of the little tables we heard the animated account of that day's sensational happening in the theatrical world rendered effectively by the heroine herself, a brunette with flashing eyes and a determined air. It seemed that her manager was a man altogether a tyrant and a stupid one besides. For, in her playing he insisted that she, who had taken second prize at the Conservatoire and played a whole season with the Comédie Française, should follow in her every gesture, look, and tone, to the last little nuance, *his* conception of how a young girl of gentle breeding at the delicate dawn of her first love would act. Insupportable, was it not? Well, that day she knew the time had come when matters must end and the manager must learn his lesson. So at the matinée performance, when she made her entrance for the great scene in which the girl in a long and dramatic speech denounces her fiancé for his treachery, the actress recited her first line, followed it up immediately with her last line, and walked calmly off the stage and out of the theatre, leaving an astounded world behind her. *Et, voilà!*

I looked at James Stephens, for I thought that like myself he had been listening. But you can never tell what this man's reaction will be by looking at him; and I do believe that if you guessed right he would see to it that he proved you wrong. A friend of his impatiently called him a gnome, because when the friend wanted him to be impish and sparkle Stephens promptly turned heavy and solemn. He is short and round shouldered, with a high worried forehead and a scrubby little incidental mustache. He wears his clothes as though if you suddenly asked him to describe them he couldn't do it. That morning he had evidently begun tying his bow tie but had been whisked off by some thought and had forgotten to finish the operation; so he let it be. His clear brown eyes come to life unexpectedly and as suddenly go away to follow heaven knows what impulse. There is also a good brogue in his Irishman's speech; a cruelly bitten and burned stubby pipe; and a stick with a leather thong.

"The degree of power accorded to the bard in Ireland in the eleventh century before the Christian era —", he began solemnly.

"Oh, come back to Paris", I insisted. "Here are ladies. Listen!"

At the table beside ours an ingénue player was talking. She spoke with a discernible lisp and that lisp was the great problem of her career. She was worried about it at that very moment.

"I know it will yet drive me mad", she was saying to her friends. "The managers of the boulevard theatres tell me, 'Suzanne, cultivate that lisp. The public likes it in an ingénue.' Then my teacher at the Conservatoire says, 'Mademoiselle, you have an imperfection in your speech. You must work hard and eliminate it. If you wish ever to play in the Comédie Française your rôles will be classic and a lisp will not be tolerated. When you have become great and the public speaks of you as *the* Suzanne, the critics will find that lisp charming. But you are not yet *the* Suzanne and the longer you retain your lisp the longer you will have to wait.' *Bon!* So I do exercises — oh, how they are *ennuyants!* — to get rid of the *th*. And a little I succeed. *Et puis alors*, I go to my English teacher, *chez* Berlitz, to learn my English. He is in despair. 'Miss Suzanne', he says. 'Do not dream that you will ever be able to play in English until you learn how to pronounce this sentence correctly and not as you pronounce it, "Zis simble is

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sick!" Every day you should practise at least a quarter of an hour to pronounce correctly the sound of the *th!* *Oolala!*"

And she fiercely powdered her nose.

Stephens heard her, of course. Also he knew now just what I had planned for him to talk about — and he promptly started in the direction of the bards of Ireland again. But I dragged him back.

"You must be constantly coming across vignettes in Paris such as you have drawn in 'Here Are Ladies'", I persisted. "Tell me about some of them."

He looked speculatively at me.

"I don't remember things that way", he said. "When I come across bits of character my mind generalizes from them and forgets particulars."

"Then who wrote your best book?" I demanded.

"It's not my best. 'The Crock of Gold' is. The sort of thing you mean I build up out of abstractions, generalizations."

Deliberately the man was heavy; but I pulled.

"Well, what are your generalizations about the French woman?"

"What does the French writer himself think about her?" he retorted. "He hasn't a good word to say for her. Light, without character, a female monkey."

"You know very well you don't believe any such stuff!" I said.

He had the grace to admit it.

"Well, maybe not", he said. "But where there is so much smoke, maybe —"

"Oh, all right", I answered. "What about the degree of power accorded to the bard in Ireland in the eleventh century before the Christian era?"

A twinkle lit in his eyes.

"You won't believe it", he said. "Picture to yourself the poet laureate of England today — what's his name, by the way? — dictating to the premier on matters of state."

"What's the use?" I asked.

"To get an idea of the bard's power in Ireland at that time. He had first place. In public assembly the ruler of Ireland couldn't open his mouth till the bard gave him permission. All the laws were in the bard's keeping. Writing wasn't permitted —"

"Why?"

"Why does your doctor today write his prescription in Latin under a big R with a pin stuck through its tail?" he replied. "To keep you from knowing too much, to preserve the mystery about himself. It was the bards that preserved the law in their memories. When a law was enacted it was cast into rhyme so that it couldn't be changed — by those who weren't bards. If they had written out the laws, don't you see? The bard was thus in addition to his other jobs as magician, artist, entertainer, and prophet, also a lawyer and judge — interpreter of the laws. A bard could go to any householder, humble or rich, and demand as his right the best hospitality the house could accord."

"I'm surprised the field wasn't overcrowded."

"You couldn't become a bard until you had learned by heart three hundred long stories and six hundred shorter ones. In return for hospitality any householder had the right to call on the bard to tell him any story the householder named. If he couldn't the bard was deprived of his rank and privileges. The bard was allowed to wear eight colors, the kings of Ireland nine. Well, in time the bards became so exorbitant in their demands that the kings rebelled. One of the kings finally plotted to overthrow their great influence. So

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he set some scholars to find out the name of some tale that had become lost and was forgotten by the bards. They brought him the name 'Tainbo Cuilgny', as a tale in which Conor MacNessa, King of Ulster, was the central figure, and which had not been current for centuries. Thereupon the king invited Shanahan Torpeist, the chief bard, to come to court. Shanahan had a suspicion as to what was in the wind, so he brought his retinue of five hundred minor bards with him and they ate the king out of house and home.

"But that didn't save the bards. The king demanded to be told the story of 'Tainbo Cuilgny'. Then there *was* trouble in the bard camp. Shanahan asked for time. Then he called a council of all the bards in Ireland and they performed a magical ceremony. It seems that they went to the tomb of the ancient bard, Fergus MacRoi, and raised him from the dead. For three days and nights he told them the missing tale. It was a fine tale. Even the king had to acknowledge that. Wait till you read it!"

"Where?"

"I am writing it — in five volumes."

Then I understood why I had been dragged from the Paris of today to the Ireland of three thousand years before.

"Fiction?" I asked. "Fantasy?"

I had the satisfaction of seeing signs of wrath in his eyes.

"It's every bit of it as authenticated by records and documents as the Treaty of Versailles — and it's a great deal more human", he replied. "Don't you know that there are records still preserved of that ancient time that would put to shame your modern census for minuteness and exactness? The story I am writing from what amounts to a synopsis which has been translated from the original by Professor Dunne of Chicago. And I am rigidly adhering to facts in my version."

"It's to be a contribution to scholarship largely, I gather", I remarked politely.

His two handed clutch on his stick became firm.

"It's to be no mere dry-as-dust", he said wrothly. "It's going to be as modern as tomorrow's paper, because it's that human. It will be as important an event in literature as the translation of the 'Arabian Nights' was. As an epic it will knock the Iliad and the Odyssey into a cocked hat. It's about time the dominance of those Greek stories went. Just as history of man is the history of his tyrannies, so the history of culture is the history of the tyranny of artistic successes. Well, it's about time the dominance of those Greek yarns went. And my retelling of that lost story of Irish bards will help. Oh, I know I'm bragging like the divvil. But in the first place if I didn't I couldn't get up enough heart to do anything at all. In the second place, or maybe in the first *and* second place, it's not of myself I'm bragging but of the material I am tapping. Why, man, there's enough rich matter in those ancient records to hand to keep one hundred first rate novelists busy for fifty years!"

"And its authenticity was vouched for by a dead man brought to life by magical ceremonies?" I asked.

"I'm not saying that Shanahan didn't send a couple of hundred of his bards scouring all Ireland for the old story and that they didn't maybe prompt Fergus MacRoi as he was telling the story in his tomb. I don't know. Because only bards were present at the telling. But if you think that it's free and easy stuff I'm writing I'll tell you that every week my manuscript is gone over for slips in fact by

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Osborn Bergin, professor of Irish at the Dublin University. A few weeks ago, for instance, he found that I had a donkey in Ireland in the year 1100 B.C. Well, he took that donkey away from me pretty fast. Said I couldn't have him for another twenty two hundred years, because they didn't make their appearance in Ireland till 1100 A.D."

As he talked I was astonished to see a monocle go into his left eye. I followed his gaze and it led to Camille sunning herself on a little mat in front of the Régence. Camille is one of three cats of the Régence and has been so named because she is as robust as a horse. What attracted Stephens's attention was a poodle puppy who was clamoring and pleading with Camille to play with him. The pup had learned a sad lesson one day when he assumed with the ignorance of youth that any dog can chevy any cat with impunity. Now his whole ambition in life was to get Camille to notice him even if with disdain. Stephens studied the superb indifference, the utter oblivion to the pup's existence that Camille showed.

"There", he said, pointing his stick at her, "lies the whole lesson for woman if she wants to rule the world — a lesson which, praises be! she doesn't know enough to follow."

That encouraged me to try to get him back to where I wanted him. But this time I tried it gradually.

"What about the Ireland of today?" I asked.

Then I saw how that stubby pipe came to be so cruelly bitten. It has to bear the brunt of the man's suppressed wraths. His grip on the stick at that moment, too, tightened until I thought of it as a shillelah. His words were the only thing mild in his manner as he replied:

"I get my bread and butter as Registrar of the National Academy of Ireland. So I mustn't talk politics. But I will say this —", he began, his voice rising but not going any further. "No, I won't!" he concluded. "Not till my book is ready."

He poured some of his currant juice and seltzer into the saucer on which the price of the drink in French cafés is painted, and offered it to the pup as consolation for Camille's neglect. The pup gratefully licked the gift.

"How do you know what effect the liquor will have on him?" I asked. "You may be debauching him."

"I *don't* know", he said. "That's why I am trying. It may have as curious an effect as whisky has on me. It makes my left leg drunk and leaves the right as sober as a judge."

The autobus, which would take him back to the Left Bank where he lived, hove in sight.

"By the way", he said, as he prepared to leave. "I saw a queer little illustration yesterday at the Café Napolitain, that showed me how unimportant is language after all. A dear old Englishman — yes, there can be such! — was eating his coffee ice and feeling so all alone and bored that he took out his Métro map and scanned it. At the next table sat a French girl and her mother, unmistakably from the country. The old chap had such trouble locating his route that the old lady leaned forward and asked him in Midi French if she could help him. Of course, he didn't understand a syllable. But he brightened up at the sound of someone talking to him and rattled off in Yorkshire English his complaint of how complicated a way it was to get to his hotel in the Quai de la Loire. The women didn't understand more than just one word.

"'Ah!' they cried in one breath. 'The Loire! Why, we come from the

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province Loire! It is the good grape harvest this year that enables us to make this trip to Paris. If the monsieur knows the Loire he knows what good grapes can grow there', etc., etc., for two closely printed pages, mother and daughter. The old chap beamed, just as though he understood them, until he heard them mention Carcassonne. Then *he* started off. It seems that his youngest daughter had just gone there on her honeymoon and was writing him the most enthusiastic letters of the charm of that old south of France and he meant to stop off there on his way to Arles. 'Ah, Arles!' exclaimed the daughter, whose half sister owned a *blanchisserie* there. And so they went on, chatting like old friends, neither of them knowing a word of what the other was saying, but all having a charming time of it."

"Then it seems you do remember particulars sometimes", I protested.

He swung onto the bus end.

"Oh, is that the sort of thing you meant?" he called from his fast receding perch, regarding me quizzically. "Oh, yes indeed, I remember lots of that kind of stuff!"

WHITE BIRCHES OF NEW ENGLAND

By Kathryn White Ryan

WRAITHS of tall lonely women, birches crowd
Into a cellar hole,—a crumbled home.
Up quivering hills like spectral girls they roam
In bridal satin given them for shroud.

On ivory keyboards edging some dim wood,
Forlorn they play a broken spinet-chord.
The sunlight bares their white brows to the Lord,
Robes them and steeples in one sisterhood.

Waters of Time descending do not shake
Even the mirror of the shrinking lake. . . .
Snows blow disorder through their rusty hair. . . .
They wait, these women with an austere air,
These stranded snowflakes in a lost recess
Sprinkling New England's wastes with loveliness.

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TO SEE OR NOT TO SEE

By David Carb

PLAYS IN NEW YORK WORTH SEEING

1. ALL GOD'S CHILLUN GOT WINGS: *Eugene O'Neill's tragedy of miscegenation.*
2. CYRANO DE BERGERAC: *The great romance and Walter Hampden.*
3. THE SHOW-OFF: *Holds the mirror up to American nature.*
4. FATA MORGANA: *Tragedy of adolescence and sex.*
5. FASHION: *A success of 1845; also of 1924.*
6. EXPRESSING WILLIE: *Light and gay.*
7. BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK: *Much the brightest thing in town.*
8. THE GRAND STREET FOLLIES: *The real thing in revues.* (*Reviewed below.*)
9. KEEP KOOL, *and* I'LL SAY SHE IS: *The best of the new crop.* (*Reviewed below.*)
10. PLAIN JANE, POPPY, KID BOOTS, *and* CHARLOT'S REVUE: *The best of the older crop.*

THIS is the time of year when the slogan of the theatre is, "Say it with music." The summer is upon us — a foolish season — and people who go to the theatre do so because they don't know what else in the world to do. It's too hot to stay in apartments, the parks and buses are crowded, audiences are composed of those who are vacationing in the city and of those who long to be vacationing in the country. They want cold consommé and frothy diversion. Light tunes and dancing is the order. A constitutional amendment could not make the order more binding. Indeed, it is doubtful if any provision of the Constitution is so well enforced. So of what is rather naively known as "straight drama" there have been but two exhibits worth mentioning; and of those two one, a serious thriller in its day, was dug out of the waste heap of two decades ago and produced as comedy. We, the latest thing in humanity, were supposed to laugh derisively and with not a little superiority at the fashions in clothes, in coiffures, in emotions, in sentiments, and in credulities of the ancients of twenty years ago. And we did. We laughed loudly. No one can deny that our laughter was irreverent and therefore in bad taste. But it is a kind of bad taste fairly general, in every generation; the way 1924 received "The Fatal Wedding" was not materially different from the way 1944 will receive some of the current popular entertainments. Modernism is, after all, a quality peculiar to every time, and implies condescension if not contempt for that which has recently ceased to be modern.

"The Fatal Wedding" was made for

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the trade of the early century — the kind of trade that demands everything for its money. So nothing was omitted. The "comedy drama" contains every kind of love, every kind of virtue, and every kind of vice. It is a perfect example of the black and white drama — virtue is pure white and vice is solid black, and each character is all one or all the other. And you need not bother about motives — whatever a "good" character does has good intentions behind it, and whatever a "bad" character does is done for wicked reasons. Until the very end. When Cora Williams is shot as she stands at the altar of Grace Church dressed in bridal robes, about to become the bride of Howard Wilson, the wealthy clubman, she who had lied, poisoned, separated husband and wife, father and children, mother and children — she, about to die, moans, "Oh, my conscience!"

The actors whom Mary H. Kirkpatrick and Con Conrad assembled for this revival had not appeared on Broadway before. Nevertheless their work showed a delicacy, a sureness, a nice appreciation of values, and a meticulous adherence to one of the few immutable laws of acting (i. e. burlesque should be played with profound seriousness) that should teach much to many more noted players. Especially fine was the work of Milano Tilden as the wealthy clubman, so virtuous that he could not conceive of vice, too good to be true; of Little Georginna as "the little mother" — presumably, of all the Pollyannas of our stage; and of Ann Crawford as Cora Williams, the most unscrupulous of scarlet ladies.

The other of the two non-musical plays of the month is called "So This Is Politics". The author believes that it is funny per se for a woman to run for office. Perhaps it is. But he makes his heroine so silly in the last act that I, for one, suspect he deliberately chose the exception in order to try to make a rule. It is certainly funny, from one point of view, for a silly person of whichever sex to run for office. Marjorie Gateson looks much too sensible to behave as she had to behave in the third act; perhaps if a more frivolous person had been cast for the rôle it might have been more convincing. Dwight Frye goes the limit in farcing a farce part. But on the whole the men in the cast are more successful than the women — possibly a proof that the argument of the play is true and woman's place is in the home. William Courtleigh and Glenn Anders did the best work of the evening.

"One Helluva Night" was so speedy that it had come and gone before we second nighters could get to see it. It was written and produced by press agents.

Critics produced "Round the Town". It was meant to be a revue in the real sense — satirical and gay comment on the things of the theatre — and a show that relied on wit and ability rather than on gorgeous effects and dazzling costumes. Unfortunately, it seldom achieved its intention. An atmosphere of "home made" hung over it, like "home made" pie in a dairy lunch. Disappointing in just that way. In spite of the aid of writers like S. Jay Kaufman, Joseph Santley, Dorothy Parker, George S. Kaufman, Marc Connelly, Robert E. Sherwood, of composers like Jay Velie, Victor Herbert, Arthur H. Samuels, of actors and dancers like Harry Fox, Julius Tannen, Gloria Foy, Rose Rolanda, and of Heywood Broun — in spite of all these talents it seemed amateurish. And was. It lacked the thing known as showmanship.

The Shuberts presented Mistinguett

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of the beautiful legs at the Winter Garden in a piece called "Innocent Eyes" that fairly reeked with expense and splendor. The not inconsiderable ability of this popular Parisian music hall artiste was almost smothered in dazzle and glitter and fine feathers. Only in the Apache number did her real quality emerge. In that brief episode she showed that she is more than a person who can prance and dance and wear six foot headdresses with ease and grace; she showed that she possesses a genuine dramatic gift, vital, stark, vibrant.

The Four Marx Brothers came out of vaudeville, appeared on the stage of the Casino in a musical piece titled "I'll Say She Is!" and created a sensation. Which only demonstrates how little we know of what happens at the Palace, a few blocks up Broadway. For the things which amused us in these four comedians were undoubtedly much the same things they have been doing in vaudeville these many years. The brother who plays the harp and says not a word the whole evening is vastly diverting. And more than that. He is a pantomimist of exceptional talent and resource. He has technique, versatility, and a humor that is quiet, subtle, and penetrating.

Quite the most entertaining of the uptown revues — and, strangely, it really is a revue — is "Keep Kool". There is in it a girl who closely resembles Beatrice Lillie in manner and method. Her songs and dances have caricature and even satire. Her name is Ina Williams. Ed Tierney and James Donnelly are dancers in the tradition of "The Wizard of Oz", which is the best acrobatic dancing tradition that our theatre knows. Their fast moving, slow progressing "Fifth Avenue Stride" is exciting. Charles King imitates George M. Cohan even when he is not trying to — and does it well. Then there is Helen Fables, quite the most jointless of the jointless ones. And again Ina Williams and Dick Keene in a charming number "The Daguerre Types". And Johnny Dooley, who has not nearly enough to do and could never have enough. For he is comic whatever material he has to work with. The revue has design and some wit; it is lively and exhilarating.

"The Grand Street Follies" has a great deal of wit. It requires not a little energy and courage to journey to the far reaches of Grand Street where the Neighborhood Playhouse hides among the quietnesses and quaintnesses of old Dutch New York. But a great reward awaits the intrepid ones who make the trip. "The Grand Street Follies" is gay, pungent, merry with youth and high spirits. The book and lyrics — by Agnes Morgan — might well serve as a textbook to revue writers. And the zest of the performance is unique. It is alive, vivid, young.

Miss Morgan burlesques impartially; she draws her material from the productions of her own group as well as from "uptown"; if her fun hits the critics of the Algonquin, the successful plays and personages of the Broadway theatre, it does not spare those of the Neighborhood Playhouse. And it is all done with a good humor that is captivating.

Helen Arthur as a sort of *commère*, president of the Super-Drama League and composite picture of all the gushing matrons who dabble in "art", Albert Carroll's telling and economical imitations of John Barrymore and Emily Stevens, Aline MacMahon's song in the manner of Gertrude Lawrence, are the star events of the evening; but the "Outward Bound" number, the Moscow Art Theatre number, and the

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Robert Edmond Jones-Arthur Hopkins-William Shakespeare scene are delicious travesty. It is foolish if not wicked to dissect a work as successful as this. There is only one thing to say: it is the happiest, the most incisive, the best humored, and altogether the most delightful show in town.

If you have any doubts, watch the paying guests. You will search long and far before you will find audiences entering so wholeheartedly into a performance and having such a good time doing it. They take part, which is the proper rôle for audiences, and quite spontaneously. No actors run up and down the aisles or are "planted" in the auditorium. That kind of strategy is not necessary. The urge to "enter into" the entertainment comes from the nature and the quality of the entertainment itself. Mr. Ziegfeld's "Follies" glorify the American girl, we are told; "The Grand Street Follies" glorify the American theatre.

And that is not an easy job in a season in which the American theatre is so persistently glorifying itself.

OUTSTANDING MOTION PICTURES

1. THE COVERED WAGON: *The best American picture, with humor, pathos, and a patriotic kick.*

2. THE THIEF OF BAGDAD: *Exquisite photography, delightful fantasy, and Douglas Fairbanks leaping from magic carpet to moon castle athletically as always.*

3. AMERICA: SERIES ONE — THE SACRIFICE: *High points in this film of Revolutionary days surpass "The Birth of a Nation" — a thrilling example of D. W. Griffith's abilities.*

4. DOROTHY VERNON OF HADDON HALL: *Mary Pickford as a hoyden again and Clare Eames magnificent as Queen Elizabeth.*

6. WANDERER OF THE WASTELAND: *An all color picture which has great dramatic value and high artistry of both acting and photography.* (*Reviewed below.*)

BEAUTY in the films does not always forgive dulness. Now I do not by that allude to "The Sea-Hawk", a motion picture version of Mr. Sabatini's tale of Moorish, Spanish, English ships and days; for frequently it is thrilling, and it has touches of expert characterization and drama. I suspect the great trouble with this picture is a poor scenario, one which gets under way too slowly, which depends too much on incident and not enough on characterization. Milton Sills, as "The Sea-Hawk", is truly magnificent. Wallace Beery gives comedy relief that is as good as anything of its kind I have seen. The scenic background is lovely; the ships, built at tremendous expense, are fascinating to behold; yet in my opinion the picture as a whole lacks vitality. It is a picture that you will want to see — the fight between the ships at night is superb. Mr. Sills, breaking from his post as galley slave and leaping through swords and smoke, is a shining, valiant figure of heroic muscle. The film is in every way so praiseworthy that it is a pity the story does not hold the most vivid incidents together in a tighter dramatic sequence.

Western pictures have always varied more in performance than almost any other type of film. They have been

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charmingly, if naively, melodramatic, they have been truly dramatic, they have been burlesque, they have been trash, they have been very fine indeed! I suspect that none of them, unless you call "The Covered Wagon" a western picture, has been quite so effective as Zane Grey's "Wanderer of the Wasteland". Here the director and his associates have taken Grey's yarn, reduced it to fundamentals of human passion and drama, and translated it in terms of color and emotion. Sands blowing across the desert become quite as dramatic as actors' faces in this picture, and blood flowing in a sluiceway strikes the eye with horror. Here again Wallace Beery does the best acting; yet Jack Holt is excellent as the wanderer, and Bessie Love on one occasion shows that even though a colored close up is ten times as trying as a black and white one, she can be as lovely a picture as one would wish.

Curiously enough, the fundamental plot of these two pictures is exactly the same — a man wrongly accused of murder and his wanderings, his return, his clearing, and the happy end of his love affair — yet how different they are! I suspect that after my tirade against silly pictures last month I should be even more enthusiastic than I have been concerning these two which are honest and effective efforts to present good screen drama. — *J. F.*

THE DRAMA SHELF

"Fata Morgana" by Ernest Vajda (Doubleday, Page). This cruel comedy of adolescence makes painful if interesting reading.

"The Potters" by J. P. McEvoy (Reilly, Lee). A fine American comedy well worth reading or seeing.

"Ayuli" by Laurence Binyon (Appleton). As good as most modern verse dramas.

"Saint Joan" by George Bernard Shaw (Brentano). Mr. Shaw's apologia for the Maid of Orleans.

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THE BOOKMAN'S GUIDE TO FICTION

THE BOOKMAN *will present each month tabloid reviews of a selected list of recent fiction. This section will include also the books most in demand according to the current reports in "Books of the Month", compiled by the R. R. Bowker Company, The Baker and Taylor Company's "Retail Bookseller", and* "THE BOOKMAN'S *Monthly Score". Such books as the editor especially recommends are marked with a star.*

SIEGE — Samuel Hopkins Adams — *Boni, Liveright.* A strange contrast to Madame Claire is Augusta Ruyland — an elderly lady of militant tendencies who does not get her own way.

THE SAVAGE — Mikhail Artzybasheff — *Boni, Liveright.* Illicit love and murder are the theme of this prewar tale that is as Russian as vodka and of the same fiery brutal strength.

* BLACK OXEN — Gertrude Atherton — *Boni, Liveright.* The popularity of this daring novel seems to be as lasting as the heroine's youthfulness.

THE GREAT HOUSE IN THE PARK — The author of "The House on Charles Street" — *Duffield.* The claimant for a title puzzles his way through intricate intrigues in a remarkable stage setting.

THE DIVINE LADY — E. Barrington — *Dodd, Mead.* A semi historical novel, with the beautiful Lady Hamilton and her romance with Lord Nelson charmingly told.

* THE GREEN BAY TREE — Louis Bromfield — *Stokes.* Brilliantly written story of a beautiful woman who lives her life in her own way, and presents to the world a Mona Lisa smile.

* THE INTERPRETER'S HOUSE — Struthers Burt — *Scribner.* In this novel are interpreted many of the moods of changing generations in New York society.

THE HOME-MAKER — Dorothy Canfield — *Harcourt, Brace.* How a home loving man and a woman with business ability make a go of it.

THE LUNATIC STILL AT LARGE — J. Storer Clouston — *Dutton.* The lovable, irresponsible hero once more gets into tight places and out of them, eluding his keeper.

AN ISLAND CHRONICLE — William Cummings — *Knopf.* A tragic idyl that most assuredly does not read like a beginner's work, though the jacket annoys us by saying it is.

THE MYSTERY OF THE THIRD PARROT — Marvin Dana — *McClurg.* A murder story with little mystery but plenty of amusement for the reader.

THE COAST OF FOLLY — Coningsby Dawson — *Cosmopolitan.* A lady leaves millions only to find her soul and get back her millions with it.

THE PIPERS OF THE MARKET PLACE — Richard Dehan — *Doran.* Good and bad in a family, like streaks of fat and lean in bacon, with virtue bringing home the bacon but being otherwise unrewarded.

THE BLACK HOOD — Thomas Dixon — *Appleton.* The death struggles of the original Ku Klux Klan and the romance of its chivalrous leader told in burning phrases.

PINK SUGAR — O. Douglas — *Doran.* Beside the bonnie window in Thrums with the green shutters flung back.

CATTLE — Winnifred Eaton (Onoto Watonna) — *Watt.* Live, melodramatic — so different from "A Japanese Nightingale".

* MADAME CLAIRE — Susan Ertz — *Appleton.* Wise old age watches and adjusts the sorrows and tribulations of youth. A tender and moving piece of work.

* SO BIG — Edna Ferber — *Doubleday, Page.* Miss Ferber has done her best work in this analysis of mother and son and what they demand of life.

* A MAN IN THE ZOO — David Garnett — *Knopf.* Another fantasy by the author of "Lady into Fox". (See page 730.)

DEEP MEADOWS — Margaret Rivers Larminie — *Putnam.* If you have all the time in the world to spare you will be interested in this very long novel concerning marriage and its ramifications.

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* HEIRS APPARENT — Philip Gibbs — *Doran.* The postwar generation of youngsters normal? Mr. Gibbs thinks so, in this excellent story of them and their problems.

THE CALL OF THE CANYON — Zane Grey — *Harper.* A lady of Fifth Avenue finds the west a lure not to be denied.

THE LONDON ADVENTURES OF MR. COLLIN — Frank Heller — *Crowell.* An engaging hero-crook — crook-hero, no, hero-crook — affords the reader plenty of entertainment through seven exciting tales of mystery and adventure.

RE-CREATIONS — Grace Livingston Hill — *Lippincott.* Wherein Cornelia, fresh from college, gives the family a housecleaning. Inevitably a best seller.

* THE COVERED WAGON — Emerson Hough — *Appleton.* This tale of pilgrimage across the Oregon Trail in 1848 still holds its own.

THE GOLDEN LADDER — Rupert Hughes — *Harper.* More vampish than the modern variety was Mme. Jumel whose brazen career makes fascinating reading.

* LUMMOX — Fannie Hurst — *Harper.* A moving study of Bertha the cook, to outward appearance a clod, yet wiser than the sophisticated ones whom she serves.

RECOMPENSE — Robert Keable — *Putnam.* What happens to Peter and Julie when they meet at the end of the war.

* THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE — Jens Anker Larsen — *Knopf.* The Danish prize novel, which delves into the realm of mysticism.

BROKEN BRIDGES — Madeline Linford — *Doran.* Shows the heroine standing with reluctant feet where the world and convent meet.

TONGUES OF FLAME — Peter Clark Macfarlane — *Cosmopolitan.* Concerning "Hellfire" Harrington who feared no man, a sufficient number of stalwarts to make the fight interesting, and female beauty white and Indian.

THE PLASTIC AGE — Percy Marks — *Century.* College is a dangerous place for a young man if he wants to keep out of danger — whether or not you like the book depends on your definition of danger.

THE EDUCATION OF ANTHONY DARE — Archibald Marshall — *Dodd, Mead.* The second volume of the trilogy that concerns the fortunes of Anthony Dare rambles without much purpose or spirit to a vague end.

TOLD BY AN IDIOT — Rose Macaulay — *Boni, Liveright.* Satirical, historical, human — this is a novel of wit, fire, and humanity.

HIGH FIRES — Marjorie Barkley McClure — *Little, Brown.* A timely romance concerned with religious conflict.

PANDORA LIFTS THE LID — Christopher Morley and Don Marquis — *Doran.* We are seven, say the heroines in this frivolity which starts with wholesale kidnaping and a yacht.

THE CALLAHANS AND THE MURPHYS — Kathleen Norris — *Doubleday, Page.* The life struggles, amusements, and tragedies of two Irish families shown with admirable power and understanding.

THE WRATH TO COME — E. Phillips Oppenheim — *Little, Brown.* The man who prophesied the world war prophesies again in a breathless story of future international intrigue.

IMPERTURBE — Elliot H. Paul — *Knopf.* Another youth suffers life's disillusionment in surroundings that have more color and reality than the principal actor.

THE BARBARIAN LOVER — Margaret Pedler — *Doran.* Woman as a civilizing influence before the time when her only resource is to feed the brute.

THE AVALANCHE — Ernest Poole — *Macmillan.* The young neurologist pursues his work for its own sake; his wife sees in it a chance for publicity and wealth. For those who look beyond the story Mr. Poole has much of interest to say concerning present day psychotherapy.

ATAVAR, A CRAIG KENNEDY NOVEL — Arthur B. Reeve — *Harper.* Natalie, the dream dancer, is even better in her field than the famous psychoanalytical detective in his.

SHADOWS THAT PASS — Otto Rung — *Appleton.* The deferred legacy has been worked so hard, we hesitate to acknowledge that this beautifully imaginative tale has a dead man's will for a theme.

ANDORRA — Isabelle Sandy — *Houghton Mifflin.* The eternal tragedy of the peasant, the struggle for the soil, brother against brother, is not a new thing; but with a fresh background the author makes it decidedly worthwhile.

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THE TEST OF DONALD NORTON — Robert E. Pinkerton — *Reilly, Lee.* This tale of the making of a man has for background the Hudson Bay Company.

BARDELYS THE MAGNIFICENT — Rafael Sabatini — *Houghton Mifflin.* The Marquis of Bardelys follows the usual course of Sabatini adventurers in Languedoc in the year of the rebellion.

MISTRESS WILDING — Rafael Sabatini — *Houghton Mifflin.* A wicked brother and a firm lover aid Ruth through the days of Monmouth's rebellion.

THE RICHEST MAN — Edward Shanks — *Knopf.* No milk and water romance, but a real thriller dealing with blackmail, murder, love, and war. If you enjoy good melodrama read it.

GRAY BEGINNING — Edward Shenton — *Penn.* A fantastic, slightly incoherent study of a young artist.

POLLYANNA OF THE ORANGE BLOSSOMS — Harriet Lummis Smith — *Page.* An ingenious continuation of the doings of the late Mrs. Porter's glad girl.

A CITY OUT OF THE SEA — Alfred Stanford — *Appleton.* The crass realism of the story forms an effective contrast to the beauty of the descriptive passages.

EMPTY HANDS — Arthur Stringer — *Bobbs-Merrill.* The wilds of Canada straighten out the difficulties of a couple suffering from oversophistication.

* THE MIDLANDER — Booth Tarkington — *Doubleday, Page.* A deft study of a midwesterner and the town which he makes his life work.

QUINNEY'S ADVENTURES — Horace Annesley Vachell — *Doran.* More adventures of the antique dealer who has been the author's most popular character.

DEEP IN THE HEARTS OF MEN — Mary E. Waller — *Little, Brown.* The creator of "The Woodcarver of 'Lympus" sets her tale of a man's spiritual regeneration in the mountains she knows so well.

THE DREAM — H. G. Wells — *Macmillan.* Mr. Wells dreams a little while writing this curious combination of satire and love story.

CAPTAINS ALL — Albert Richard Wetjen — *Knopf.* Did the blurb read, "The best sea stories of 1924", it would not be far wrong.

* OLD NEW YORK — Edith Wharton — *Appleton.* Four charming stories, each representing a decade from the Forties to the Seventies.

* THE ABLE MCLAUGHLINS — Margaret Wilson — *Harper.* This narrative of Scotch community life in the middle west in the middle of the last century has won two prizes and seems a trifle overrated.

* LEAVE IT TO PSMITH — P. G. Wodehouse — *Doran.* The hero, abandoning the fish industry, impersonates a poet, letting nothing him dismay, not even the heroine's attitude.

AGAINST THE TIDE — John Wycliffe — *Dodd, Mead.* An altruistic Napoleon of business proves that honesty is the best policy.

ANCIENT FIRES — I. A. R. Wylie — *Dutton.* An exquisite love story set in a modern background that smacks nevertheless of witchcraft and mediævalism and strange, sinister powers.

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THE EDITOR RECOMMENDS—

BOOKS THAT MAY HAVE ESCAPED YOU

1. *"Through the Wheat" by Thomas Boyd (Scribner). The best realistic picture of the war, from an American who knew it.*

2. *"Wild Cherry" by Lizette Woodworth Reese (Norman, Remington). Charming lyrics from the woman who wrote "Tears".*

3. *"The Puppet Master" by Robert Nathan (McBride). Light fantasy of love and disillusionment.*

4. *"Letters and Religion" by John Jay Chapman (Atlantic). Gives us the depth of a rich and varied search for beauty.*

5. *"Stephen Crane" by Thomas Beer (Knopf). One of the most unusual and illuminating of American biographies.*

The Rights of Women and Saints

PERHAPS I had almost forgotten how stimulating a writer G. B. S. is. Whatever the reason, when I picked up his preface to "Saint Joan" (Brentano) I passed a couple of hours filled with even more enjoyment and thrill than I experienced at the play. Again the entire march of civilization is meat for Mr. Shaw's axes, hooks, and choppers. He hacks and hews! He pricks and tears! It was inevitable since the days of "Man and Superman" that Mr. Shaw should write a play about Joan; obviously, she would be his ideal—she and Queen Elizabeth and, possibly, Great Catherine. I suspect he likes dominating women. I suspect Shaw and the Maid of Orleans would have got on famously. There were no frills and furbelows about Joan, according to Shaw. She would have made a jolly good companion; and she would never have been coy. We need quote only one paragraph to show exactly why it is that he likes her. She is not like other women—

> We may accept and admire Joan, then, as a sane and shrewd country girl of extraordinary strength of mind and hardihood of body. Everything she did was thoroughly calculated; and though the process was so rapid that she was hardly conscious of it, and ascribed it all to her voices, she was a woman of policy and not of blind impulse. In war she was as much a realist as Napoleon: she had his eye for artillery and his knowledge of what it could do. She did not expect besieged cities to fall Jerichowise at the sound of her trumpet, but, like Wellington, adapted her methods of attack to the peculiarities of the defence; and she anticipated the Napoleonic calculation that if you only hold on long enough the other fellow will give in: for example, her final triumph at Orleans was achieved after her commander Dunois had sounded the retreat at the end of a day's fighting without a decision. She was never for a moment what so many romancers and playwrights have pretended: a romantic young lady. She was a thorough daughter of the soil in her peasantlike matter-of-factness and doggedness, and her acceptance of great lords and kings and prelates as such without idolatry or snobbery, seeing at a glance how much they were individually good for.

As usual Mr. Shaw flings insults at his critics and his audiences, and as usual he can do it with grace because his play is successful both in New York and London. In part, he says:

> Thus from the stalls and in the Press an atmosphere of hypocrisy spreads. Nobody says straight out that genuine drama is a tedious nuisance, and that to ask people to endure more than two hours of it (with two long intervals of relief) is an intolerable imposition. Nobody says "I hate classical

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tragedy and comedy as I hate sermons and symphonies; but I like police news and divorce news and any kind of dancing or decoration that has an aphrodisiac effect on me or on my wife or husband. And whatever superior people may pretend, I cannot associate pleasure with any sort of intellectual activity; and I don't believe anyone else can either." Such things are not said; yet nine-tenths of what is offered as criticism of the drama in the metropolitan Press of Europe and America is nothing but a muddled paraphrase of it. If it does not mean that, it means nothing.

Mr. Garnett and His Pets

DAVID GARNETT can be said not only to have repeated his success of "Lady into Fox" but to have surpassed it. "A Man in the Zoo" (Knopf) is at times bitter to the point of nauseation, yet, for the casual reader, as light and as blythe as a ride through the country on a bicycle (before the days of motor cars). I do not know that there is much more to be said of the curious love story of John Cromartie and Josephine Lackett. I suspect many will find elaborate interpretations for this fantastic comedy. I prefer to take it quite simply. A lady compares a man to a monkey—so he has himself shown at the Zoo. It is quite logical. The results are both delightful and horrible. The implied sexual significance is negligible. Few people who read the book will bother their heads about it. Personally, I hope Mr. Garnett will abandon the animal kingdom for his next effort—but he has found it splendid inspiration twice, at least.

The Literary Scene

FOR a text book on contemporary American literature and for delightful reading, Percy H. Boynton's "Some Contemporary Americans" (Univ. of Chicago) takes first place immediately, in my opinion, among books available on that subject. It covers a wide field ably and sanely, and with amazing brevity. Mr. Boynton has crammed an unbelievable amount of information into this work—biographies, bibliographies, and an index. He not only discusses specific people such as Willa Cather, Edith Wharton, Booth Tarkington, etc., but he considers biography, drama, the short story, criticism. You will find many minor points over which to quarrel with Mr. Boynton; but do not let this fact warp your vision of his excellent background and viewpoint. He is aware of what's going on. He knows all sides of the picture, or rather, appreciates them, with a little more tolerance than Mr. Van Doren. Perhaps that is because, residing in the midway of America, he can look east and west and not be dazzled at the same time by the intellectual gaudiness of his own town.

The Sea in Poetry and Ballad

THE reprint of Masefield's "A Sailor's Garland" (Macmillan) makes one of the very best of anthologies again available. In his introductory essay the English poet writes:

I have said that one of the joys the sea gives is the joy of unrest. This joy has been expressed in poetry during the last three generations, so perfectly that I have no need to indicate particular names. The glory and the beauty of the water have been hymned in glorious and lovely verse. I wish to express my gratitude to those living poets who have allowed me to quote their poems in that section of this anthology which treats of the beauty and wonder of the sea. I am confident that when the poetry of our time is reckoned up it will be said that one of its chief triumphs is that it has proclaimed the majesty and glory of the dominion of water.

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And so, we are grateful to him for bringing together these great, nobly moving poems, and for writing so many verses himself, which he quite naturally does not here include. In some ways the most interesting part of the book is that devoted to a discussion of and a reprinting of "Chanties". I have never heard sailor men singing a chanty at their work. It must be impressive both as sight and sound, and the songs themselves are simple, naive, with a curious beauty of their own. It is from Walt Whitman's "Song for All Seas, All Ships" that one is tempted to quote here:

To-day a rude brief recitative,
Of ships sailing the seas, each with its special flag or ship-signal,
Of unnamed heroes in the ships—of waves spreading and spreading afar as the eye can reach,
Of dashing spray, and the winds piping and blowing,
And out of these a chant for the sailors of all nations,
Fitful, like a surge.

Of sea-captains young or old, and the mates, and of all intrepid sailors,
Of the few, very choice, taciturn, whom fate can never surprise nor death dismay,
Pick'd sparingly without noise by thee old ocean, chosen by thee,
Thou sea that pickest and cullest the race in time, and unitest nations,
Suckled by thee, old husky nurse, embodying thee,
Indomitable, untamed as thee.

To turn from this to "Ballads of a Beachcomber" (Holt) is rather terrifying. There was a certain quality about the jingles in Randolph H. Atkin's "The Spell of the Tropics" that recommended them, but there seems very little excuse for the addled sentiments and poorly expressed thoughts of this later book.

Far, far better verse there is in "Anchors Aweigh" (Norman, Remington), collected verses written by midshipmen of the United States navy. If sentiment sometimes overshadows beauty, it is not to be wondered; but we can know now that our navy has its bards.

—*J. F.*

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THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

EMILY DICKINSON'S BIOGRAPHY

Reviewed by Stephen Vincent Benét

"IF fame belonged to me, I could not escape her; if she did not, the longest day would pass me on the chase and the approbation of my dog would forsake me then", wrote Emily Dickinson some sixty years ago when her constant epistolary friend, Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson, twitted her mildly with a suppressed desire "to publish"; and the mingled pride and restraint of that reply betray the unflinching quality of her mind. She would not pursue one inch, and, during her lifetime, she published only as a tree publishes — leaves scattered among her friends to endure or crumble into nothing as the humor of weather might have it. But for all that, she has not been able to escape the trumpet. The wreath that would have been a little too notorious for her preference when she lived, she has now — the seldom given — and after much misunderstanding and a deal of fable, the lamp of her immortality burns with a sure light. Time cannot diminish, but only makes more apparent, what she had and did not claim. She may never be a universally popular poet — her thought has burrs for the lazy — but she will always be a great one; and the fact that she might have been among the finest prose writers of her time is definitely revealed in this biography.

The noteworthy external facts of her life are few, and their chronicling has been made even more difficult by the burning of her more intimate letters, at her request. Yet her biographer succeeds in giving a portrait of her fa firmer and more vivid than portrait which the historians of many more noisy existences have achieved. Born December 11, 1830, in the first brick house to be built in Amherst, of a family American for nine generations, her heredity was New England to the Puritan marrow of its bones. Her grandfather, Samuel Fowler Dickinson, a solemn, charming, religious and educational fanatic, who is delightfully pictured in white beaver hat and new greatcoat, departing from home in a yellow gig "to see about getting a charter for something they propose to call Amherst College", predicted the coming of the millennium in "the near future of about seven years" and constantly besought his family "never to forget the hereafter" — an injunction his granddaughter obeyed with unique precision. Her father, so deeply loved that she said of him, "If Father is asleep on the lounge the house is full", was haughty, austere, shy, gentle, terse New England. The only self indulgence recorded of him is the statement, "I always intend to have the best horse in town" — which he did — and his letters to the wife who feared and loved him in true Old Testament fashion were always stiffly signed "yr. most ob't servant". The New England of those elder Dickinsons, that indurate, wintry soil yet capable of such surprising Aprils, has passed or is already passing museumward — the temper is

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out of the steel — and we shall not have an Emily Dickinson again, for her peculiar genius could have been rooted in no other world. Lace shawls and India shawls — gold banded china, and mahogany claw footed and pine-apple cut — the hard, unrelenting pews of the white meeting house at Hadley — a dowry brought by a yoke of brindle oxen — the fear of a God too mercilessly just for ease, and the reticent hardy flowers of a New England spring — these made her what she was, and the life they represented has altered beyond recovery.

"Home is the definition of God", she writes; and from that home her excursions were few — though until the one great shock of her life came about she was never the baffled recluse that some have pictured. She grew up "a natural, silly, happy girl" with quick wit, an instinctive devotion to nature, and a delight in music — but by no means a prodigy. If some time was devoted to herbariums and practising "The Grave of Bonaparte" and "The Lancer's Quickstep", she was also employed in the "prickly task" of housekeeping and bread making; and her attendance at the South Hadley Female Seminary (an institution where "those foolish notes called Valentines" were strictly forbidden and the development of suitable mates for missionaries to the heathen was strongly stressed) was marked with at least one spectacular instance of normal insurrection. When she returned to Amherst after her schooldays, she took an intense interest in all the mild social diversions permitted the youth of the time.

In that age of merino and sprigged muslins, the College Commencement and the Annual Cattle Show were the two great fêtes of the year, and both were enjoyed impartially by Emily, with innocent zest. Staid parties that ended at ten o'clock, where timorous flirtations were conducted upon horse-hair sofas, while some lady or gentleman "obliged" with that popular melody "Are We Almost There Said the Dying Girl" — candy scrapes and blindman's buff in the President's house — lectures and protracted meetings — no cards or dancing ever — and on Sundays church, church, church. But she was content and happy.

Then her father was elected to Congress and took his family to Washington for the winter, when she was twenty three. There came her first mingling with a larger world that she astonished with her wit — her first experience of an undreamed of south. She must have made a charming picture among the primly pompous elegances of the Washington of the Fifties, with her white skin, sherry colored eyes, hair "bold as a chestnut burr", and keen, rapid laughter. And then what she had always half feared, half wondered about, happened to her — and she fell in love, irretrievably as lastingly.

The script is hardly legible here, but we know of the renunciation. With her upbringing, under the particular circumstances, anything but renunciation would have been impossible. And when she renounced once, she renounced forever.

"Sue come! That man is here — Father and Mother are away and I am afraid Emily will go away with him!" But he went away instead — died later, half across the world from her — and she stayed in that home which had been to her the definition of God. She kept a picture on the wall of her room and once she asked a good friend to name her new son by his name. "That was all, for the visible score", but from then on her imperceptible withdrawal from the world grew only more definite with the passage of days.

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She had alleviations, it is true — though not of the irreparable. Her immediate family — her sister-in-law, "Sister Sue", to whom alone she really showed the self that was her poetry — that sister's children, dearly loved — books, "Ruskin, Sir Thomas Browne and the Revelations" — flowers — friends by presence or correspondence, many notable in their day — most of all, perhaps, the endless chain of notes that passed between her house and Sister Sue's — notes in which so many of her poems are embedded. But the poems she showed only to a few others, and the one friendly attempt at publication brought such apparent distress to her that it was not repeated.

Her gradual self seclusion deprived her neither of her sense of humor nor her capacity for love. "You ask of my companions. Hills, sir, and the sundown, and a dog as large as myself that my father bought me. They are better than beings because they know but do not tell; and the noise in the pool at noon excels my piano." There you have her attitude. As for news — in spite of an interest in the affairs of the world much greater than has been supposed, it grew increasingly more true that

> The only news I know
> Is bulletins all day
> From immortality.

Her soul increasingly looked deeper into the crystal. The tall pale snowstorms stalked outside the house in the deep winter, and in the deep summer the twilight she loved came as always, touching Amherst with his yellow glove; but even those things came slowly to be of less importance beside the immense, invisible events of the spirit. She never became a visionary, but she lived and died a mystic — and the circle of physical life narrowed about her as it grew less meaning, till at last only a few things remained. After her father's death she never left the house except to water her flowers on the porch at twilight. On May 16, 1886, she died and was carried on a bier of pine boughs covered with a pall of blue sand violets to the cemetery where the bodies of her mother and father lay. So little travel was there for such a far voyager.

Her biographer says, "She had the soul of a monk of the Middle Ages bound up in the flesh of Puritan descent", and her poems sometimes remind us in their tremendous omissions and their huge brevity of those monkish illuminations where all terrifying Hell is painted within two inches and the whole Host of Heaven itself can be covered with a coin. And as she could shrink a world to the compass of a gem, so any event was large enough for her to make a world of it — as may be witnessed in the extraordinary account of the burning of Stebbin's barn (pages 320–321 of the "Life and Letters"), a description of a totally unimportant fire which reminds one of Stephen Crane at his best describing the Last Judgment. And as native and out of key with the American prose of her age as Crane's work was native and out of key with his, is her note upon "sugar-pears with hips like hams and the flesh of bonbons". But the only attempt to induce her to write prose deliberately failed — though no one who reads her letters here can fail to be sorry that it so happened.

Her dealings with religion were characteristic, and are most interestingly discussed. The minatory, fire eyed God of the white meeting house was never hers. She loved God, but she had her own opinion of him, too. No one who had not could have remarked, as she did, "'Give me thine

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heart' is too peremptory a courtship for earth, however irresistible in heaven"; or "Do you think we shall see God? Think of Abraham strolling with him in genial promenade." Her letters and conversation were salted with the Bible — but she was very nearly the only person since certain of the saints to treat the Bible and its characters with a certain spontaneous directness that would have delighted St. Francis of Assisi as wholly as it would have desolated Cotton Mather. Like most fine poets, she had a tenderness for the devil. She remarks of him in one letter, "We read in a tremendous Book about 'an enemy' and armed a confidential fort to scatter him away. The time has passed, and years have come, and yet not any 'Satan'. I think he must be making war upon some other nation."

So we come to the letters, and the desire to quote overmuch. The unique and characteristic transitions from such a passage as, "Friday I tasted life. It was a vast morsel. A circus passed the house — still I feel the red in my mind though the drums are out", to, a little later, "Vinnie is deeply affected by the death of her dappled cat, though I convince her it is immortal, which assists her some", are a constant temptation. But it is better to point at the book — and the books of the poems — and have done. Too much reviewing consists of warming over in little what should be tasted in the whole — and I am quite conscious that I have fallen into that error already.

It only remains to be said that Martha Dickinson Bianchi has accomplished a very necessary and difficult task with reticent excellence. For those who are interested in American poetry, or indeed in the best of poetry at all, the "Life and Letters" should be an indispensable book — and not only for them alone. The internal history of an extraordinary soul is there — and souls come somewhat infrequently, even in our times. And there is an epitaph for that soul there, which, to my mind, is hard to surpass in its vein: "The small heart cannot break. The ecstasy of its penalty solaces the large."

The Life and Letters of Emily Dickinson. By Martha Dickinson Bianchi. Houghton Mifflin Co.

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A SHELF OF RECENT BOOKS

CARLYLE REDIVIVUS

By Gerald Hewes Carson

THOMAS CARLYLE has not been fortunate in his posthumous fame. He did not win popular recognition until middle age was upon him. And immediately after his death he was dismissed without a character by his unfortunate biographer, J. A. Froude, as a selfish egotist who ruined the life of his brilliant wife and spent the remainder of his days in "agonizing remorse" for his monstrous callousness.

Thus there arose a great legend of conjugal infelicity. It has lived because "Sartor Resartus", "Heroes and Hero Worship", and "The French Revolution" have lived too — and because of that natural taste in people for scandal in high places which is so effectively nourished by our daily journalism.

However, Froude's work is less known to our generation than to his own, and steady accretions to the Carlyle bibliography are slowly restoring the picture of the personal life of the Carlyles to its true proportions. Of this character is "Jane Welsh Carlyle: Letters to Her Family, 1839–1863", edited by Leonard Huxley. The 165 letters in this volume bring the total published correspondence of Mrs. Carlyle to something like 766 letters, truly the performance of an inquiring and indefatigable mind. Taken at any point, they have a quick, dashing descriptive power, and a vividness of characterization which an eternity cannot impair. They are not "literary"; their chief instrument of punctuation is the dash; they were not intended for posterity. But they have preserved forever in lively and effective contrast the simple Spartan material existence of the establishment at 5 Cheyne Row, and the intellectual brilliance of the circle which had its centre there.

The present letters, with two exceptions, are addressed to Mrs. Carlyle's cousins, Helen and Jeanne Welsh, and have reached the public through the hands of the latter's daughter, Miss Chrystal. Mr. Huxley has briefly "placed" each letter, when necessary, with explanatory remarks.

The glimpses of the great ones of the Victorian era are charmingly intimate. "Darwin and Mazzini met here the other day and the three of us sat with our feet on the fender." And again:

> I . . . had made up my mind for a nice long quiet evening of *looking into the fire*, when I heard a carriage drive up, and men's voices asking questions, and then the carriage was sent away! . . . [It proved to be] Alfred Tennyson of all people. . . . Alfred is dreadfully embarrassed with women alone — for he entertains at one and the same moment a feeling of almost adoration for them and an ineffable contempt! . . . The only chance of my getting any right good of him was to make him forget my womanness — so I did just as Carlyle would have done, had he been there; got out *pipes* and *tobacco* — and *brandy and water* — with a deluge of *tea* over and above. — The effect of these accessories was miraculous — he *professed* to be *ashamed* of polluting my room, . . . but he smoked on all the same — for *three* mortal hours! — talking like an angel — only exactly as if he were talking with a clever *man* — which — being a thing I am not used to — men always *adapting* their conversation to what they *take to be* a woman's taste — strained me to a terrible pitch of intellectuality.

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A note on the trials of being the wife of a literary genius occurs while Carlyle was in the throes of his "Cromwell" (1845).

> Carlyle is now got about as deep in the *Hell* of his Cromwell as he is likely to get — there is a certain point of irritability, and gloom which when attained I say to myself "now soul take thy ease — such ease as thou canst get — for nothing worse can well be!" Desperation in that case induces a sort of content. Still I wish the Spring would make haste and favour my getting out of doors — for the (moral) atmosphere within doors is far too *sulphury* and *brimstoneish*.

It was about a year later than this that the Carlyles entered upon their saddest days. Mrs. Carlyle, always a nervous, high strung woman, succumbed to a neurasthenic condition which did not leave her for ten years. Excessive indulgence in "blue pills", tea, morphia, and cigarettes engendered an unhappy, irritable, hypersensitive state of mind, or rather, state of emotion. Carlyle's frank delight in the friendship of Lady Harriet Ashburton aroused Mrs. Carlyle to a venomous pitch of jealousy. She was sure, without the slightest basis for the idea, that the affair was ever tending toward a sinister and disastrous outcome.

The patience, sympathy, and forbearance which Carlyle extended his wife through these trying years must surely atone for the demands he made upon her for new wall paper, intelligent servant maids, and surcease from the pianoforte next door. Therefore the note of querulous reproach with which Mrs. Carlyle often touches upon him in these letters must be discounted as part of her "mental dyspepsia". But throughout her emotional derangement she retained her intellectual vivacity. Her shrewd, incisive comment still runs the gamut of her daily contacts, and she still accords every animate being, human or dumb, the ready sympathy of the childless woman. These qualities of mind and character shine forth from Jane Welsh Carlyle even in her darkest years. Today her new series of letters serve to remind us of the divine and inexplicable dualism of human nature, and its "admirable riches".

Jane Welsh Carlyle: Letters to Her Family, 1839–1863. Edited by Leonard Huxley, LL.D. Doubleday, Page and Co.

BOOKS FOR PARENTS

By Eva v. B. Hansl

THERE are monthly lists of fiction and spring crops of poetry, but books on education and the kindred subjects of child training may still be listed by the year, in a more leisurely fashion, thank Heaven. The rapidity of their publication is increasing, however, and the time may not be far distant when these, too, will have to be reviewed week by week if the public is not to be inundated and remain uninformed! What is the cause of this cumulative increase in books of this sort? Is it because, as Angelo Patri has said, this is the first generation of parents who are asking questions (the earlier ones *knew* how to bring up their children and did it, mostly by hand and not by head!), or because the doctors, the psychologists, and other research workers are finding out so many new things about children that must now be told?

It would be as impossible to pick out the "best" of the new books in this category or to compare their relative merits as to add plums and pears in an arithmetic example. They are all concerned with the care and cultivation of children, but the special concern of one is their food; another, their morals; a third, the early unfolding of intelli-

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gence; another, schooling; and so on. The one book which tries to cover most of the many varying phases of child training is "The Child: His Nature and His Needs", published by the Children's Foundation of Valparaiso, Indiana, and edited by M. V. O'Shea, professor of education at the University of Wisconsin.

It is a weighty volume, both as to avoirdupois and contents. Its aim is to give those who deal with children (mothers, teachers, social workers, and so on) a survey of present day knowledge concerning the child which doctors, biologists, psychologists, chemists, and others have been accumulating in this century of the child. The study has been compiled as the first contribution of this new Foundation because its trustees have reason to believe that "those who have been charged with the care and culture of the young have not been in close touch with those who have been busy in the study of childhood and youth. The investigator and the practitioner have not been walking side by side; in fact, they have had little or no communication with one another."

There are three parts to this book — the first deals with our present knowledge of child nature; the second with our knowledge of what constitutes the child's well being; and the third with the changing methods of education. Five of the six chapters which make up this last section, Dr. O'Shea has himself written; the sixth is by the Hon. John J. Tigert, commissioner of education. The other two parts are made up of contributions by various authorities in their respective fields. To list these contributors is to show why the book may safely be regarded as authoritative and as essentially correct, to date. There is, for instance, Dr. Bird T. Baldwin, director of the Iowa Child Welfare Research Station, writing the opening chapters on "Bridging the Gap between Our Knowledge of Child Nature and the Training of Children" and Dr. Mary T. Whitley, head of the department of child psychology at Teachers College, Columbia University, contributing the next two chapters on the instincts and needs of childhood. They are followed by Dr. Walter F. Dearborn, head of the Psycho-Educational Clinic of the Graduate School of Education at Harvard; Dr. Henry Neumann, one of the leaders of the Ethical Culture Society, who writes about the moral equipment and development of the child; Dean Frederick Bolton of the College of Education at Washington University; Dr. E. A. Kirkpatrick, whose "Fundamentals of Child Study" is known to all child study groups of the last decade in the country; H. H. Goddard, known among other things for his study of the Kallikak family made when he was at the Vineland School for the Feeble Minded; Dr. William R. P. Emerson, "the Father of the Nutrition Classes"; Dr. William A. White, whose excellent book on "The Mental Hygiene of Childhood" is doubtless known to many readers of THE BOOKMAN; Dr. C.-E. A. Winslow, professor of public health at the Yale Medical School, who has done perhaps more than any one other person for the public health and sanitation of our American cities; Dr. William A. Healy, pioneer in the United States in establishing psychological clinics in connection with juvenile courts; Dr. Arnold Gesell, who established the Yale Psycho-Clinic in 1911 and last year wrote that comprehensive survey of "The Pre-School Child" and its needs; Dr. Leta S. Hollingworth, who has made so many original and most interesting studies of exceptional children; and Dr. Winfield Scott Hall, professor emeritus in the Northwestern University Medical School.

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It is, as you see, a most comprehensive piece of work. Add to this the fact that it may be had for the light sum of one dollar and you will agree that no home can afford to be without it. Since it is evidently the intention of the editors and trustees that the book shall go into every home and raise the level of parental intelligence, they are especially to be congratulated upon reducing the vocabulary to the lowest common denominator — always a difficult achievement among scientists whose laboratory terms become the very A B C of their existence. This book avoids, also, the pitfall of compilations in that it is not guilty of overlapping in subject matter nor repetitious; in other words, it is well edited. A full bibliography for each chapter and a complete index add great value to the work as a book of reference for the parent-student. According to the introduction by Lewis E. Myers, the Founder, the 1925 Year Book will "deal comprehensively with the problems arising out of the changing economic and social conditions as they affect the well-being of childhood and youth in the American home". The book is profusely and entertainingly illustrated with photographs of real children.

What is undoubtedly the most comprehensive study of the psychology of the little child is the "Psychology of Early Childhood" by William Stern, translated from the third revised German edition by Anna Barwell. Not since Herr Wilhelm Preyer made his famous studies into "the Soul of the Child" at the beginning of the nineteenth century and Dr. John B. Watson cut off his thrilling and profitable studies of the behavior of infants to take up a career in advertising, have we had even an attempt at a really thorough study of the developing intelligence and personality of man in his infancy. Like Rasmussen, the Danish psychologist, Dr. Stern has used his own children for purposes of study and has been most intelligently aided and abetted in this by his wife, Clara Stern, who kept remarkably full diaries of the things her children did and said that showed signs of mental growth.

Since I am no psychologist, I cannot review the book critically. I can only record that I have found it fascinating reading, and warn all prospective readers that, before they have finished it, if they haven't a "child-under-six" in the house they will feel impelled to procure one at all costs in order to find out if what Herr Stern says is true! The subjects he takes up are: the equipment of the newborn child, the development of his powers, his method of gaining experiences, his emotions in his first year (Mr. Briggs might find his answer here the next time he wonders "what an infant thinks about"!), the development of speech, of memory and fantasy. One chapter is given up to detailed observations of children looking at pictures, concluding with valuable educational hints; another to the child's natural play; and yet another to his enjoyment and his creative activity. The book concludes with observations concerning "thought, intelligence, effort, emotion, will and the various forms and directions of endeavor".

Another overwhelming but not so pleasant contribution to the pyschology of childhood is Oskar Pfister's "Love in Children and its Aberrations", translated, also from the German, by Eden and Cedar Paul. He begins, this "Pastor in Zurich", by surveying the attitudes of various nations and religious systems toward love, and ends up with a very frank and Freudian discussion of abnormalities in the expression of the love instinct in children of

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today. His purpose is "to open my readers' eyes to the aching spiritual needs of childhood which are largely misunderstood by contemporary educationists and are, therefore, in many instances, wrongly handled". This is not a book for the parent-beginner in psychology; much prerequisite study of normal behavior is required for the digestion of so many abnormalities! "Education", claims the author, "cannot be complete unless we deal, also, with the world of consciousness behind the scenes and beneath the floorings of the stage!"

But you know the effect of getting behind the scenes — you never see the play as a whole again; it has become a mass of details in make up, papier mâché, and other theatricalities. We must see the child as a whole. To take too long a look at any one phase of him mars our vision. Symptom hunting, like a little knowledge in abnormal psychology, is a most dangerous thing in bringing up children.

A sharp contrast to Pfister's book, albeit the theme is similar, is Benjamin Gruenberg's "Parents and Sex Education". The contrast lies in its size and in its sanity and wholesomeness! This, the first volume of a series prepared under the direction of the American Social Hygiene Association, deals with the child under school age. "Heaven forbid!" you may say. "Must we think of sex education even with the toddler and the runabout?" So it would seem. But the education which Dr. Gruenberg advises is not so much a matter of information as to biological facts as of the shaping of attitudes on the part of the child toward his own body, toward members of his own and the opposite sex, toward dirtiness of word or act. And these things he learns best from Mother, his confidante, and from the general tone of the household and the part that Father plays, as well as from everybody's relation to everybody else. "In order to take advantage of the fact that instruction is easiest during the earlier years, in order to furnish the child the satisfactions of a legitimate curiosity which cannot safely be ignored, and, in order to keep open the channel of confidence and communication between parents and child, guidance should begin with the earliest years." But, even if your child is over six, it's not too late to make a start. Here is an indispensable little book, chock full of common and uncommon sense.

The Child: His Nature and His Needs. Edited by M. V. O'Shea. The Children's Foundation, Valparaiso, Indiana.

Psychology of Early Childhood up to the Sixth Year of Age. By William Stern. Supplemented by Extracts from the Unpublished Diaries of Clara Stern. Translated by Anna Barwell. Henry Holt and Co.

Love in Children and its Aberrations. By Oskar Pfister. Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. Dodd, Mead and Co.

Parents and Sex Education, Volume I. By Benjamin Gruenberg. The American Social Hygiene Association, New York City.

BURYING POETS

By John Donelson

THE fate that poets most encounter in life is not fully made up for by the glories that attend their memories. Fortunately, in spite of academic strictures, their verses cannot be completely mummified; but their lives, alas! are often rendered so dull as to defy revivification by the weighty pens of the dons. Take Byron and Shelley, the spirits whose manners and morals, according to all ordinary standards, were execrable, yet whose lives were full of freshness and color. Biographers explain this fact and that, excuse and whitewash, cavil and quarrel,

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until both of them have become more legendary, and terrifying in that legendry, than they are real. From this mass of material must, of course, stand out the remarkable "Ariel" of André Maurois. It will be ranked as one of the novels of the year, no doubt; in spite of the fact that it is biography. It is deft and sympathetic. Maurois paints his hero with subtly ironic strokes and yet somehow makes his baffling whimsicalities, often so tragic in their consequences, lovable. The one flaw in the book, to me, is its almost total ignoring of the actual moods of creation. Must no part of the life of a poet—particularly one such as Shelley—be given to the swift passion of inspired creation? However, perhaps M. Maurois, in striving to be eminently human, avoided the eerie qualities of the poet by overstressing the passions of the man. "Ariel" should be a best seller for years to come. It is already appearing on the lists of volumes in demand at the bookstores.

The only other books of all those concerning these two bards—most of them of Byron, apropos of the centenary of his death—that have the saving touch of humanity mixed with good writing are "Byron: The Last Journey" by Harold Nicolson and "The Political Career of Lord Byron" by Dora Neill Raymond. Mr. Nicolson paints a fascinating portrait of Byron's last days in Italy and Greece. The figure, somewhat pathetic, emerges boldly from these pages. The book is well planned and well written. Miss Raymond is only slightly less successful in a larger field. I resent her attempt to ease over the Byronic lapses of character; but hers is a volume well worth owning.

"Byron and Greece" by Harold Spender is dull, but contains excellent material. "Shelley and the Unromantics" by Olwen Ward Campbell justifies its title. Mr. Campbell both in style and in approach is overromantic. Samuel C. Chew's "Byron in England" is a dignified, scholarly, and worthwhile book; but a book for the scholarly mind. "Poems of Lord Byron", selected and arranged in chronological order with a preface by H. J. C. Grierson, is a splendidly printed and convenient work.

There is one moral which readers may draw from the biographies of poets through the ages. Poets do not treat women well according to accepted social standards; in fact they are, in the main, antisocial in more than this one particular. Yet we must have poets, and they occasionally do fine, daring things that stand out and go down in history as well as in the history of literature. Byron, Milton, Rupert Brooke—who shall say that poets do not make politicians, heroes, and soldiers? Any woman who marries a poet must in this enlightened age do so with wide open eyes, and with a knowledge of her probable fate. Nevertheless, I think we might fittingly close this review with, "God pity poets' wives", and add with apologies, "and their mistresses."

Ariel: The Life of Shelley. By André Maurois. Translated by Ella D'Arcy. D. Appleton and Co.

Byron: The Last Journey, April 1823–April 1824. By Harold Nicolson. Houghton Mifflin Co.

The Political Career of Lord Byron. By Dora Neill Raymond, Ph.D. Henry Holt and Co.

Byron and Greece. By Harold Spender. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Shelley and the Unromantics. By Olwen Ward Campbell. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Byron in England: His Fame and After-Fame. By Samuel C. Chew. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Poems of Lord Byron. Selected and arranged in chronological order with a preface by H. J. C. Grierson, Litt.D. D. Appleton and Co.

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PAINLESS ESSAYS

By Richardson Wright

AN essay used to be considered a still life study, with definite limits — as definite as the frame of a picture; a conscious and exacting work with the author laboring preciously over his words the way a lapidary labors over his gems. Thanks to Christopher Morley (whose mind is almost as broad as his girth) these strait and narrow limitations have been burst asunder. According to his selection in this second anthology, an essay is anything that pleases his fancy and that lies outside the strict category of fiction and poetry. It may be what was once called a "character sketch", such as Edmund Lester Pearson's "The Cary Girls" or Alec Woollcott's moving and spirited recollection of "Madame Cocaud"; it may be a political summary, such as Raymond B. Fosdick's "Mussolini and the League of Nations" (although we have our doubts about the advisability of this selection); it may be a quickly moving picture with a fictional kick at the end, such as Edward Townsend Booth's "The Fountain of Youth" and Arthur G. Staples's "The Smell of a Brush Fire" (a delightful causerie!); it may be a fine piece of reporting, such as Lawrence Perry's "The Elwell Case", or a vaudeville act in swagger and slang, such as Sherwood Anderson's "Ohio: I'll Say We've Done Well"; or, again, it may be merely the crystallization of a mood, such as Alice Meynell's "Rejection".

Here and there the selection becomes a bit turgid, but the papers are so arranged that the turn of a few pages brings you to something brighter. Nor can it be said of this selection, as was said of the first, that Mr. Morley was preparing a literary Disarmament Conference between England and America; of the thirty one authors, seventeen are Americans, thirteen British, and one Canadian.

In making such a varied and catholic selection Mr. Morley has smashed an idol into smithereens: he has confounded those sage and orthodox gentlemen to whom an essay must be Lambesque or no essay at all. And I'm not so certain but Charlie Lamb is chuckling in his shroud at this evolution of the essay idea — the way some of the saints must chuckle when they're made saints. For this widening of the essay limits has done a great work — it has made the essay acceptable to a larger range of people and intellects; it has lifted it out of the precious class and put it among the utilities; it has removed it from the stuffy and silent atmosphere of the library to the free air, clatter, and vibrant circumstance of the newspaper office, the street, the average walk of people who are just slightly above the average. In short, a selection such as this has made the essay palatable to many tastes, and, consequently, many people are tasting and enjoying essays. To make his selections even more palatable the editor has prefaced each essay with a Morleyistic biographical note.

What Mr. Morley has begun, Mr. Pence has carried to a still further degree. In his selection there are more authors who fall into the category of humorists. Beerbohm, Belloc, Bob Benchley, Heywood Broun, Chesterton, Oliver Herford, Bob Holliday, Burges Johnson, E. V. Lucas, Don Marquis, A. A. Milne — these might be classed among the playboys of the essay world. And yet even in this selection Mr. Pence is flirting with the Lambesque clique; he is laboring under the necessity for whimsicality. Heretofore whimsicality was considered the

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faculty and gift solely of learned men (such as Frank Moore Colby who writes on "The Pleasures of Anxiety") or of critics (such as Robert Lynd whose "A Defense of Superstition" is selected). It was the rare smile of men who rarely smiled. Whimsicality was the careless and intimate toying with serious matters by men and women who were so close to those matters that they dared toy with them — like acolytes playing jokes during mass. Many of the essays in this volume fall into that class; others laugh right out loud in the sanctuary. In fact, there are so many laughs and whimsicalities in this selection that it might be called "The Joke Book of Essays". Even Will Beebe's "Jungle Night" has its whimsicalities, and Charles S. Brooks's "In Praise of a Lawn Mower".

The editor's apologia for his choice is set down in the preface, wherein he explains (Mr. Pence, by the way, is professor of rhetoric and English composition in De Pauw University) that the light essay appeals to students. Therein he, too, is doing a great work. Feed freshmen on Belloc, Benchley, and Broun, and when they shall have attained their sophomore year they can pass on to the delights of Don Marquis, Lucas, and Milne. After that they will have become accustomed to essays and will never, in after life, be essayshy. Learned magazines such as "The Atlantic Monthly", "Scribner's", and "The Yale Review" should endow Mr. Pence and his confrères; they are training a new generation of potential essay readers.

Modern Essays (Second Series). Selected by Christopher Morley. Harcourt, Brace and Co.

Essays by Present-Day Writers. Edited by Raymond Woodbury Pence. The Macmillan Co.

IN A MEDICI GARDEN

By Cyril Hume

TOO many evil things have happened here
For happiness ever to run again
Along these garden paths untouched of fear
Like a swift child with wonder in his brain,
Like a young girl in that triumphant year
When love came down upon her like spring rain.
These tortuous footways bring the heart too near
Upon the cypress-shaded pools of pain.

Oh Tuscan sun, shine on your olive trees!
I would not break one twig to wreathe a crown,
For I have looked with hidden eyes on these
Tossing their youthful tresses up and down,
And known them well for vampires that have sprung
Out of unhallowed graves, perversely young.

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RECENT BOOKS IN BRIEF REVIEW

WHEN the Poincaré government fell, one of New York's leading newspapers prefaced its editorial comment with an apology. Its readers had been given no inkling of the impending event and explanations were due. As far as Americans knew, Poincaré and his policies had been overcoming all opposition. Something of the actual state of affairs may be understood from Sisley Huddleston's "Poincaré" (Little, Brown). Writing as early as March, 1924, he foresaw the doom of the Poincaré Ruhr policy, and envisioned its culmination in the resignation of Millerand. The author is the Paris correspondent of the New York "Times". His foresight is sufficient indication of his acuteness as a student of political affairs. Moreover, he is a student of character. The book is an interesting contribution to the generally stodgy field of political biography.

Psychoanalysis can explain anything, say the Freudians — our daily behavior, mistakes in spelling, crime, love, hate, and all the emotions. Just at present there is a tendency to apply it to the life and achievements of great men, showing why they did thus and so. In "Psychoanalysis and Æsthetics" (Dodd, Mead) Charles Baudouin has applied the method to the life and works of Emile Verhaeren. He has shown to his own satisfaction, at least, how the Belgian poet passed through the various stages in the development of his libido, how he was first an introvert, then an extrovert, and finally struck the accepted balance between the two tendencies. The translation, by Eden and Cedar Paul, is especially good, but the fact that it is French poetry to which the psychoanalytic method is applied furnishes an added difficulty to the English reader. Even without that he would find M. Baudouin's speculative flights somewhat giddy.

The "Last Essays" (Scribner) of Maurice Hewlett round out a full life as gracefully as the inevitable final lines of some great poem. There is here "nothing for tears, or knocking of the breast". With a kind of Olympian simplicity, tinged with delightful prescient mischief, Mr. Hewlett contemplates the horizons of men and books, as a god might look at his world. And in no other book of his, it seems to us, is literature unrolled so widely like a map before the eyes, the strongholds of time and place marked with the peculiar personalia of a sympathetic critic of life and the written word. This is the ultimate pinnacle of sophistication: when artifice and sentimentality alike are cast aside, and men's hearts alone speak to the reader in their writings. We found nothing in the book quite so delightful or brilliant as the essay called "Art and Heart", a colloquial comparison of Flaubert and Georges Sand, though the sparkling chapter on "Endings" would make excellent copybook reading for the young writer. To Hewlett, the past has ever been a living glory, but not all ancient things are precious, we find. Of such vulgarian fare as "Gammer Gurton's Needle" he has amusing and penetrating things to say. "Merrie England", after all, was not so merrie

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as some present day restorers of the Elizabethan age would have us believe. It is not surprising, on the other hand, that he should smack his lips over sly morsels of Gallic wit, and we are grateful that he has brought certain little known but altogether charming perpetrators of this wit to life.

In this day of high individualism it is next to impossible to do some one thing that has not already been done dishearteningly well before. Such being the case, Elie Faure's "History of Art" (Harper), translated by Walter Pach, represents very nice achievement indeed. In the last volume of the series, "Modern Art", M. Faure brings to a close an excellent treatise on the arts through their adolescent as well as more mature stages. Art as Faure sees it is a growth with the trend of civilization — occasionally branching out into divers channels but in the end seeping back to the great torrent itself. The Dutch artists of the Reformation, the Romanticists and Realists, and the hundred and one schools of compromise and undaunted theory, form the backbone for Faure's final volume. It is admirably illustrated — with the illustrations so arranged as to afford a pictorial plan of development.

Even if the text were poorly written, "Pearls and Savages" by Frank Hurley (Putnam) would still be a noteworthy book, for the illustrations are excellent. Rarely, indeed, have we seen such marvelous photographs: each one has atmosphere and is a very accurate pictorial record of some phase of savage life. In addition the text is readable and at times exciting. No account of an exploration into the wilds of New Guinea could fail to be that. Captain Hurley is to be congratulated for drawing attention to the districts from which certain implements, tools, headdresses and so forth come. Ethnologists will appreciate that. But, again from the viewpoint of an ethnologist, the book fails in that it is a record of observation instead of investigation. For our part, we do wish the author had not referred to trousers as "unmentionables".

A tranquil and benign book is Anatole France's "The Latin Genius" (Dodd, Mead). Little in it suggests the mocking iconoclast who wrote "Thaïs" and "Penguin Island". One might well expect in a volume of literary biographies from such a hand to find the lives of Villon, Rabelais, Hugo, Voltaire, Rousseau — possibly Corneille for the Classicists — the rebels and the fighters. True, one does read here of Scarron and the more modern if less known Albert Glatigny — but they are not typical. Here is a discussion of "Daphnis and Chloe", the Queen of Navarre, Molière, Racine. But strangest of all one finds a series of authors — men who lived through the years preceding and following the French Revolution — men who wrote singularly unaffected by this great movement — Le Sage, the Abbé Prévost, Saint-Pierre, Châteaubriand, Constant, Sainte-Beuve. The biographies are not scintillatingly brilliant; they are cynical occasionally, gently and indulgently cynical. Wordsworth wrote of this era: "Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive." Anatole France views the period in the haze of an afternoon — the beautiful afternoon of happy old age.

In his "Howells, James, Bryant, and Other Essays" (Macmillan) William Lyon Phelps makes it a baker's dozen (at least) of critical tomes on various literatures. This lovable pedagogue

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is a follower of both Howells and Lowell, respectively, in his yeoman service toward the popularization of Russian particularly, and all sorts of literatures generally. It is not surprising therefore to find him at or near his best in the two of his seven critical chats devoted to these great American pioneers of suavity and catholicity. On the other hand, Whitman and Thoreau, even Lowell and Bryant, suffer here from a failure to touch minds and hearts with what is most towering, sprightly, deep delving, painful, and ecstatic in them. Imagine: "I do not believe that Whitman was a greater poet than Tennyson"! The solemn quotation as good gospel of exquisite little R. L. S. pecking away at the inexhaustible inwards of unexquisite (and super exquisite) old Walt! Professor Phelps, despite such sophomoric lapses, however, has seldom been heartier, more worthwhile as the almost ideal popularizer of things literary. Yet even here one still clasps hands far too seldom with any new grasp of things, thoughts, and theories.

All honor to the enthusiast who can say of his project: "Tried thrice in three places, it has been rejected in two and crippled in the third. *It can still be done!*" Such is Thomas Mott Osborne, who in "Prisons and Common Sense" (Lippincott) reiterates his advocacy of the Mutual Welfare League. His is a convincing argument for the League as an aid to prison discipline — as a method of prison reform. That the League has any but the faintest relationship to social justice must seem ridiculous in the week this is written — during which a tawdry "bobbed haired" bandit goes to jail for ten years, and a swindler of millions gains liberty after three months of technical imprisonment.

The Studio has just published a book on "Old Naval Prints" with sumptuous plates in color and in monochrome. A brief outline of the history of the more famous engravings and mezzotints of sea battles is written by Commander Charles N. Robinson, R.N. In a volume so richly made up, one feels it a pity that there is not more text relating to the romantic tales of the thrilling seventeenth and eighteenth century men of war and their gallant commanders. In other words, the personal interest is lacking; but as a record for the print collector and the naval enthusiast, this book has great value.

"The Basis of Social Theory" by Albert G. A. Balz, with the collaboration of William S. A. Pott (Knopf), sponsors the proposition that "the control of human affairs — the possibility of genuine Progress, if Progress at all be real — depends upon the attainment of a more adequate body of social science, and that the first condition of this attainment is the development of a more adequate science of human nature". In accordance with this view, the authors seek to show the relationship between social psychology and psychology in general and to indicate the road to the development of a more thorough understanding of the human mind and consequently to a deeper insight into the fundamental social forces. The book, although speculative, is well reasoned, sponsors a definite point of view, and makes an undoubted contribution to social theory.

It is the cumulative toll of small human pain that makes war so terrible. Lest we forget this, Lord Dunsany's prose sketches of devastated France have been brought together in a little book called "Unhappy Far-Off Things" (Putnam). In a style that is finely

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etched and self contained we are reminded that sweet meadows have been turned into waste places pitted with ugly holes, great numbers of peasants left with nothing more than a heap of stones for a house, and cathedrals that have weathered the centuries, gutted and maimed by war. Without rancor or undue emphasis on horrors, the author has picked out some of the strange contrasts and bitter verities that follow in the track of disaster. Pictorially the "innumerable separate sorrows" of Albert, Bapaume, and Arras are appealing; framed in the Dunsany remoteness and unearthly quality, they form a mystic gallery of vignetted desolation.

The Right Honorable Herbert Henry Asquith in his "Sketches and Studies" (Doran) reminds us of Bacon's remark that "Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested." Surely this new volume, for which we are indebted to the distinguished ex-premier, can be placed in the first category. Composed of fifteen ill assorted articles and public addresses on topics ranging from an account of the Last Crusade to a criticism of Spender's Life of Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, it is certain to produce a violent attack of literary indigestion unless one now and then samples an independent chapter after having fortified the system with something more substantial. Mr. Asquith discourses readily enough, and with the erudition generally accredited English statesmen, on the art of Tacitus and Fanny Burney's friendship with Dr. Johnson; but the subjects can no better be mixed than can the varieties of style required by a commencement address at Eton and a paper before the London School of Economics.

Distinctive as an example of the eclectic school of history is "The Old Soak's History of the World" (Doubleday, Page). Combining at once the plan of documentary research with the older method of Herodotus (that of traveling over the scenes of the events chronicled), Mr. Clem Hawley, whose observations are recorded by Don Marquis, has uncovered much that is highly original. It is the social (not to say the convivial) aspect of the past which engages Mr. Hawley's attention. "What people want to find out about the history of the world is mostly how people acted . . . and what they et and drunk", he declares at the outset. This postulate determines the character of the volume, much as Admiral Mahan's naval experiences decided the character of his historical works. Possibly the critical may object to a certain bias — such as appears in the chapters on Sampson and the Phillipines and on Ceeser, Umpire of Roam. To them, and to those captious ones who may find the execution of the work inferior to its conception, we quote one of the author's noblest sentiments: "One of the moral lessons I am going to bring in to my histry of the world is the lesson you orter live and let live."

"To try and suffer and try and perish. . . . We love and kill and go on . . . . Inertia goes on and routine presses till one is out of the world." "The Taking of Helen" (Macmillan) by John Masefield, first issued here in October, 1923, indeed is well worth this second of what should become many editions. Not so much, though, may be said for "Fox-hunting", "Play-writing", and "Letters" — which pad 100 pages to 170, in tribute to the poet's own "Renard the Fox", the tragedies of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, and Niagara Falls. As

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very often with him, Masefield seems to have allowed his publishers to enlarge his royalties a little, and publishers' profits a lot, with junk (the proper word here; not slang). The shame is vastly heightened here because in his title prose narrative this perhaps noblest of living poets adds to the freshness of sentiment of, say, the narratives of Sir Gawayne and the Green Knight and of Apollonius of Tyre, a new poet's old certainty that we eventually, all of us, are destined to "stand on a sea-beach and see the planets rising, and talk folly" — unchanged soldiers here in this best of all possible worlds which, despite all, we'd not have otherwise.

"There is no frigate like a book", said Emily Dickinson, and there has seldom been launched a book bearing more precious literary cargo than the group of travel poems collected under the title "The Magic Carpet" (Houghton Mifflin). The compiler, Mrs. Waldo Richards, has chosen a variety of verse from many authors that gleams with the diverse colors of a dozen lands. Here we found such familiar selections as Masefield's "Sea Fever" and "Cargoes", Edna St. Vincent Millay's "To the Not Impossible Him" and "Travel", as well as a number of little known folk ballads and translations of songs from the Welsh, French, and Scandinavian. Of the more than three hundred and fifty poems in the book, only a handful are guilty of mediocrity, and these the compiler has included because they are definitely reminiscent of the mood of a foreign place. From Michael Drayton and Thomas Campbell through Browning, Tennyson, and Byron to poets of our own day, the little volume covers a wide range of time and space, fills the reader with a warm enveloping sense of strange peoples and places, and brings back echoes of quaint European customs and folk longings. If it is true that all who read travel, then we concur with the compiler when she calls this collection "Poems for Travellers".

Somewhere in one of those writings of Macaulay which are fed to college students, is a demonstration that an intelligent and rational person is quite capable of holding two mutually inconsistent beliefs. No doubt Ludwig Lewisohn would object to use of his "The Creative Life" (Boni, Liveright) as a case in point. Yet this volume of criticism is largely devoted to reconciling conflicting opinions on life and literature and developing a consistent philosophy from them. There is a Freudian aspect to such procedure, but it may be more profitable to turn to the Einsteinian. In these days of relativity a critic who is at once a radical and a classicist may easily find a common factor for his incommensurables. And of course, he may make a book about it. The content of this one is composed of numerous essays, largely contributed to "The Nation", and welded to a more or less homogeneous whole. In quantity these writings make less easy reading than one who has read them piecemeal would expect. Despite the pleasant cadence of Mr. Lewisohn's style there is a monotonous swing to his periods that distracts the reader's attention from the subject matter.

The artistic and architectural marvels of ancient Athens and of Rome, of Egypt and of Persia, of Mycenæ and of Malta, of Byzantium and of Burma, are picturesquely described in the third volume of "Wonders of the Past", edited by J. A. Hammerton (Putnam).

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This book, which covers substantially the same field as the previous two members of the series, maintains the high standard of the other two; and, like the other two, is more interesting for its wealth of splendid illustrations than for the somewhat meagre text. A particularly engaging chapter is devoted to the artistic achievements of the old Stone Age; and other delightful chapters are concerned with the mysterious images of Easter Island and with the resurrected ships of the Vikings.

To the student of Tolstoi very little that is new is offered by Charles Baudouin in "Tolstoi: the Teacher" (Dutton). Tolstoi loved life and hated dogma; loved art, religion, and science because they were ways to enjoy life and hated dogmatic art, religion, and science because they were merely escapes from life. He sought a system of education that should be as flexible, as free from dogma as life itself; he found that through suggestion and hypnosis moral principles are forced upon children whether the teacher will or no. The fact that he had ceased to doubt and was becoming dogmatic about religious principles himself made Tolstoi give up his aim and confine himself to giving advice on how to teach morality.

Those who have enjoyed the thrill of seeing the sergeant-at-arms quell a turbulent Senate by bringing in the mace with all majesty, will approach "Forty Years in Washington" (Little, Brown) with due respect. David S. Barry, onetime page, was also correspondent in Washington for the New York "Sun", receiving his training under Charles A. Dana. His record of men and events, covering the administrations from Hayes to Harding, is by no means written in newspaper vein, being in fact more critical than witty, more historical than clever. The presidents, and Blaine, Tilden, Hanna, Thurman, Pinchot, Bryan and others fill the book to overflowing; but a work of this kind is incomplete without glimpses of other statesmen and lobbyists following claims and riding hobbies nationally important. The dusky Queen of Hawaii, the flannel clad Clemens, the dignified Senator from Georgia, A. O. Bacon, the silver tongued Daniel of Virginia, Dr. Harvey Wiley, to say nothing of Dr. Mary Walker and others equally picturesque, are conspicuous by their absence. These memoirs seem more valuable than some mirrors, and it is hoped that the sins of omission will be blotted out by the publication of a second volume.

In these hurried, progressive days when the modern world is too, too much with us, a book such as Christopher Columbus's "Journal of His First Voyage to America" (A. and C. Boni) comes not only as a decided relief, but as somewhat of a revolution in our conception of the scheme of things. How many of us actually realize that in 1492 our flourishing continent was a mystery as dark and uncomprehended as are the geographical peculiarities of Mars today? Of course we all learned about Columbus in our schoolbooks; but the real surge and thunder of that splendid Italian Odyssey is quite lost in fifth grade paraphrases. Beneath the simple and lucid prose of a ship's log lie the fear and uncertainty and wonder that gripped the hearts of those forgotten adventurers. Christopher, "The Admiral", must rally the flagging spirits of his crew with deceptions and promises, with high hopes that he himself so often felt to be vain and fruitless. Then there was the land that turned out to be a cloud, and the many signs of land that were lying messengers.

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And with the final discovery came the crowning disappointment — this was not the fabulous Indies, not the desired empire of the Great Chan! To those who "know all about Columbus" this Journal will bring a true knowledge and a real understanding of that tiny expedition that unearthed a New World — yet had the supreme audacity to be dissatisfied.

When that vast and august body, vaguely known as "lay readers" or the "general public", finally bestirs itself to applaud genius, it often singles out for praise the artist's most adventitious and unimportant qualities. One hears of the "philosophy" of Montaigne and Dr. Johnson; the "style" of Theodore Dreiser. Edgar Allan Poe, that much misapprehended genius, was long ago appreciated and esteemed in France and England as a great thinker and a penetrating critic. His countrymen seem to have concentrated their attention on Poe the thriller, and Poe the resigned rhapsodist of death. In Sherwin Cody's "Poe — Man, Poet, and Creative Thinker" (Boni, Liveright) will be found the greater part of Poe's most valuable critical work together with such of his shorter poems as represent the poet at his best. Here also is included his "Eureka", in which poet, philosopher, and scientist link arms in the quest of a solution to certain baffling cosmic mysteries. Mr. Cody has added a brief but excellent biographical study and some provocative pages on the position of Poe in the literature of the twentieth century.

Gene Markey's newest book of caricatures is "Men About Town" (Covici-McGee) — the town alluded to in the title being Chicago. To readers not familiar with "men about" that particular city, the collection is not so interesting as was its predecessor, "Literary Lights". The drawings on the whole do not seem to be up to Markey's best average. There are of course exceptions, among them the delightful caricature of Frederick Stock wielding his baton and an amusing sketch of Lorado Taft clasping his hands in delight as he beholds "his vision of Chicago, the City Beautiful".

One's first impression of "The Boyhood of Edward MacDowell" (Stokes), by Abbie Farwell Brown, is that it is written far too prettily, too sweetly. It is necessary to keep ignoring this fact in order to get at the actual material, which is most interesting and is handled with much sympathy and charm. There is a short account of MacDowell as professor of music to some children in a mediæval *Schloss*, which is full of color and unusually amusing; an earlier one of him drawing excellent likenesses of his own tutors, and of places and people seen on his first European trip. There is a simple and most impressive account of his burial. The illustrations are unusually good. The difficulty lies in an effort to give a fairy tale quality to the book, so as to convey something of the imagination and beauty expressed in MacDowell's music. This is certainly an excellent idea, but it loses by overemphasis.

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THE BOOKMAN'S MONTHLY SCORE

Compiled by Frank Parker Stockbridge, Life Member of the American Library Association, in Cooperation with the Public Libraries of America

That the movies have developed a new reading public in America is hardly to be denied. The rise to big circulation figures of nobody knows how many new magazines — fifty or more — whose contents appeal to a mental type which has heretofore been overlooked by periodical publishers since the days of the "Family Story Paper", is one of the manifestations of this phenomenon. The editors and publishers of these periodicals frankly declare them to be aimed at the class which, before the movie came, had nothing to stimulate its imagination and did not even know that people read stories for pleasure. With the motion picture as its prime stimulus this great group of Americans is turning to fiction as it had already turned to Fords; and as every Ford sold makes a potential customer, some day, for a Cadillac or a Rolls-Royce, so every reader of the movie fan type is a potential reader, some day, of the Buicks and Packards of literature. All of which is suggested by the return to the Monthly Score in June of "The Covered Wagon". Here is an instance of another kind of the close relationship between the movies and literature. Nobody will deny, I suppose, that "The Covered Wagon" is literature. Everybody who saw the film made from the book has agreed that it was a rarely faithful reproduction in pictures of the spirit, atmosphere, and action of Mr. Hough's work. The "first run" of this film ended in the big cities last spring. Now it is being shown in the small towns and the neighborhood theatres all over the country, and one of the first results of this is a renewed demand for the book from which the picture was drawn. — F. P. S.

FICTION

1.	So Big	*Edna Ferber*	DOUBLEDAY
2.	The Able McLaughlins	*Margaret Wilson*	HARPER
3.	The Call of the Canyon	*Zane Grey*	HARPER
4.	The Covered Wagon	*Emerson Hough*	APPLETON
5.	Black Oxen	*Gertrude Atherton*	LIVERIGHT
6.	Told by an Idiot	*Rose Macaulay*	LIVERIGHT
7.	The Plastic Age	*Percy Marks*	CENTURY
8.	The Interpreter's House	*Struthers Burt*	SCRIBNER
9.	Lummox	*Fannie Hurst*	HARPER
10.	The Midlander	*Booth Tarkington*	DOUBLEDAY

GENERAL

1.	Life of Christ	*Giovanni Papini*	HARCOURT
2.	My Garden of Memory	*Kate Douglas Wiggin*	HOUGHTON
3.	Life and Letters of Walter H. Page	*Burton J. Hendrick*	DOUBLEDAY
4.	Etiquette	*Emily Post*	FUNK & WAGNALLS
5.	The Dance of Life	*Havelock Ellis*	HOUGHTON
6.	The Mind in the Making	*James Harvey Robinson*	HARPER
7.	The Outline of History	*H. G. Wells*	MACMILLAN
8.	The Americanization of Edward Bok	*Edward Bok*	SCRIBNER
9.	Galápagos: World's End	*William Beebe*	PUTNAM
10.	From Immigrant to Inventor	*Michael Pupin*	SCRIBNER

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FOREIGN NOTES AND COMMENT

Life at Home and Abroad

REAL life means home life and is synonymous with troublous activity. Assigned this morning as guard pro tem over Erik, who began his career ten months ago, I straightway wandered afar off: I began to wonder how I could best arrange this paper. Erik slipped underneath the pabulum shelf of his high chair and fell simultaneously on his feet and face. The impact motivated an exclamation from him that resembled in no way a Virgilian *Evoe;* from me it elicited an apology.

So far so good, but this matutinal scene was of no assistance to me in what remains the serious side of my day's duties; for I still do not see how I can do these seven good translations and true complete justice. If it were possible to devote my full allotment of space to Horace, something of value might be said regarding the teaching of Latin in this country; for the space Horace consumes in our school and college courses is the sublimest anomaly we champion. As it is I cannot do much more than list these seven works in the order in which they were written, with a note here by way of orientation, a comment there by way of appreciation, and a reminder all through that the time is just ahead when we monolingual Americans will be reading from all tongues.

In the beginning was Horace. I take down my college edition, with its preface by Thomas Chase, written "By the Oaks" at Providence, Rhode Island, in 1892, and turn to those three odes which, I feel, should be on the mind of any man honorably discharged after four years of campus service: "Vides ut alta" (I:9), "Integer vitae" (I:22), and "O fons Bandusiae" (III:13). I try to see how much is left in Mr. Zerega's version. It is all there. He has done a neat piece of work in balancing probabilities; he has given us a Horace that is a delight to know. Is there a teacher, from high school to university, who is so pedantic and poor in spirit that he would forbid his students the use of this translation? If so, go mark him with shame, for that should be his grade.

Great as our debt may be to the translator under any circumstances, it is never so great as when he places at our easy disposal some rare treasure that has thus far lain concealed under the rubbish of time or the debris of indifference. This is the case with that sturdy Welshman, Walter Map, born about 1140 and dead about 1210. We have long known that he was a man of the world, a scholar, a traveler, and first and foremost an author. Indeed his most popular piece of writing, "Dissuasion from Matrimony", was so splendidly done that critics assigned it to the classical authors of Rome a thousand years before Master Map's day. But this great — great because valuable — body of writing lay long in manuscript form in the Bodleian Library where it constituted one of the many treasures of that singularly rich depository of things spiritual. In 1914, M. R. James brought out a first edition of the manuscript. And now two professors of the University of Vermont have done the Master's *chef-d'œuvre* into English, and dedicated it

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to Sir Israel Gollancz, "scholar and friend of scholars". It is a glorious tribute that New England has paid to Old England, a credit of extraordinary significance to the type of work that is done, occasionally, in the colleges of this country, and a source of sound enjoyment to all who love to read quaint wisdom from the days that are gone.

From the point of view of scholarship, it is a pleasure to state that if more perfect it would be less perfect. For the work, as it stands, contains everything in the way of explanatory notes that the erudite can reasonably demand or the general reader hope to employ and enjoy. As to the contents of the work, the reader must turn to the book itself. Its ninety odd chapters deal with a variety of subjects ranging from hell and the court to the deaths of kings, the lives of statesmen, the doings of heretics, and every conceivable episode that might have made up English life in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. I personally enjoyed very much the chapter on King Cnut of Denmark, "a man true in threats and false in promises", on the character of the Welsh, the capture of Jerusalem by Saladin, and that quite spirited chapter entitled "The Advice of Valerius to Ruffinus the Philosopher not to Marry". If there be an optimist who fancies that Xantippe was unique, or a jester who affects to know that the mother-in-law joke is moribund, let him ponder well and wisely on this bit of Mapsian philosophy. The man who reads it will understand his Chaucer better. And it sounds as though Samuel Pepys might have read it. The physical make up of this book of 363 large pages is superb.

Our knowledge of Turkey, despite the incidents of the world war, the appeals of ecumenical conferences, cigarettes, and the recently capitalized Angora, is extremely limited. With the Turk the sword is mightier than the pen, and we visualize him as a terrible fellow in baggy trousers, managing some unethical institution in Constantinople, or eating Christian babies after a Timurlange or a Jenghiz Khan has run the parents through and through with exquisitely cruel daggers. There is, however, another Turk, the Turk of the book of tales before us, the Turk who was awarded the title of "Khoja" and deserved it, especially since "Khoja" means not much more than "Professor". Abdul Hamid forbade the distribution of his tales on the ground that they might weaken respect for the authorities. It is an old procedure. Our ability to read these tales in 1924 in good English — the English is that of a Britisher who has spent many years in foreign service — is a new cause for hope. Indeed it is not too much to say that the stories, brief, spicy, and numerous, stand up quite well in comparison with the anthologies of rube jokes now being brought out with promiscuous ubiquity for the benefit of Rotarians, and others.

Some of the narratives are a bit aged: "Putting the Baby to Sleep." Some have a French-like cleverness: "The Innkeeper's Bill." Some sound German: "The Khoja's Tact in Managing His Wives." Some are universal: "Damages for the Loss of a Cow." And some — such as the story of the man who ordered his architect to put the floor of his new house on the ceiling and the ceiling on the floor, since he was soon to marry and everything would be upside down — are good enough for any land or people. This is a droll yet informative book. Surprisingly, there is no mention of the fact, except on the flimsy jacket, that the many amusing illustrations are by Tony Sarg.

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It rejoices the heart of a mendicant reviewer to handle a book that costs $20. And the sole reason why this Chinese volume can be had for relatively so little is that it was made in Shanghai (China, not West Virginia). The binding of the immense volume — it is larger than the New York telephone directory though it can be read through in less than two hours — is lovely. The quadruple paper is lovelier still and much lighter than the overworked feather. The Chinese writing shows that this "unsuccessful politician" was at least a graduated copybook penman. The full page drawings remind of Whistler and recall Blake. The poems exhort the sons of men to flee from the noise of supposed progress, sit down on the edge of the ever babbling, never ceasing brook, and meditate. This can hardly be called a novel doctrine. It is in truth a very old one. (See Omar Khayyam or Wordsworth.) But Wordsworth never did this kind of thing better, though, like Goethe in "Ueber allen Gipfeln", he did add a goodly measure of solid rumination. The Chinese poet seems, on the contrary, to eschew thinking even while meditating. It can be done. To repeat, this is a book of unrelieved beauty and loveliness. It is a slight pity Mrs. Kerby felt constrained to say as much so often.

Regarding the next volume on the list, superlatives are in order. Platen (1796–1835) was the greatest sonneteer Germany ever produced, not excluding Goethe, Heine, or Rückert. He was the greatest, for a sonnet must be technically flawless and Platen's are. And Mr. Cooke's translations are as flawless as any I have ever read. It is to be regretted — as the world now sees it — that he felt duty bound to introduce his own sonnet by way of showing that he was with the colors during the war and that he cannot on this account be accused of pro-German sentiment. This is too much.

There is space for but one reference. In 1824, Platen wrote his unexcelled sonnet on Venice the first verse of which reads:

Venedig liegt nur noch im Land der Träume.

That is a beautiful verse. Mr. Cooke could not overcome its beauty, nor could any other translator, due to the fact that the verse must begin with Venice, and no human being can do with "Venice" what a German can do with "*Venedig*". Mr. Cooke's effort is swingless:

Venice still lies in dreamland, casting here.

But even so, anyone who wishes nearly a hundred really good sonnets, to say nothing of a generous and yet discriminating essay on the Platen sonnet, need seek no further: here it is.

Superlatives are also in order with regard to Manzoni's "The Betrothed" (1827), for if there be a greater novel in the entire range of Italian literature, I am quite eager to state that I do not know what it is. "I Promessi Sposi" may have caused, in the course of time, some aches in the heads of schoolboys who learned to read "Italian prose" from the edited, abridged edition. But now that we have an adequate translation of the unabridged work, pangs will be felt in the hearts of readers who admire variety, novelty, and verisimilitude in the depiction of characters, and who are not opposed to a simple and vivacious style. The story is simple from first to last. On page 8 we are told that the parish priest, Don Abbondio, contemplates marrying Renzo Tramaglino and Lucia Mondella on the morrow. There are 666 pages in the novel, and this theme, this thought, this motif is kept before us without

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artificial means or affected psychology until we reach page 660, where "the bride and groom marched in triumphant security to Don Abbondio's own church, where they were made one by Don Abbondio's own words". How much, apart from the plague, happened in the intervening 652 pages, may be left to the reader's imagination. All that we need to know about Alessandro Manzoni (1785–1873) is told by the translator in his sensible and illuminating introduction.

Manzoni's is a tale of betrothal; of a hero and a heroine whom we know as man and wife for only a few hours, or reading minutes, at the very close. Herman Robbers, on the other hand, relates the fortunes of a whole family: of Jan Croes the Amsterdam publisher who married Emma Telders and lived to see his union blessed by six children — four sons and two daughters. Augustine, according to Master Walter Map, was wont to say, "I am in time, and I speak of time, and yet I know not what time is." Jan Croes might have been the author of this remark. For the novel of which he is the hero begins with a strike among the pressmen and compositors that gives him many a burly hour, and closes with the annual New Year's party to which his son Theo does not come, owing to the fact that he married the maid of his father's household, became a father a few weeks later, turned Socialist, and in this way brought unctuous humiliation to the Croes family, a family as proud as the Buddenbrooks of Thomas Mann.

The oysters are being accounted for, the champagne drunk, the clock moves more and more closely to midnight, December 31, the guns are fired, the whistles blow — and still Theo and Anna refuse to close up the lacuna in the family circle. The story ends on a note of real tragedy, tragedy that would have been even more real had the drama of the preceding 325 pages been a trifle more drastic. It is a good tale well told, however, just as it is without one plea, a credit to Holland and a lesson to America. For of all the "revolutions" through which the commencement orator informs us we are going, none is so *aktuell* as the one that is taking place in the American foyer: though there is more life in this country than ever, there is less home than ever.

Each of these books, new to us, emphasizes this point. One of them speaks of the superiority of old copper to new gold. That is it. American literature just now has an abundance of new gold; an abundance of clever writing, epigrammatic thinking, and thrilling adventure. Of the old beaten copper there is a dearth; there is a dearth of the kind of thoughts thought in the first six of the books before us, and a plethora of what takes place in the seventh and last.

ALLEN W. PORTERFIELD

Odes of Horace. Rendered into English Prose by Richard A. Zerega. Nicholas L. Brown.

Master Walter Map's Book. De Nugis Curialium (Courtiers' Trifles). Englished by Frederick Tupper and Marbury Bladen Ogle. The Macmillan Co.

The Khoja. Tales of Nasr-Ed-Din. Translated from the Turkish text by Henry D. Barnham. With a Foreword by Sir Valentine Chirol. D. Appleton and Co.

An Old Chinese Garden, A Three-fold Masterpiece of Poetry, Calligraphy and Painting. By Wen Chen Ming. Studies written by Kate Kerby. Translations by Mo Zung Chung. Orientalia.

The Sonnets of Karl August Georg Max Graf von Platen-Hallermünde. Translated from the German by Reginald Bancroft Cooke. Richard G. Badger.

The Betrothed (I Promessi Sposi), A Milanese Story of the Seventeenth Century. By Alessandro Manzoni. Translated by Daniel J. Connor. The Macmillan Co.

The Fortunes of a Household. By Herman Robbers. Translated from the Dutch by Helen Chilton and Bernard Miall. Alfred A. Knopf.

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Notes from France

NEWS is news. The Prix du Nouveau Monde offered by Mrs. F. Keep of Washington, D. C., has been given to Pierre Reverdy, whose last book of poems, "Epaves du Ciel", has just come out at the Nouvelle Revue Française. In the N. R. F. magazine has begun to appear "Le Bal du Comte d'Orgel" by Raymond Radiguet, last year's winner of the same prize (with "Le Diable au Corps"), whose career was interrupted by an untimely death.

A new literary review! After Ford Madox Ford's "Transatlantic Review", whose débuts are quite successful, we hear of the new magazine "Commerce", whose editors and chief contributors will be Paul Valéry, André Gide, V. Larbaud, St. John Perse (a mysterious pseudonym for a prominent leader of young poetry), and a few more. Only hitherto *unknown* young authors will be admitted, in addition to these already glorious names. Useless to say the word *commerce* must not be understood in the mercantile sense, but rather in its etymological sense of "intercourse". A subtlety that will undoubtedly create some funny mistakes. . . .

Rieder, the publisher, brings out two valuable books. The life of Jean Jaurès by Lévy-Bruhl — a short essay on France's foremost Socialist leader, written by one of France's foremost philosophers. And "Par Fil Spécial", by André Baillon, a clever and sincere account of newspaper inside life and ethics.

Louis Hémon's last posthumous work, "Colin Maillard" (Grasset), does not bring any new revelation on the famous author of "Maria Chapdelaine". Nor does "Bonheurs Perdus" (Mercure de France), a series of stories, reveal to us a new Henri de Régnier.

But there is an original book which deserves a special mention: "Kyra Kyralina", by Panait Istrati, a Balkan writer of unusual strength and quality. Istrati, a Roumanian tramp, fought his way through Turkey, Syria, and Egypt, and lived in Switzerland where Romain Rolland's influence determined his literary vocation. His life has afforded more adventures and hardships than would be required to write several books. Yet it is not bitterness, but a genuine sense of freedom and of the glory of friendship, that strikes the reader as being Istrati's foremost gift. His first novel, written in French, should be successfully translated into English.

Translations now play an important part in a nation's literary life. Larbaud gives us "Erewhon Revisited" by Samuel Butler, in French, and helps the young magazine "Intentions" to introduce to the French reader a short anthology of contemporary Spanish writers, in a special number which is intensely significant. The days are over when one could speak of Spanish cultural apathy. There is a magnificent rebirth, of which Larbaud, Supervielle, Casson, Marichalar are the heralds in France, and the names of Gabriel Miró, Jose Guillen, Ramon Gomez de la Serna, Ayala, etc. are soon to be given their *European* importance.

More novels: "La Naufragée", by Francis de Miomandre (Ferenczi), who once delicately depicted the love between a French lady and a Chinese gentleman. And "Rue du Chien-qui-pêche" by Geneviève Duhamelet (Blond et Gay), which will be a joy to those interested in the genuine character of French children.

PIERRE DE LANUX

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THE BOOKMAN'S LITERARY CLUB SERVICE

Believing that clubs will welcome an outline which combines range of subject with an authoritative understanding of the end to be achieved, the editors have brought together representative committees of authors, students, and critics to present for the use of women's clubs an outline which will contain both elements. The divisions of the series are: I. Contemporary American Fiction (see THE BOOKMAN *for October, November, December, 1922, January, 1923); II. Contemporary American Poetry (see* THE BOOKMAN *for March, April, May, June, July, August, 1923); III. Contemporary American Drama (see* THE BOOKMAN *from November, 1923 through July, 1924); IV. The Short Story. After contemporary American literature has been covered, programs on the historical background of our literature will be given and these will be followed by a survey of the English field.*

The BOOKMAN *programs are formed, not by the editors of this magazine but by a board of advice which has been organized to include names from various lines of literary thought in America, so that the result will represent no one group. The executive committee of advice is as follows: Mary Austin, the novelist; Dr. Arthur E. Bostwick, librarian of the St. Louis Public Library; Dr. Carl Van Doren, one of the editors of "The Century"; Mrs. L. A. Miller, chairman of literature, General Federation of Women's Clubs; May Lamberton Becker, of the "Reader's Guide" of the New York "Evening Post"; Dr. Joseph Fort Newton, rector of the Church of the Divine Paternity, New York City; Booth Tarkington, the novelist; and Rose V. S. Berry, chairman of the fine arts committee, General Federation of Women's Clubs.*

The Editor of THE BOOKMAN *and his advisers and associates will answer promptly and to the best of their ability any question confronting any literary club. Such questions should be addressed "*THE BOOKMAN'S *Literary Club Service".*

THE short story will be the next subject of THE BOOKMAN'S series of club study outlines. And the first instalment of this program will appear in the magazine for October. Meanwhile we present a number of miscellaneous suggestions which we hope may be helpful to program makers.

"MODERN AMERICA" is the subject chosen by a Wisconsin club which asks for a program covering tweleve meetings.

Here is a tentative plan for a program on "Modern America", following the lines indicated in your letter. We think your idea of using music at each meeting is a very good one, and we would continue it with the poetry also instead of devoting one single meeting altogether to American poetry. When you read a poem, precede it by a brief sketch of the author's career, likewise in the case of a musical selection.

1. *The Makers of America of Today.*
   Hamlin Garland's "A Son of the Middle Border" and "A Daughter of the Middle Border" (Macmillan).
   Reviews of each book, with readings.
   Make the musical program of popular songs of the period, especially those mentioned in the book.
2. *Government in America Today.*
   "Modern Democracies", by James Bryce (Macmillan).
   Select subjects from the chapter on the United States for papers; some fine ones can be made.
   Intersperse with poems by Edwin Markham ("Lincoln", for instance) and music by Edward MacDowell.
3. *Two Views of Small Town and City Life.*
   "Babbitt", by Sinclair Lewis (Harcourt, Brace).
   "Faint Perfume", by Zona Gale (Appleton).
   Intersperse with poems by Carl Sandburg and songs by Cadman.
4. *Dreamers Who Would Make Life Lovelier in America.*
   Vachel Lindsay: review his poetry and his "Golden Book of Springfield" (Macmillan).
   The novels of William Allen White.
   Illustrate with songs by any of the popular song writers.
5. *American Womanhood.*
   A paper on "Famous Women of America".

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Read poems by Sara Teasdale, Amy Lowell, Edna St. Vincent Millay.
Music, vocal and instrumental, from Mrs. H. H. A. Beach.

6. *The Church and its Problems.*
Give a synopsis of Channing Pollock's play "The Fool" (Brentano) with readings.
Poems by Robert Frost and Joyce Kilmer.
Piano music from Ethelbert Nevin.

7. *The Movies.*
The Industry. Use Homer Croy's "How Motion Pictures are Made" (Harper).
The Art. Use Vachel Lindsay's "The Art of the Moving Picture" (Macmillan).
The Moral Question. Use Oberholtzer's "The Morals of the Movie" (Penn).

8. *American Painting.*
A paper on present day art in America.
Review of Edward Simmons's "From Seven to Seventy" (Harper), full of art reminiscences.
Use poems from poets with brilliant color and fantasy, like William Rose Benét and Arthur Davison Ficke.
Music (victrola) by Horatio Parker or Henry Hadley.

9. *American Sculpture.*
A review of Lorado Taft's "Modern Tendencies in Sculpture" (Univ. of Chicago).
If possible, show pictures of famous sculpture with a stereopticon or projectoscope.

10. *American Drama.*
Give scenes from such plays as "A Square Peg" by Lewis Beach (Little, Brown), "Hell-Bent Fer Heaven" by Hatcher Hughes (Harper), "The Show-Off" by George Kelly (Little, Brown), "Dulcy" by George S. Kaufman and Marc Connelly (Putnam), etc.
Music by Victor Herbert.

11. *American Inventions.*
Review of the subject in general.
Papers on the aeroplane and the radio.
If possible have the musical illustrations come in by wireless; at least have them on the phonograph and pianola.

12. *A Forecast.*
Make this a series of papers by members, telling what they think will happen in America in the next fifty years, based on what has been happening. Select the music and poetry from the most popular selections of the year, by taking a vote. Make this a general get-together meeting.

TEXAS seeks suggestions for programs upon moral and æsthetic awakening in America.

The trouble with your subject, so far as making a program from it goes, is that there is certainly a moral awakening in this country and an æsthetic one, but as soon as they both become awake they pull in opposite directions. The first effort of an awakened æsthetic sense is to express itself in beauty, whatever that beauty may be. The first effort of outraged morality is to set up a censorship to put the closest restrictions upon the expression of beauty.

The most interesting of the books from the standpoint of the censor is "The Morals of the Movie" (Penn) by Ellis Oberholtzer, who is at the head of the movie censorship board of Pennsylvania, where the lines are drawn very closely. He makes a good case for his side, and as art enters less in the movie situation than anywhere else, he has more to say. The famous case of "Jurgen" is reviewed in a book issued by McBride, called "Jurgen and the Censor".

For an example of a novel that is at once good art and sound morals, take "Faint Perfume" (Appleton) by Zona Gale. "Babbitt" (Harcourt, Brace) is clean enough for anyone. "Trodden Gold" by Howard O'Brien (Little, Brown) is an evident attempt to reach the same public that liked "This Freedom". "His Children's Children" by Arthur Train (Scribner) is a popular attack on fashionable sins.

As for the æsthetic awakening, we see it most clearly in the growing vogue of Sherwood Anderson, the class of people who read "The Dial", the appearance of magazines like "Broom", and the various little magazines like "The Wave", "The Fugitive" and so on, the popularity of Christopher Morley's "Where the Blue Begins", and the coming into use of the short novel form in which our best work (such as "Ethan Frome") has been done. Hergesheimer is another of the signs of æsthetic awakening, and James Branch Cabell.

For a one act play, Edna St. Vincent Millay's "Aria da Capo" (Appleton) or Mary Carolyn Davies's "Slave with Two Faces" (Arens). The last is always received with approval.

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THE GOSSIP SHOP

APPARENTLY one of the first rules to observe if you wish to become a writer of best sellers and to remain successful, is to get as far away from New York City as possible; own a home in the far west, California preferred, and stay there as much of the time as you can. We despair of ever interviewing the best sellers. Zane Grey, it is true, comes occasionally eastward; but Harry Leon Wilson, Gene Stratton-Porter, and Harold Bell Wright linger close to the ranch, seek inspiration from nature, and write, write, write! Mrs. Stratton-Porter informs us that she has just finished building a summer home on Catalina Island, where she spends her vacation season. Mr. Wright sticks close to Tucson, Arizona, he says, and practically never comes east. All of which is very pleasant for them; but for a poor literary journalist who feels that he must see them, this is exacting. We do plan to go to California some time during the season, if all goes well, and we shall try to hunt out the best sellers in their lairs, the moving picture heroines in theirs, and all the famous western writers of vers libre (if there are any). Percy Marks, having left teaching for a time, apparently because academic circles do not care for the publicity his writing affords them, tells us that what he really wants to do is to teach, and a very good teacher we imagine him to be. At present he is on his way to California, where he will write a new novel and some short stories, attempting, of course, to repeat the success of "The Plastic Age". Floyd Dell, having finished "This Mad Ideal", his new novel, has left Croton-on-Hudson for the first time in some years, and has taken a summer home in Massachusetts. The Dell mansion will be occupied by Herbert Gorman, the poet-critic, and his wife. Recently a lady said to us, "You never write about people we know of in the Gossip Shop." Well, that's a hard one. We write about our friends when we happen to see them, and we write about any and all writers we encounter, friends or enemies. If she doesn't know them, perhaps she might do well to read some of their books. If she doesn't like their books, she doesn't need to bother about them any more. Or, better still, if she'll send us a list of people she does know, we'll look 'em up and write about 'em. Now, what could be fairer than that? We met Johnny Weaver on Forty Fourth Street the other day. He looked paler and more wan than usual. He told us that he'd been sitting up all night, writing new acts for his play. "Gosh," he said, "what a thing it is to write a play!" Any playwright will tell you that; but on and on we go writing 'em, in spite of all warning. Two of our own go into rehearsal now, within two weeks, unless the manager changes his mind, or there are further strikes among the actors. Then, ah then! we shall be able to speak with ultimate authority.

This is the time of year when young people are graduated from college and their elders are given degrees. Take Herbert Bayard Swope of the New York "World". Hobart College gave him a degree, for example. We don't mean that they intended to make an example of him, although he is a good

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example — only his meteoric career as newspaper man would be somewhat hard to follow. Then, Percy MacKaye was decorated somehow or other by Miami University, and our own boss was made Litt.D. by Middlebury College. Certainly no one deserves an academic accolade more than does George H. Doran, and we don't care if it is us that says so, as maybe shouldn't. We should like to have been there to see him knighted. We are glad that it was our native state that did the deed. At the same time and place Robert Frost was so honored. At Michigan, Robert Bridges and Willa Cather. Speaking of Percy MacKaye, we meant to speak some time ago of "The Skippers of Nancy Gloucester", a limited, numbered, autographed edition of an excellent ballad, beautifully printed. Reminiscent, surely, of "The Ancient Mariner"; but good nevertheless. After all, why shouldn't poems or novels or plays be reminiscent, if they achieve an effect of themselves? Don't you like the swing of this:

"Our Barque was born of the mist and morn
And cradled by gale and thunder.
Three hundred years of hazard and fears
And blinding storms have stunned her,
And she has foundered
In unknown deeps,
But always she rose from under.

"For the stars designed her steadfast plan;
The forges of nature framed her;
The mysteries of death and disease
Have maimed but have never tamed her,
For the Spirits of freemen
Manned her helm,
And 'Nancy Gloucester' they named her."

Another special edition of a salty nature is "Outward Bound" by Christopher Morley, which contains this unusual note:

Except for its printing in the "New York Evening Post" of August 11, 1923, this will be the first and only edition of "Outward Bound". The edition is limited to 377 numbered copies, set by hand from Goudy type at the Oliver Press, and printed thereat on Italian hand-made paper. By the author's special plea not one copy is autographed. This is number 329.

For some time we have not seen Jessie B. Rittenhouse who is now Mrs. Clinton Scollard; but we still number among our favorite books her anthologies, and some of her poems. Mr. and Mrs. Scollard are spending the summer

Jessie B. Rittenhouse

at Kent, Connecticut. We have always supposed that poets should not marry each other; but circumstances seem to belie this. We have Elinor Wylie and Bill Benét, Genevieve Taggard and Robert Wolf, Louis and Jean Starr Untermeyer, and so on and so on, to all appearances perfectly happy. We suspect that such happiness would be due in large measure to an understanding of writers' moods. It has taken us years to convince our dear mother that sometimes when we stand looking out the window or walk about the room, or climb around the ceiling, we are really working and do not want to be disturbed. She, poor lady, has learned; but many a layman never learns that a writer *cannot* converse while he is turning out his piece. We saw this quotation from "Town

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Topics" in a New York theatre program the other evening and, finding it apropos, quote it:

Famous Author: "Last night I gave my wife $50 to keep quiet so I could write."
Friend: "She got a lot of money for not talking."
Famous Author: "Not much a word."

Another anthology of college verse comes from Hunter College in New York City. It is called "A Half-Century of Song" and is edited by George Meason Whicher. This is a rather remarkable collection; far better than the usual run of poetry is much of what one finds therein! We met Professor and Mrs. Whicher at tea the other afternoon, a tea they were giving in honor of Lizette Woodworth Reese, Phi Beta Kappa poet for this year's meeting of the Hunter chapter. We were abominably late, a thing we seldom are. Miss Reese was genial and full of bright thoughts and keen observations. She and our mother had a fine visit. Miss Reese is southern to the core. We made some remark which was perfectly frank — she laughed. "If you'd been from the south you wouldn't have said that!" she remarked, not chiding, mind you, but showing us gently that we were not supergallant. Here is one of the nicest poetesses that ever rhymed a couplet. We wish that we lived near enough Baltimore to run in on her occasionally. She has never met Mr. Mencken, although they like each other. "Everyone in Baltimore likes him", she told me. "He is a *model son!*" Which, coming from Miss Reese who is a mighty pernickety person when it comes to ethical matters, is saying a great deal!

Apparently there is much to be said for Dorothy Canfield's "The Home-Maker", a book which we didn't very much like although Mrs. Fisher is one of our favorite people, and her Vermont home is one to which we always go knowing that we shall find pleasant friends and sane converse. The English reviews of this novel have been excellent. It appeared there practically at the same time as in this country. Witness what H. C. Harwood has to say of it in "The Outlook": "But beyond doubt this is the most intelligent, humorous and strongly flavored Canfield that has been published this side for years. To those who have, like myself, been rather sickened by a surfeit of her poorer stuff I can warmly recommend 'The Home-Maker', as capable of renewing their first careless delight in her ideas, and do so the more warmly because it appears — and Messrs. Cape are strictly honest about dates — to be her very latest novel." It is. They are. From the London theatres comes news of Arnold Bennett and Edward Knoblock, collaborating on a play, "London Life", which is said to be a canvas so broad as to be difficult to fill adequately. In "The Weekly Westminster", we find Herbert Farjeon demanding a national theatre under the patronage of the government. This is thinkable in England: but imagine our Senators and Representatives gathering themselves about the waist to undertake a campaign for government patronage of theatrical ventures of any sort. What would the Ku Klux Klan have to say about that? Mr. Farjeon likens a national theatre to the National Gallery, and calls his article "A Museum for Plays". He concludes:

> The objection that a National Theatre would not pay is counterable only by the reply that a National Theatre would not be meant to pay. The objection that people would not go — well, that remains to be seen. But I cannot believe that a National Theatre would lack patronage if it were run as a National Theatre surely should be run; that is to say, as something you get for nothing but your taxes. The pit and the

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gallery, at least, should always be free to any who cared to sit in them. I should like to see the whole house free, with a small charge, perhaps, for the pleasure of exhibiting one's charms in private boxes. Expensive? Of course, it would be. So are our Old Age Pensions. It is all just a question of how important you consider the theatre. The theatre in England will certainly never be important until we consider it so.

We liked, too, "The Outlook's" remarks anent Meade Minnigerode's "The Fabulous Forties" and Mrs. Harriman's "From Pinafores to Politics". It is particularly interesting to note an Englishman's reaction, in this case Clennell Wilkinson (I presume he is English), to our particular brand of snobbery:

> One thing, however, remained the same. The battle-cry of the Forrest mob in the 'forties was, "Shall Americans or English rule in this city?" "Down with the English aristocratic opera house." And we find Mrs. Harriman striking the same note in the 'eighties and early 'nineties. "All New York", she complains, "aped the English." Mrs. Harriman saw the first lawn-tennis court and the first golf course laid down, and she is undoubtedly right when she says that the craze for ball games came from England. Nor was this the only importation.
>
> But when Mrs. Harriman speaks of "all New York" she means, of course, New York Society. The vast majority of New Yorkers were, and are, as suspicious of "English aristocrats" as the Forrest mob in the roaring 'forties. The interesting thing is that there is no longer any excuse for this attitude. Speaking of the 'eighties, Mrs. Harriman observes that "one never thought then that a Mississippi River negro jazz-band would be the choicest thing in London entertainment." In short, the positions have been reversed. It is London that imitates New York. We even reprint over here their books of Society reminiscences, like Mrs. Harriman's. Mrs. Harriman has had a hand in politics, and has much to say on the subject, but it must surely be her shrewd and lively descriptions of New York Society that her English publishers rely on. And here, it may be suggested, is not the least remarkable of the changes that have taken place since the "fabulous 'forties".

You may think that biography is fit for winter evenings only; but we suddenly found it quieting in the midst of a tempestuous spring, and what promises now to be an unusually warm summer to pay for the chill May and June we have been having. We have taken to reading "The Life and Death of Socrates", and to ramblings in "The Republic". We find, to our horror, that we can no longer read Greek even so ill as we used once to do; so we fall back weakly on translations. However, we have acquired a most fascinating set of books, fascinating in spite of rather fine print, the "Library of Standard Lives". Our child familiar furnished us with verses to put in the first volume, but the volumes weren't numbered; so we chose our favorite of seven which included "Nelson", "Oliver Cromwell" and "Cleopatra". It was "Queen Elizabeth" by Agnes Strickland. We'll admit that we hesitated for a time between that and Carlyle's "Cromwell"; but the strenuous Bess won out.

> I'd like to be a general,
> I'd like to be a king,
> At least I always think so
> Till I start in studying.
>
> Now queens and kings are splendid
> And they sleep in gorgeous beds,
> They wear expensive jewels —
> And crowns upon their heads;
>
> But I am mostly happy,
> Except when I've been bad —
> I don't have half the troubles
> Most every king has had.

The activities of Captain Traprock, and his familiar, George S. Chappell, are numerous. Not the least among them is the publication of a really de luxe volume, bound in figured scarlet, titled "A Basket of Poses". The verses are by Mr. Chappell, author of "The Cruise of the Kawa", the illustrations by Hogarth, Jr. The rhymes are excellent, witty, and occasionally pleasantly vulgar. The drawings are

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superb. I like best "Who's Who at the Opera", for permission to quote which we thank authors and publishers.

At the Opera—from "A Basket of Poses"

Said Galli to Gatti, "The Management's batty."
"Get out of my ballet", said Gatti to Galli.

Said Artur Bodansky, to Papi, "Old mansky,
Your tempo is snappy," "I thank you", said Papi.

"I've noticed", said Bori, "that names tell a story."
"I know it," said Gilly, "And mine sounds so silly!"

Said Culp to Caruso, "You sob; pray why do so?"
"I just love to gulp", said Caruso to Culp.

Said Spalding to Elman, "You fiddle quite well, man."
"Your humor is scalding", said Elman to Spalding.

Said Bada to Scotti, "Your tone drives me dotty."
"It's like a Victrola", said De Segurola.

"Most singers", said Destinn, "are uninterestin'."
"Hush up, you old meaney", remarked Tetrazzini.

Another book for the summer amusement basket should be "Spoken in Jest". This is a peculiarly good book for travelers to the British Isles. It goodhumoredly notes many of the differences between Britishers and American folk that have absorbed and disturbed the vision of British travelers to this country for years. It is my recommendation that the publishers of this penetrating little satirical volume furnish all lecture agents with a copy, and it should be adequately bought by the transatlantic liner libraries. In this way English visitors could be cured of their surprises and shocks at our language and our hotels, and forced to take some notice of deeper characteristics. A few choice bits:

Shopping by 'phone is not advised for visitors.
The 'phone accentuates the language difficulty.

* * *

It is inadvisable to attempt to do business in London on "Derby Day" or in New York on "Yom Kippur".

* * *

The Englishman works hard to maintain the past.
The American works hard to build for the future.
The income tax defeats both.

The seasonal rains have abated today, and last night there was a full moon. We noticed it as our company steed Bucephalus barked away from the door and left us alone to finish the last act of a play, while the rest of the company sought pleasures which could only be dimly imagined by us, hunched over our desk, conscious that a moon without shone softly down on Central Park. However, our good assistant has placed a bunch of waxen syringas near our typewriter, and their heavy odor, mixed with the sound of drilling from without, reminds us that this is New York City, at early summer, and we are reasonably happy. We have not yet been to the beach. We have not yet played tennis. We have not yet gone to our college reunion. We have not yet done any of those dear delightful things that make us the bib-

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ulous, bubbling, gossipy creature we have always been in past summers. We have done much work instead. There is a certain tonic in work, if you like what you've done, even though the public and editors may scoff at it. You read it over, realize mayhap that it is bad; but, at least, it is done, and that's something! We did go to one first night, that of "The Sea-Hawk", and, in spite of the great beauty of the moving picture unfolded before us, very nearly went to sleep, partly because we were behind a box and could see nothing much but one of Claire Windsor's lovely shoulders and Bert Lytell's curly head. Richard Barthelmess and John Robertson, the motion picture director, were the only other people we happened to see; but the place was full, quite full, and pictures (moving) were taken of all the supposedly celebrated persons as they alighted from their hansom cabs and entered the temple of cinema art. The Annual Players' Club Revival, this year of Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer", was as gala as ever. In our opinion, it was not played with quite the gusto that gains the greatest interest from this merry old farce; but Elsie Ferguson was beautiful to behold, Helen Hayes charming; and Henry E. Dixey, Francis Wilson, and the cohorts of stars and near-stars that stormed the stage of the Empire were both impressive and amusing. A prologue writ by the merry Oliver Herford of "Life" and purporting to be a curtain speech by Bernard Shaw, delivered by Mr. Dixey, appropriately whiskered, caused some merriment. We were recently asked by somebody or other to write a letter urging G. B. S. to visit this country. For our own delight we would gladly urge and urge. We know of few things that would be so amusing as to watch both America and Mr. Shaw when they collided. Yet if we should give advice to the eminent British dramatist, already become a legend in this land of ours, it would be, quite sincerely: Stay away, sir, and let them imagine what they like! Why prick such a delightful bubble as they have made of it? Of course the obvious Shavian reply would be that his coming would only increase the legend and inflate the bubble. Be that as it may, if he comes at all it should be quite as a private citizen, and not in the guise of lecturer or sage or visitor to the campus of this or that college to display wit and beard for the delectation of the female undergraduate.

William M. Clemens, editor of "The Biblio", sends the list of books that have most influenced him. It seems to us one of the most consistent we have received.

1. Robinson Crusoe. *Patience and humility.*
2. Autobiography of James Payn. *Candor and honesty.*
3. The Broad Highway. *Manhood and chivalry.*
4. Shakespeare. *Poetry and philosophy.*
5. Confucius. *Filial piety.*
6. Isis Unveiled. *Mysticism and necromancy.*
7. A Tale of Two Cities. *French history.*
8. Sherlock Holmes. *The science of deduction.*
9. The House of Green Shutters. *Fiction.*
10. The Story of a Country Town. *Fiction.*

Dr. E. O. Laughlin, of Paris, Illinois, writes, "Here are the ten books that have most influenced me, because they were read in my susceptible and formative teens":

McGuffey's Fifth Reader.
Pilgrim's Progress.
The Arabian Nights.
Shakespeare.
Burns.
J. Whitcomb Riley's poems.
David Copperfield.
Robinson Crusoe.
The Spectator (bound volume).
The Wide, Wide World.

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To the book list, permit me to add the following periodicals, the constant perusal of which had much to do with developing taste and molding character.

Chatterbox, Youth's Companion, Golden Days, Harper's Young People, Harper's Monthly, and Scribner's.

As for the books that have most *impressed* me, I should have to compile a different list for each decade I have lived.

Isabel Paterson, whose "The Singing Season" is an unusual historical romance, would naturally be thought the type of person who would write a bold, realistic novel. Clever, witty to a point of bitterness, a conversationalist of great power, an associate of Burton Rascoe's on the New York "Herald-Tribune", she yet declines to be cast in the rôle of modernist, and writes of an age quite different from our own. Mrs. Paterson was born on Manitoulin Island in Lake Huron. Her family roved to many places, Michigan, Utah, California, etc., etc. Yet she now considers herself more or less a New Yorker. She started in her career by being a business woman in Canada, then was married, and presently turned to newspaper work in Spokane, Washington. Her industry is great. She seems to have time for all comers, and yet to do a certain amount of writing as well as her regular editing job on the paper. We should like to see what she would do if she turned her pen to realistic or naturalistic writing. Her first novel was called "Shadow Riders".

We lunched with that delightful literary rambler, Robert Cortes Holliday, this noon. He initiated us into some of the mysteries of the advertising profession. It puzzles him, he says, that so many litterateurs patronize the writer of advertising copy, or the advertising executive. "After all, you know," he pointed out, "they depend on the advertising man for their bread and butter." Further than this, the English used by writers of American advertising is, in the main, finer than that in the body of most of our magazines. We are sure that the time spent in writing one paragraph of space for "The Saturday Evening Post" advertising pages is far, far greater then the time spent on any one paragraph, or two or three, in the main body of the magazine. Mr. Holliday, whose "Literary Lanes" is appearing presently, tells us that he has plans for much future writing; but that he is for the nonce absorbed in the fascinating pursuit of studying business conditions. We trust that his time will not be completely taken by a consideration of the advertiser, for it would be more than a pity to miss entirely from the pages of literary journalism that delightful pen.

Few of the readers of "Joseph Vance" and the other De Morgan novels probably realize that William De Morgan was, before he ever became a writer, a potter of great skill, in fact conceded to be one of England's finest ceramic artists; and that his wife, Evelyn De Morgan, was a painter of note. At her home in London, 30 Launceston Place, Palace Gate, Mrs. Stirling, sister of the late Mrs. De Morgan, has collected a large exhibition of the works of the De Morgans, and is glad to show them to visitors by appointment. It is hoped, however, greatly to add to this collection and to house it more appropriately, possibly in Crosby Hall on the Chelsea embankment, which is to become an international residence for modern university women. In order to accomplish this purpose, it is necessary to raise funds. Surely, among American De Morgan lovers there are some who would be glad to contribute. In fact, five hun-

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dred dollars has already been given toward this fund. Checks should be sent to De Morgan Museum Fund, Guaranty Trust Company of New York, Madison Avenue and Sixtieth Street.

"Copy, 1924" is the title of a rather unusual volume. It is a collection of the work of students in the extension courses at Columbia University, of work which has been published elsewhere. It is supposed to show the value of such courses in the career of a practical writer. This spring there also came from the Columbia mill "Thrice Told Tales", a collection of short stories, gathered from various publications, written by students in the short story classes of Blanche Colton Williams. In "Copy", we have names as well known as Samuel A. Derieux, Rose Cohen, Anzia Yezierska, and Abbie Graham. Among the publications in which these students' work has appeared are newspapers like the Boston "Transcript" and the New York "Times", magazines like "The North American Review" and "The Atlantic Monthly". Needless to say, these two volumes represent an achievement in literary and journalistic instruction. Just how much it is possible to give a person in the classroom that will enable him to go on and write well, is debatable. Much can be done in the way of editorial assistance, the same sort of assistance as is given from countless editorial offices daily. Yet it seems to be true, and strikingly true, that the demands of the magazine market can be taught, and that specialists trained in watching these markets can be of great material assistance to the writer who wishes to sell his wares. Frank Allen Patterson, associate professor of English at Columbia University, who writes the introduction, has words to speak on the subject:

> The idea that men and women can be seriously helped in their efforts to express themselves has not yet been accepted as an educational maxim by the greater part of our universities. We admit without dispute that the young musician must have a teacher, that the young artist must be taught to draw, and that the young sculptor must learn under instruction how to model, but the young writer, — there the case is different. Words come easily, we lazily argue, and if a man has something to say, he will get it said.
>
> Give the young Praxiteles a chisel and a mallet and he will reproduce a Hermes; furnish the young Bach with a clavichord and he will produce a fugue; give the boy Milton a pen and he will write "Paradise Lost". These heresies need only to be stated to carry their own refutation.

St. Louis is to be the headquarters during the next two years of an important work to be carried out by the American Library Association and financed by the Carnegie Corporation. This is a survey of American libraries including all facts connected with their organization, support, administration, and operation, especially as regards efficiency and methods of work. No such body of information as this has ever been systematically gathered, and it is obviously most important as a basis for any effort at extension or improvement of service, as well as for intelligent comparison of the work or results of two or more libraries. This work has been placed by the Association in charge of a committee whose chairman is Dr. Arthur E. Bostwick, librarian of the St. Louis Public Library. The other members are: Dr. Azariah S. Root, librarian of the Oberlin College Library; John B. Kaiser, librarian of the University of Iowa Library; Florence Overton, supervisor of branches in the New York Public Library; and Bessie Sargeant Smith, supervisor of branches in the Cleveland Public Library. The financial aid extended by the Carnegie Foundation has enabled the committee

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to appoint a salaried director, who will proceed at once to organize an office force to carry on the work. Charles Seymour Thompson, for some years past librarian of the Public Library in Savannah, Georgia, has resigned this position especially to accept the directorship and will come to St. Louis immediately to organize the work. Mr. Thompson is a Yale graduate of 1902, who began his library service a year after graduation and has filled important posts in the Brooklyn Public Library and the Public Library of the District of Columbia, previous to accepting his present position. His administrative experience, and also that in several editorial positions he has held, will be of great value in the present instance. The Board of Directors of the St. Louis Public Library has placed at the disposal of the committee space for office work in one of the branch libraries, and the progress of this work during the next two years will make St. Louis in some sense a centre of library advancement and information. It is expected that the work will be completed and its results set forth and discussed in a series of printed volumes by June, 1926. The American Library Association celebrates at that time its semicentennial, having been organized in Philadelphia during the World's Fair of 1876. Publications of the results of this survey will be one of the events in this celebration.

The younger generation as such has passed into oblivion. There has been a young, a younger, and a youngest since flappers first drank their way through the brilliant pages of "This Side of Paradise". We do not know whether flappers still exist or not, or whether, if they do, they still drink cocktails. F. Scott Fitzgerald still exists, is in Europe and is writing another novel, a thing which he has been doing for some time now. We should think Fitzgerald could write a magnificent play about young people. His "The Vegetable" was far too fantastic for the ordinary man and we cannot see how he ever expected the general public to be

F. Scott Fitzgerald

interested in delirium tremens, even though he made them vastly entertaining. No, this was not the sort of play for F. Scott Fitzgerald to have written. He should have attempted one in which gay young people are as flippant as gay young people are; but under which gaiety is a purpose and a seriousness which F. Scott Fitzgerald knows only too well. This young author always seems to us like a surprised baby who has been brought into the world against his will and doesn't like it very well, yet doesn't know how to remain successfully aloof from it. Fitzgerald regards life ironically but he cannot escape from living it. His latest article, following that fascinating one "How to Live on $36,000 a Year", is on the bringing up of children. The time

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when these wild young things really became serious is, it seems, when they are forced to keep the bottle warm. One of our own friends has a new baby. He no longer comes to us, when his eyes are bleared and blinking, explaining about "that party last night"; but his explanation is quite as satisfactory and as simple. "The baby cried last night", he says.

We never did believe the old story of young things writing poetry in the springtime, until this year. All winter long we were comparatively free from the pleasure of receiving poetic young callers; but since we have recovered from the measles, and while the weather is struggling through chilly days to a lamentably late summer time, our doors are beaten upon by youths and maidens in various stages of inspiration. Most of them no longer write free verse, and most of them, naturally, write, not bad verse, but verse without any vestige of real poetry in it. So far as rhyme and metre are concerned they do well, but they are still occupied with the same old businesses of loving and dying and sighing regretfully about it all. Two of them were really good: the young man with red hair and a red mustache and sandy golf trousers; and the young lady who plays the piano beautifully and carries around a charming and protective mamma. Speaking of young poets, "Glimpses — A National Anthology of Secondary School Verse, 1923" is really a most interesting book. It is edited by Paul Sumner Nickerson, principal of the High School at Middleboro, Massachusetts, who has been publishing a magazine of high and secondary school verse for over a year. The introduction is by Charles Wharton Stork, editor of "Contemporary Verse". It is nice to find our alma mater represented by a charming poem by Marian Grandey of the Burlington High School. Certainly this is better verse than any of ours that ever appeared in the noble "Record" of that institution — our very first editorial venture, that. The best poem in the book in our opinion is by Wilson Morris, Girls' High School, Louisville, Kentucky:

AT EVENING

When God comes home from work
At evening,
We children run to meet Him as he comes,
And hold His hands, and chatter of the day,
When God comes home from work
At evening.

When God comes home from work at evening,
God takes off His great wind-winged shoes,
And rests His tired feet on the mountain top
And smokes His ancient pipe, blowing great clouds in little puffs.

God sits before the open fire — the sun —
And holds His hands out to its glow.
God dozes. Slowly the fire dies.
The ashes are gray.

We children gather nearer, but we play
More quietly.
When God comes home from work
At evening.

We scarcely like to poke fun at these nice young people, any of them, but "Lines" by Jim Chichester of Chippewa Falls is so typical of youth, that we must quote it, with a little wink:

My journey was fruitless,
I'm aged and bent,
I face the truth calmly —
My life is spent.

But glorious the memory
All pangs to soothe:
I ventured it bravely,
In search of youth!

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